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AT GIBRALTAR.

I.

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger ; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow, —
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses ; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below ;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face ;
England, 't is sweet to be so much thy son !
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race ;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened ; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa !

II.

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built ;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with his decrees.
Law, justice, liberty, — great gifts are these ;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease.

Two swords there are : one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war ; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am ; would wars were done !
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night, —
Peace to the world from ports without a gun !

G. E. Woodberry.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

VI.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

ON one of my semi-official visits to the school, during a certain winter, I observed with gratification that Yone had outstripped all her classmates, and stood, without a rival, the leader of the sixty young girls under instruction. She was then close upon fourteen, while several of her companions were three or four years older. Speaking of her rapid advance, the teacher — a foreign lady, of excellent parts, but as shallow as most of her sex when dealing with the women of the East — remarked that the pleasure with which she watched this exceptional progress was qualified by her pupil's obstinate indifference to personal neatness, a fault from which the child made no effort to free herself, and for which she offered no excuse or explanation.

"Look at her hands," said the teacher, — "red, disfigured with grime. It is shocking, and I have told her so, repeatedly. But she has no reason to give for her carelessness, and merely says she 'will try,' 'will try,' which she never seems to do."

"But look at what her face tells, Mrs. Steele," I suggested, as the child gazed at us, her intelligent features shadowed with an expression of anxiety, as if she knew she was undergoing an unfavorable inspection.

"Oh, to be sure," was the reply: "but we cannot make her face an example for the others, while her hands are a discredit to the school. I wish you would speak to her. Dr. Charwell; you have great influence with her."

"Come to me, Yone," I called.

She moved forward, her countenance betraying timidity and apprehension.

"Now tell me why it is that your hands are in this pitiful condition. Mrs. Steele is seriously displeased."

"I will try to keep them better," said Yone, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Try!" repeated the teacher. "Yes, you always say so, but they are forever the same."

"Is anything the matter with them?" I asked. "Do they pain you?"

"A little," she answered, still in a whisper.

"Come to my house, on your way home; I will give you some healing ointment. They certainly look very bad."

And so they did. I need not enlighten the reader as to the cause, though I had then no suspicion of it myself. Long years ago, it was, and yet those little hands, red, scarred, seamed with minute cracks, and torn with angry wounds in which the dirt had gathered, — they seem to rise before me now, with power to smite my heart.

"It is water and soap they most need," said Mrs. Steele, "not ointment."

Yone was dumb.

"Can anything be more provoking?" continued the teacher. "She stands like a statue, and never gives back a word. It is the sullen way of the race, doctor."

I knew it was not sullenness in Yone's case, and I had long before discovered that the tranquil, unresisting, and silent submission which aliens ascribed to a morose obduracy was often, if not always, rightly attributable to a widely different cause. To suffer uncomplainingly is a lesson which no Japanese girl grows to womanhood without learning, from sharp experience.

My *protégée's* English did not yet include the word "sullen," but she readily interpreted her teacher's accent and look.

"My clothes are clean," she faltered, with eyes cast down, and with fainter articulation than before.

"What sort of a plea is that?" said the offended school-mistress. "If you can keep your dress tidy, you might surely do the same with your fingers."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Steele," I interposed, catching a glimpse of the child's idea, though not altogether sure of my ground. "Excuse me; I think she means that the care she takes of her gown ought to show us that there is a good reason, somewhere, for the bad condition of her hands."

A quick, responsive glance told me that I had rightly understood her.

"I don't pretend to fathom her," returned the teacher, coldly, and with a perceptible dissatisfaction that anybody should assume to penetrate her pupil's mind more accurately than herself. "But her uncleanness stands seriously in the way of her promotion. She speaks English quite well enough to be made an assistant tutor, but I cannot set her above the other girls as a reward for her persistent negligence."

"Listen to that, Yone," said I. "Will you not try again, and harder?"

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing at us with grave inquiry, and then, with an effort that sent a vivid flush over her pale face, moved her lips as if in speech. But no sound came from them.

"What is it, Yone?" urged the teacher, briskly.

Her mouth trembled, and, this time, an incoherent murmur escaped her.

"What is it, Yone?" I repeated.

She turned to me, with an expression of pain which I had never before seen on her countenance, and, struggling with each word, said:—

"Are the assistants—paid—a little?"

Sagacious Mrs. Steele looked down upon her with mingled pity and contempt. I waited for what was to follow.

seeing that Yone was still battling with her shyness and reserve.

"I think—if they are paid—a little—just very little—I think—I could then make my hands better."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the teacher. "At least, I never thought she was mercenary. There, that will do, Yone; you may leave us."

"And don't forget to come for the ointment," said I.

That same afternoon, Yone entered my office, breathless, excited, and in deep distress. She had been running, and at first spoke with difficulty; but she gradually grew calmer, and resumed her customary placid self-control.

I looked at her hands, and asked if she really thought it would be too difficult for her to satisfy the teacher.

"In the summer, I could," she answered, after a pause; "or if I could be assistant tutor—with—a little wages."

I knew, well enough, that there was no unworthy motive behind these words; a more unselfish creature never breathed. But in a tone which I meant to be bantering, and with the hope of giving her thoughts a merrier turn, I said:—

"Why, Yone, do you, too, want to make yourself rich?"

She dropped on her knees as if struck down by a blow, and for the second time in our long acquaintance the mask of composure and restraint fell from her.

"What shall I do? What shall I say?" she cried, throwing aside her imperfect English, and using her own language, with which, by this time, I was fairly acquainted. "Oh, no, no, no! Why should I wish to be rich? But think for me,—think what I feel, and what I must not say. The school-mistress despises me,—I can bear it. But if you despise me, I shall die. Are there not little girls in your country who would be glad to get some money, and who are good girls, and who cannot tell you why they want it? Do you not understand?"

You do understand. You must understand. You have always known what Yone thinks. I should be a wicked child if I said one word to explain it. I do not mean to be wicked; but if you would only understand. Oh, how unhappy, how unhappy" —

Her voice died away, and once more her slight frame shook, as at her father's house, when she first knew of her admission to the school. But she shed no tears. I would have given much if she had, but such natural relief seldom came to this overburdened little soul. Knowing that my eyes were dimmer than her own, I lifted her in my arms, and said, with such steadiness as I could command: —

"I do understand, my child. I understand enough. Do not fear, Yone; I have perfect confidence in your goodness, and you need never say a word to me that you do not wish to. You have every right to want the money; and if you fail to get the position in the college, you shall let me give you all you need. That, indeed, will please me best."

She was already soothed and mistress of herself.

"You are always my kind friend," she said; "nobody has ever been so kind as you. But because you have helped me to what I most wanted in the world, am I to go on and get more from you? No, that would hurt me. If you can understand me, and not despise me, that is all I will ask."

"Be calm, my little Yone. I have a great affection for you, and I shall never despise you. And now, let me look at the hands. They are very painful. I dare say."

"Oh, I do not care for the pain," she replied; "it is the ugly look, and now I think I can change that. And I must not wait. I have been so long. I shall be so late."

She looked anxiously at the clock. "I must get home before five," she added.

"That is impossible," I answered; "it is past four, and you have nearly four miles to go."

"I can do it," she insisted; "I often do. I must do it. Excuse me for hurrying. I *must*!"

"Then," said I, "I will drive you there. Be still; don't say no. I am going near your house, and you can wait and have the hand dressed."

She yielded reluctantly, and I took her home; going in with her to explain that I was to blame for the delay, and, in a few words, endeavoring to impart to the family a share of the pride I felt in her progress and the distinction that awaited her.

"Strange people," I thought, as I drove away. "One would imagine, if it were possible, that those estimable ladies, instead of being elated at the child's success, were as indifferent as if it concerned a stranger. The stoicism of the old school, no doubt. I must talk to her father."

In assuring Yone that I understood her, I had spoken in good faith, and in the conviction that I had really caught the clue to her feelings. But I was wrong. I thought her sole desire with respect to the money was to be able to contribute, as a child, to the scanty domestic revenues; and that she was stung by the teacher's imputation, which, however, she could not refute except at the risk of exposing the circumstances of her family with a freedom unbecoming to its youngest member. I was correct in so far as I judged her to be innocent of any venal thought, but all astray as to the use to which she contemplated devoting her possible income. Years of unkind treatment had at last forced upon her the painful certainty that no effort of hers could win the affection of her feminine relatives, and that she had only her father's careless attachment to rely upon. She felt she was tolerated, not loved, by her grandmother and aunts, and lived in constant fear lest her sole

consolation — the privilege of school attendance — should be withdrawn. The only happiness she knew was in her studies, and she had long been aware of the determination to compel her, if possible, to renounce this solace. At times, the pressure had been almost insupportable, and she saw approaching the period when she must of necessity yield; for she could not lay before her father a complaint against his mother, and to seek relief from her burdens in any other direction would have been to depart from all the traditions of her people.

Suddenly her hopes were revived by the possibility of earning money on her own account. It could be but a small sum, — five or six dollars a month, at the most; but with this she might pay the pittance of a man-servant, and thus relieve herself from the crushing and exhausting drudgeries which now threatened to undermine her strength, and leave her powerless to pursue the only cheering prospect of her life. There would be more than enough for this, and consequently, if her father would permit her, she might purchase a pair of mittens, and thus take a practical step toward restoring her offending members to their normal condition of neatness. Rough labor, not neglect, was the cause of their unwonted appearance. The performance of cruel tasks had bruised and lacerated her delicate skin; and the winter's cold had so discolored and swollen the wounded hands that no one would have known them for Yone Yamada's.

On reaching home, I made it my first business to write to Mrs. Steele that I had satisfied myself concerning her pupil's desire to earn money, and that, though I was not free to repeat the explanation, I could guarantee that her motive was irreproachable; furthermore, that it would be necessary to give her hands careful treatment for perhaps several weeks, at the end of which I hoped for a complete cure. All this,

undoubtedly, was highly disingenuous. In strict truth, I had not a fact to stand upon; but I had abundant faith, and not a particle of fear that my faith would lead me into difficulty, in this case. Not to disguise the matter, I bore false witness in favor of my little friend, without a blush or a twinge of conscience.

But the harsh destiny which has thus far decreed that the women of Japan shall not escape from the narrow grooves laid down for them was not to be so easily baffled. A double calamity fell upon the child. A formidable rebellion in the western provinces imposed upon the government the need of sudden retrenchment, and, by imperial edict, the foreign schools for girls were indefinitely suspended. Yone's studies were brought to an abrupt end, for she had passed beyond the stage where the native or missionary teachers could benefit her. The civil conflict proved so severe that, in addition to the standing army and the drilled police of the large cities, the old feudal retainers were called upon to reassemble in defense of the state. Among the vassals from Owari who responded to the call was Yamada, now so reduced that he gladly welcomed even this precarious resource. But the black cloud hung over the unfortunate gentleman, wherever he turned. He fell in some ignoble skirmish, denied the soldierly fame for which many, not more truly valorous than he, willingly exchanged their lives.

Just before this last blow came, a happier outlook seemed about to open before his daughter. In his absence, an arrangement had been made for Yone's entrance into Miss Philipson's establishment as teacher and interpreter. In many respects, the engagement harmonized with the young girl's best feelings and sympathies. She found herself in a position where she could do good, — obvious, palpable, unmistakable good. The longing to help to raise the less gifted or less fortunate to a

higher level, which is a fine characteristic of the Japanese (though, I am sorry to say, commonly confined among the men to the uplifting of their own sex), was anxiously, almost yearningly, developed in Yone's nature. Her simplicity and inexperience were but slight hindrances to her determination to work, with or without good opportunity, for the intellectual advancement of the little charges entrusted to her. They were there to learn, she believed, and there were many things she could teach them. Best of all, for her, she could love them. Not only them, but also those staid, prim, unsmiling ladies whom she was bound to respect as her employers, and who claimed her reverence as representatives of that wonderful Western world, where — according to the flattering conviction of her soul — learning and wisdom prevailed, where the light of civilization beamed upon all, and the birth-right of whose people was justice and goodness. Stiff and austere as these forbidding sisters might appear, they could not be so cold and pitiless as the only kindred she now had left to her. She turned to them as a flower blighted by darkness turns to the faintest ray of sunshine.

Nor were they in the beginning wholly unresponsive. Few American women could be utterly insensible to such tender and beseeching, though timid and unconscious, appeals as those which this lonely and neglected child constantly put forth. They could not quite understand her, but in their ungenial fashion they approved and, as it were, sanctioned her. Necessarily, they looked down upon her. To look down upon the heathen was, in a great measure, what they had come to the East for. Equally as a matter of course, they persecuted her; assailing her with uncouth religious battering-rams of their own clumsy contriving; cramming her with indigestible creeds; striving to force upon her a faith which they were incompetent to in-

culcate, or even to explain, and which, though she might willingly have accepted the essential substance of it under wise and gentle guidance, she was too intelligent to subscribe to, without some rational comprehension of what she was doing. But they did not frown upon her. In some respects they were rather proud of her, with a queer, complacent notion that she was something of their own design and making-up, like a piece of human patchwork, destined to still further improvement under their dexterous manipulation. Poor Yone! No conception could have entered the minds of those admirable ladies that the spirit of Christianity never shone so brightly in their household as when she dwelt therein, little pagan that she was. Their properly constituted souls were in no danger of contamination from such rank impiety as that would imply.

But, from the outset, their method of dealing with her was harmful. Probably unaware of the injury they were inflicting, and doubtless encouraged by her own ardent desire to meet every expectation, they pressed too many duties upon her; and she, rejoicing in nothing so much as in the fulfillment of her daily tasks, allowed herself no respite, until overstrained nature revolted, and her slender stock of strength forsook her. The fatigues of previous years were yet to be atoned for, and it became evident that in a long cessation of active labor and study lay her sole hope of recovery. It almost broke her heart to leave the place where she had found her nearest approach to happiness, and which had more closely resembled a home than any shelter she had known. In sadness and dejection she returned to her grandmother's dwelling. Her earnings in the mission school had reconciled her relatives to the association with foreigners, this being, since the father's death, their sole reliance for support. But now, having nothing to bestow, she fell again into contempt and neglect.

An opportunity of partial relief was opened to the grandmother. Her own family, in Nagoya, offered her a refuge for her declining years, and expressed also a willingness to receive, if necessary, her two daughters. Believing that Yone was in the way of gaining her own livelihood, they did not extend the invitation to her, but rather intimated that she would be expected to remain in Tokio, and to contribute thence to the family resources. That this had become impossible the grandmother was well aware; but no idea of taking the helpless child with her crossed her mind. The sole aim now was to get rid of her as speedily and with as little discredit as possible.

VII.

AN UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT.

On one of the lovely mornings which make the Japanese spring a season of unrivaled brightness and beauty, Yone came to my office, with an aspect as dainty and charming, in her youthful womanhood, as the fairness of the growing year, but with too little of the elastic vigor which I would gladly have seen. She had news to communicate, of no trivial character.

"My grandmother wishes me to be secret," she began, "and I am willing, except for you. I could not promise to hide anything from my best friend. I shall very soon be married."

"Married! — you, Yone? Bless me, child, how old are you?"

She smiled, as Japanese girls always smile when doubts of their maturity are suggested.

"I am sixteen by our reckoning, nearly fifteen by yours. A grown-up woman, doctor."

"A grown-up doll, you little witch! How dare you talk to me of marriage?"

"It is all true; my grandmother has consented."

"Oh, your grandmother, yes; but what have you to say, my child?"

"Why, nothing, doctor; what should I say? All is arranged. They are going to Nagoya soon, and I shall be married before they start."

It was a scheme, then, to free themselves of an incumbrance. Well, perhaps it was better so. I had begun to take a clearer view than before of Yone's home surroundings, and saw a possible emancipation awaiting her.

"This is indeed news," I said, with an assumption of the gayety which the subject appeared to demand. "And who is the young gentleman? Have I met him? Come, I hope you can tell me a thousand good things about him."

"I do not know," she answered; "that is, I do not know much. But he is not young."

"Not young? Ah, well, we do not care so much for that, do we? So the gentleman is not young?"

"He is not" — she continued, with rising reluctance and embarrassment — "he is not a gentleman."

"Not a gentleman? I do not understand you, my dear."

She reflected a while, and then, with much hesitation, said, —

"My father is dead, and now my grandmother decides. I did think — I hoped — my mother had such good rank — Doctor, I cannot tell you. I have no right to feel as I do. My grandmother knows best. There is no time to lose, she says, and a husband has been chosen for me. He is not a *samurai*. He is a merchant, — a boat-builder. Santo is his name."

A merchant, and a mechanic! I knew how hard a shock it must be to her fine and, no doubt, exaggerated sense of what was due to her lineage, but at the moment I saw no course before me but to soothe her prejudices, if possible, and help her to look cheerfully at the future.

"You say it is decided, Yone ; is it really decided ?"

"It is decided."

"And Santo, — he is a good man, I do not doubt. I will make his acquaintance. I will go to-morrow. What is he like, Yone ?"

"I have not seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and — you are sure, my child, *sure* that it is decided ?"

I was impelled to this last question by the increasing sorrowfulness of her countenance, hoping there might be a means of escape from a dispensation which I now saw was repugnant to her.

"My grandmother has decided, and I obey her commands."

"Listen, Yone : you told me once about a school-fellow, a young girl who was to be married, and who was disinclined — who preferred" —

"Yes, that was Shizu Miura. Her parents were very poor, and they meant her to be married ; but her uncle adopted her, and then it was not necessary."

"So then the adoption saved her ?"

"Yes, doctor ; but do not think of such things. I see what is in your kind heart, but I have no uncles, rich or poor. I have nobody. I am alone, — all alone."

"Wait, wait ; let me consider. Yone, tell me something. In jest, you understand, — only in jest ; a mere freak of my imagination. Do you suppose — does it strike you ?"

"What is the matter, doctor ? Are you in trouble, too ?"

Undoubtedly I displayed some agitation, for a rather startling idea had occurred to me, of the value or the worthlessness of which I could form no estimate. Yone alone could enlighten me.

"No, no ; I am only laughing. It is such a droll fancy. Do you imagine that any Japanese girl could take kindly to the notion of being adopted by a foreigner ?"

"By a foreigner ?"

"Yes absurd, is it not ? I know what you will say, — quite impossible."

"Doctor, forgive me ; I cannot jest, — not to-day. I am not entirely happy."

"I see ; but without a jest, then, I should be glad to know if such an adoption would be satisfactory to a Japanese girl — or boy. Yes, an adoption by a foreigner ; by an American, for example, — an old American. Suppose we say an old doctor. Come, now, what would you think ?"

"Doctor, dear doctor, do not laugh at me. I am a foolish child. I am not very well. It is so easy to make mistakes. I am ashamed to be so weak, but I cannot help it. Tell me truly what is in your mind."

She came and laid her hand upon my arm, and her soft, pleading eyes looked piteously into mine.

"Tell *me* first, Yone. Answer my question. Don't you see, my little girl, that it is all earnest, very earnest, unless you wish it otherwise ?"

But I needed no answer in speech. The expression of her face, which for a moment might have imparted beauty to even a plain countenance, was more eloquent than any words she could have uttered. All pain and anxiety had vanished, and a look of quiet content had taken their place. I sprang to my feet, exclaiming, —

"All sunshine now, Yone ; no more clouds and storms. How simple it is, when we both understand. I see it all ; and you" —

She, poor girl, saw nothing. A sudden change overcame her, and blinding tears streamed from her eyes. It was the strangest of coincidences, that this child, a type of Oriental self-restraint, and I, by profession and long habit the embodiment of rugged insensibility, should thus repeatedly belie our principles and training. This was the third time that the clash of unexpected circumstances had deprived her of the

composure it was her duty to preserve, and rendered useless my armor of hardened worldly proof; leaving us both exposed to highly unbecoming human influences, when it was our plain business to expel nature, sympathy, sentiment, all but common sense, from our thoughts.

I sent her home, as soon as she was fit to go, to lay before her people the contemplated arrangement. Then, as the hours went by, feeling that the duty rested upon me of announcing the impending event to the circle of which I was at least nominally a member, I sauntered forth to our informal agency for the diffusion of social intelligence. It was not a "Thursday," but I was reasonably sure of an audience any day in the week; and even if the esteemed sisters Philipson had chanced to be alone, I knew well that my trifle of news was safe to be spread over the foreign fraternity of Tokio before night, and well on its way to the contiguous colony at Yokohama.

VIII.

THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY.

On entering the Philipson drawing-room, I found it fairly filled, and would at once have proceeded to make known my purpose, had not the attention of the company been concentrated upon the head of the establishment, who appeared to be in the midst of a recital of more than common interest. She greeted me with an austere wave of the hand, and continued her remarks with scarcely a pause.

"We had already had a foreboding of evil, friends, and our minds were ill at ease. Only a few minutes before, just as sister Kezia began to conduct the interrogation in Genesis, I observed signs of inattention on the part of one of our smaller children, and, desiring to awaken her to the seriousness of her duties, I sud-

denly asked her who created the world. She answered — friends, it grieves me to declare it — she answered — Tell us, Kezia, what that child said when I inquired who created the world."

"Adam and Eve!" replied the younger Miss Philipson, in a sepulchral tone.

"Adam and Eve," repeated the elder, with stern emphasis; "A-dam and Eve! And no sooner had those words fallen from her sinful lips than four other, and I regret to say more advanced, girls broke into unseemly laughter."

"Only three, I think, Sophia," interposed the junior.

"Five girls broke into laughter," pursued the narrator, betraying no consciousness of the correction, excepting that conveyed by her augmentation of the number of delinquents. "Five sacrilegious giggles resounded through the schoolroom. But order was soon restored, and silence reigned. The lesson of the day was an exposition of the sin of disobedience, with a salutary review of the punishment inflicted by Omniscience upon our first parents. In the midst of the exercises we were thrown into confusion by the behavior of a scholar of whom we had thought well; in whom we had never before detected a stubborn and rebellious heart. When called upon to bear testimony to the all-wisdom of the chastisement, she hesitated, hid her face, and presently sobbed aloud; and when commanded to explain her extraordinary misconduct, she said she could not bear it, that it reminded her of the story of a cruel *daimio* who ruled in her province centuries ago, and who, on learning that a poor woman had stolen some fruit from his garden, not only condemned her and her husband and parents to a horrible death, but decreed that all their descendants should toil in bondage to the last generation. Judge, friends, what my feelings were as I listened to that misguided girl. I cannot hope to make you understand the shock that overcame me at that moment."

"For my part, my heart was in my mouth," said Miss Kezia.

"I will not," resumed Miss Sophia, "make use of expressions which might savor of extravagance, and which are repugnant to physiological probability, but I do not hesitate to affirm that the feeblest infant could have quelled me with a feather, and that my hair literally stood on end. The more so, as the girl asserted that she supposed the object of the Scriptural chronicle was the same as that with which the Japanese tradition is kept in memory, — or, as she intimated, to teach us the wickedness of tyranny, and to enable us to sympathize with unmerited suffering. And such was the force of her vicious example that before she had concluded all the pupils in that class were weeping and wailing together. I think sister Kezia will bear me out in the statement that the whole class participated."

"Nearly all, I should perhaps say," was the guarded response of Kezia.

"The entire class burst into floods of tears and hysterical outcries," persisted the senior, with a glance which implied that she was prepared to multiply indefinitely the aggregate of evil doers, in case any further modification of her report were attempted. Indeed, as if not fully satisfied with the gleam of her sister's eye, in which she perhaps descried a latent tendency to insubordination, she added, apparently to indicate the inexhaustible extent of her resources, "I believe, moreover, that some of the others within hearing caught the demoralizing infection, and were likewise carried away. Finding it impossible to control them, we suspended the interrogations, and dismissed the pupils. We are now considering what course we shall pursue with the greater and lesser offenders. It is not a matter to be lightly dealt with. But we hope to be guided. My sister and I propose to wrestle strenuously, throughout this night."

As the company proffered sympathy

and condolence, in terms which showed that the tale they had listened to had deeply stirred their sensibilities, I began to doubt whether the occasion was altogether propitious for my errand, and to wish it were possible to defer the disclosure to a more fitting opportunity; but on weighing the circumstances, I judged it expedient to declare myself without delay. I watched the countenance of the hostess from a distance, and took advantage of the first perceptible expression of complacency.

"I have something to tell you, Miss Philipson, about Yone Yamada," I said. "I hope it will please you."

"Dear child," she answered; "anything that is for her good will please us."

"For her *real* good, Sophia," added the younger sister.

It was contrary to the habit of this amiable couple to accept any statement, even from one another, without some species of qualification or protest, but the elder was accustomed to regard the right of emendation as belonging exclusively to herself, and was not slow, as has been seen, to resent invasions of her assumed prerogative. Upon the introduction of a new topic, however, the younger lady was tempted to indulge herself once again.

"Surely, for her *real* good," conceded the senior.

Harmless as this remark would have sounded to the uninitiated, it threw a chill over me, from the unusual and ominous coincidence of opinion which it conveyed. But it was useless to pause.

"You have heard of her father's death," I resumed, "but you do not know that her family — that is, her grandmother and aunts — propose returning at once to their own province, and withdrawing their protection from her."

"How dreadful!" said Miss Philipson the elder.

"Dreadful indeed," I responded;

"and there seems to be no resource for her, — certainly no fitting resource, — unless she can be adopted by some suitable person. Now, unfortunately, she has not a relative in the world that we know of, excepting those who are resolved to disencumber themselves of her."

Various murmurs of commiseration ran around the room.

"Poor thing!"

"How hard!"

"How cruel!"

"Therefore" — said I, and then abruptly checked myself. The singular readiness of the elder lady, a moment before, to acquiesce in one of her sister's suggestions suddenly expanded, before my mind's eye, into portentous proportions; and although I had previously been utterly unconscious of a possible objection to my scheme, I was now seized with a vague apprehension that it might not be cordially received.

"Yes?" prompted the younger Miss Philipson, inquiringly.

"Therefore I have concluded to adopt her myself."

"Oh!"

The capabilities of an interjection have never, I am persuaded, been accurately estimated. Those of an "oh," I can confidently aver, are boundless. To compare its significance to that of volumes is to confess a total ignorance of its force and scope. This particular "oh," breathed forth simultaneously by a chorus of half a dozen feminine voices, was equivalent to whole libraries.

"That is my intention," I declared.

"But, excuse me, Dr. Charwell," said Miss Philipson No. 1, with great precision of utterance; "I think — you will correct me if I am wrong — I think you spoke of her adoption by some *suitable* person."

"So I did, madam," I replied. "Can you suggest any person more suitable than her oldest foreign friend, — the only one, so far as I know, who is pre-

pared to take upon him such a responsibility?"

"Responsibility indeed," sighed Miss P. No. 2.

"Oh, I know well enough it is no trivial undertaking," I said. "I am far from coveting it. Domestic invasions are not agreeable prospects to men of my age and confirmed habits, even when the invader is so little likely to be troublesome as in this case. If anybody more accustomed to the bringing up of children will assume the charge, I am ready to resign it on the instant."

No one spoke.

"You see how it is, Miss Philipson. The child must be provided for. Come, I thought you would be pleased to hear of anything for her good."

"For her *real* good," softly purred the second Miss P.

"Precisely, madam," I rejoined. "I presume it will be for her real good to be fed when she is hungry, and to have a house to live in, and clothes to wear. And it appears to me that I am a very suitable person to supply her with these necessities. I can afford it, and, though I foresee inconveniences, I am willing to make the trial, at any rate."

"Oh, doctor, can you look at me with your inward eye, and say it is truly suitable?" asked the junior sister.

"I am a physician, madam," said I, somewhat testily, "and thus far my researches have not made me acquainted with anything in the nature of an inward eye. Nor do I know of the existence of such organs, excepting, possibly, in the fishes of the Mammoth Cave. But, looking at you with the only eyes I am conscious of possessing, I say it is eminently and superlatively suitable."

"Dear doctor, such extravagance of language" —

"Permit me, Kezia," interrupted the elder; "let us make allowances. Do not forget that we are in Japan."

"The very thing," I urged; "this is the one country in the world where

adoption is the commonest incident of life. There is scarcely a family without an adopted member. That makes it all the more suitable."

"But—dear me! the subject is so delicate. Consider the difference—the divergent—the opposite—the contrary—You understand me, of course."

"Indeed I do not, madam."

"I would say, then, the lack of identity in sex."

"Yes, indeed!" "Ah, truly!" were the whispered responses of the now excited listeners.

"Come, Miss Philipson," I argued, "let us be intelligible, if nothing else. You mean to insinuate that I ought not to adopt this child, because she is a young girl and I am an old man. That is your point, I take it."

"Oh, doctor," how can you say 'insinuate'? That is the last thing I should dream of doing. Insinuation is the—is a—What does Shakespeare say? What is it, Kezia, about insinuation, and"—

"Never mind Shakespeare or any other poet!" I exclaimed, driven to down-right vexation by these silly airs. "Pray keep to lucid prose where I am concerned. If difference of sex, as you choose to put it, has any weight in your mind, be good enough to reflect upon the difference of age."

"Why, doctor, what possible idea can I have about a gentleman's age? Fancy such a thing!" and she tossed her antiquated head in a grotesque mummery of coquetry.

"Fancy has nothing to do with it, madam. In plain fact, I am more than three times as old as Yone. Old enough to be her father. Three times as old? Why, yes; nearly four times. Old enough, as marriages go in this country, to be her grandfather."

"Impossible, doctor!"

"Oh, quite impossible!" echoed the unanimous body of auditors.

"Perfectly possible," said I, "as I will

take the liberty to demonstrate. By the custom of the land, I might have been the father of her mother when I was twenty, or yet younger."

"Doctor, I beg of you"—

"At sixteen, her mother might have given birth to Yone."

"I insist, Dr. Charwell, I insist"—

"And Yone is herself close upon fifteen. Now I think of it, I might be a great-grandfather at this moment. We are in Japan, you know, Miss Philipson!"

The good lady fairly gasped with indignation.

"I never thought to hear such things said—in my own house—to my own face," she articulated.

"Why not, madam? I merely state that I am more than three times, and very nearly four times, as old as Yone Yamada. Does any one doubt the truth of it?"

My genial little friend Kracken, who had watched the proceedings with quivering but good-natured anxiety, here broke in:—

"Now, Charwell, you will make us all feel like mummies, talking about great-grandfathers in that free-and-easy style."

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Miss Philipson, roused to fresh activity. "I do not see how such allusions can possibly concern anybody present."

"Certainly not you, Miss Philipson," I remarked, in a tone of the deepest deference; "although it is altogether possible for me to be regarded as a grandfather, no one would ever dream of imputing grandchildren to you."

"I trust not, indeed, sir."

"I will go further, madam, and admit that nobody"—

"There, that will do," said kind-hearted Dr. Kracken, with a comical grin; "your apology is sufficient as it is. Now tell us, are they actually going to throw that poor girl off, without any provision, and leave her to utter neglect?"

"They decline to be burdened with her any longer."

"But is there no alternative?" asked Miss Philipson. "I think, doctor, you said something about 'no *fitting* resource.' Of course you will correct me if I am in error."

"Your memory is excellent, madam," I answered, grimly enough. "There is no other fitting resource."

"That would seem to imply that there is another resource of some description. Might I venture to inquire?" —

"You shall know all that I know, madam," I answered. "Her grandmother proposes to marry her to an old man, of low birth, and in a station of life which it would be a degradation to her to enter."

Again the exasperating monosyllable "Oh!" reverberated around the room; this time more densely impregnated with meaning than before.

"One moment, friends," said the mistress of the house. "I am of opinion that we are all laboring under a mistake. It cannot be that we have heard Dr. Charwell aright. I will not believe — no, not my own senses, without further confirmation. Dr. Charwell *cannot* intend us to understand that he contemplates preventing this innocent young woman from contracting an honorable alliance with one of her own countrymen, with the ulterior design of introducing her into his bachelor establishment — under the — well, under the designation of an adopted daughter."

"Put it that way, if you like," I replied; "that is just what I intend."

"But I *cannot*, really I *cannot*," resumed the persistent spinster, waving her hand as an indication that the others should keep silent. "I *cannot* trust these ears of mine, unless Dr. Charwell solemnly" —

"There, there, madam," said I, nearly at the end of my endurance; "I don't know, nor care, whether your ears are entitled to confidence or not. They

never came under my treatment. I have spoken, and you have had every chance to hear. The marriage they strive to force upon her is an outrage. She is a descendant of nobles, and he is of the scum."

"Is this our republican doctor?" asked one of the company.

"*She* is not a republican. She is a patrician, in an empire of castes. It is abhorrent, revolting, to her. The man is an ignorant mechanic, of sixty years and more."

"Disparity of age is no obstacle here," urged Miss Philipson. "We are in Japan, you must remember."

"So, then," I burst forth, "you would rather have this poor, delicate, refined child, not yet fifteen years old, shamefully sacrificed; her youth crushed out; her chance of happiness torn from her at the beginning of her life; bound down to the slavery of an uncongenial marriage; doomed to a misery which will be a thousand times intensified by the culture she has had, rather than see her sheltered, cared for, protected, by me, who know her noble and rare virtues, until she is sought in a becoming way by some person of her own grade, whose education and character shall entitle him to ask for such a prize. That is your preference, is it?"

"If you apply to me," said Miss Philipson, with undisturbed coolness, "I don't see how the question can be raised for a moment."

"And I dare say," I continued, "that you represent your party here."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"No room for argument."

"Not open to discussion."

These and similar responses came from all parts of the room.

"You see, Dr. Charwell," proceeded the undaunted hostess, "we have on one side a respectable family, who wish to settle the respectable daughter of their house by means of a respectable marriage; and on the other, we have —

Oh, going so soon? Good-day, then. I can only say, doctor, that if this project is carried out, we shall be happy to see *you* as before, especially at our Thursdays; but we must beg to be excused from receiving Miss Charwell."

"Miss Charwell!" cried I, aghast.

"Why, certainly," said this embodiment of exalted propriety, with the unerring aim of a first-class Parthian sharpshooter. "The least you can do, I suppose, is to let her call herself by your name. You would hardly expose the unfortunate creature" —

I waited for no more. I got myself away as I best could, half blind with rage, and invoking all sorts of swift retributive justice against these experienced wolves disguised as ancient lambs, as it then pleased me to denominate them.

Not for a moment did the thought of relinquishing my purpose occur to me. I had set myself to the work of guarding a life which had thus far been overshadowed by undeserved suffering, and so changing its course that a fair share of the world's brightness should hereafter belong to it; and I was not likely to be diverted from my intention by any scarecrows which an absurd conventionalism could set up. Yone should be my daughter; and if the malignancy of persecution should threaten her peace in the new position, we would simply turn our backs upon Japan and the whole East, and remove to lands in which the proportion of Anglo-Saxon intolerance was not so disagreeably dominant. Among circles where theoretical humanity and charity were less aggressively proclaimed, I might easily find a more practical realization of those attributes.

IX.

THE LAST OF CHILDHOOD.

But there were other hostile influences which I had not taken into calcu-

lation. Stronger opposition than all the allied tribes of Philipsons could have brought together was directed against my plan. The grandmother, in her unreasoning hatred of the child whose mere existence had at last become an offense to her distorted sight, knew no dearer wish than to thwart and baffle Yone's hopes to the very end. This alone was sufficient to turn the old woman's mind against my proposal. Her inherent aversion to foreigners doubtless added to the antagonistic spirit. Under Japanese law, it was impossible to dispose of the child's future without the grandmother's sanction. The father's death left everything in the hands of this vindictive guardian. Unfamiliar as I was, and as most foreigners are to this day, with the rules governing the exercise of domestic authority, I was at first unwilling to believe that a young girl could thus be doomed to conjugal wretchedness by the simple word of a confessedly inimical relative; but it needed only a brief investigation to show that the case was absolutely beyond appeal. Yone herself would not authorize or participate in resistance to a principle which all her race regard as one of the foundations of their social system. She did not believe that her father, were he alive, would condemn her to such unhappiness; but now she was under the sway of her nearest of kin, whose rights over her were inviolable. In spite of all her distress, she bowed before the family traditions, and yielded to the obligations which morality and religious conviction imposed upon her. I could only look on, powerless to assist or to console her. The few suggestions which I offered, in the hope of stimulating her to direct rebellion, wounded her so that I had no heart to persevere in them. There was only one path of duty, she said, and those who now cared for her would soon cease to esteem her if she deserted it.

When my proposition was first laid before the Yamada household, it was

received in silence, according to Japanese usage, time being always required for deliberation upon an important topic, even though nothing is likely to be brought out that can affect the ultimate decision. During the few days that passed before the judgment was pronounced, while Yone believed she would be transferred to my protection, she admitted me to her confidence with a freedom never before, and I think never afterward, accorded. Assuming that she would soon be responsible to me alone, she relieved her overcharged feelings by relating many details of her past experience, which I should not have learned but for the impending change in her circumstances, and of which, indeed, I heard only enough, from her, to cause me to institute inquiries on my own account. Had I not pursued these with considerable diligence, I should have remained unaware of more than a faint reflection of the wrongs she had suffered.

She thought there could be no great disloyalty in anticipating, by a day or two, the time when she might unfold the outlines of her history, and explain some of the reasons why her new prospects afforded her such glowing satisfaction, to one who, she knew, would listen with sympathy. But she reproached herself, later, for having too frankly spoken her mind respecting the marriage planned for her by the grandmother, and for acknowledging her eager wish to escape from that humiliation. She had never deviated from the moderation and gentleness which habitually governed her speech; but when it became certain that no rescue was possible, and that the union was inevitable, she regretted that she had divulged a single thought which might be remembered as rebellious or as impatient of her lot.

As the time approached when she might be called upon to leave all the associations of girlhood behind her, the childlike simplicity of her nature seemed

to renew itself in various ways. With many a blush, she gave me to understand that it had cost her a struggle to renounce the never forgotten and, till now, never neglected doll which had been the only intimate companion of her solitary infancy. With regard to her cat, the consolation of her more advanced youth, — now arrived at a stately and dignified maturity, — she decided to invoke my good offices. In proffering this priceless gift, she was evidently disturbed by the fear that mankind at large might not value her pet so highly as she herself did; and was not entirely free from the suspicion that what she deemed a precious prize might prove to another an unwelcome incumbrance. She was, moreover, embarrassed by the necessity of concealing her reason for parting from her four-footed friend; which was, in fact, a vivid apprehension of possible ill-treatment for him in the new home which awaited her. To reveal this cause of anxiety was not compatible with her sense of propriety; but as it was not difficult to divine, I at once averred that the only unfulfilled desire of my heart was to possess a cat of my own, and not any haphazard selection from cats in general, but precisely the sort of animal which Yone had rescued from aquatic perdition in Nagoya, and brought to years of discretion with prudent nurture and suitable training.

In a case of such extremity, she was not disposed to probe my sincerity too deeply, and with little delay the transfer was formally effected, — not without ceremonies and exercises which afforded me the liveliest amusement. What bond of intelligence had been established between the creature and its affectionate mistress, and to what extent the interchange of ideas had become practicable, no man could say; but it pleased Yone to assume, with a fraction of seriousness in her jest, that she could hold intelligible conversations with the *neko*, and that he was by no means insensible to the

spell of moral suasion. It is certain that the pair would often sit face to face and hold dialogues in a fashion to impress an attentive bystander with new and enlarged ideas respecting the animal's intellectual qualities. Yone would open the debate, and the cat would respond in accents of which I never believed one of its race capable. On this occasion, Master Tom was placed upon a chair, and informed, gently but gravely, of the altered future before him. As if regarding the announcement as a foolish fiction, unworthy of serious notice, he simply moved his lips slightly, in the direction of a mew, but without emitting a sound, — a common expedient of his when not interested in the topic under consideration. Being addressed with more earnestness, he endeavored to take possession of his mistress's lap, purring melodiously, and sending out entreaty in measured cadences. Finding himself repulsed, and compelled to listen to a more determined statement of the situation, he appeared to assume the attitude of a cat under the influence of extreme astonishment, reversing his ears, and wailing with increased energy. From this stage he proceeded to more vehement demonstrations; uttering prolonged and piercing screams, with his mouth stretched open to its widest capacity, as Yone reminded him, in resolute terms, of the principles of docility and obedience in which he had been reared, and by which it was his duty to be guided at this critical epoch. Nothing could be more comical. Even Yone's melancholy yielded for a moment to the mirthful provocation.

All this will be taken at its proper value, as a fanciful interpretation of the feline dialect; but an incident which followed showed that the girl had acquired, in some inscrutable manner, a curious mastery over the animal's usually wayward will. When about to take leave, her familiar prepared to accompany her, as a matter of course, but was put in

a corner, with stern rebuke. Quite regardless of this unaccustomed severity, the creature insisted on following his mistress, and when I tried forcibly to detain him, shrieked at me with such wild vociferation of abuse that I began to doubt the practicability of the transfer. As a last resource, I fastened a little dog-collar about his neck, and tied him to a chair; but this had the effect of rousing him to such fury as Japanese cats seldom exhibit, — possibly because, having no tails to distend, they lack the chief accessory to an extreme display of frenzy. Here, however, was a notable exception to the rule. He broke the cord, upset the chair, tore off the collar, and abandoned himself to the wildest exaltation of declamatory emotion, until Yone, who had been watching the experiment through a window, returned, and announced that she would employ an unailing device.

"You shall see," she said. "I shall work upon his self-esteem. I shall flatter him, and puff him with vanity and pride."

Then, replacing the collar, and again fastening the cord securely, she commenced an impressive appeal.

"Listen, Pussinole" (Pussinole was a name bestowed in the days of her early English, — a twisted version of Old Pussy, which designation had been applied in her hearing): "you must respect the good doctor's collar. It is a beautiful collar, and no cat ever had so wonderful an ornament before. It is a great honor for you, Pussinole, and every cat in Tokio will be envious. Why, it is like a king's necklace. You must keep it carefully, and not injure it. *How* beautiful he looks in it, does he not, doctor? Come and tell him he is now the handsomest cat in the world," — and so following, for a couple of minutes or more, at the end of which she rose, saying, "He will be quiet now, and give you no more trouble."

To my amazement, the creature did

not stir, and, while appearing not altogether content, pursued his mistress only with his eyes. I could not conceal my surprise.

"How did you do it?" I asked, turning over in my mind the possibilities of animal magnetism and similar enchantments. "Do you really believe the cat understands you?"

"Oh, doctor, Pussinole and I cannot let you into all our secrets. No, indeed. You had better tell me what you think."

"I think you are a witch, of course; I always thought so."

"Truly, doctor, I do not know what to say. I am not so silly as to suppose my cat knows the meaning of my words. Still, there is something not easy to explain. He is familiar with the tones of my speech, at any rate. I have always talked to him as I would to a friend. For many years I have hardly had any other person to talk to, at home; only my little cat. He *must* comprehend something, for you see how he answers. And he is very glad to be praised. He will do anything, if you compliment and admire him; I am sure of that. So there is nothing marvelous about it."

Marvelous or not, it was true that the animal made no further effort to escape, and allowed the restraining collar to remain unmolested. In course of time, a certain intimacy grew up between us; but his most ecstatic manifestations of affection were reserved for Yone, upon whom, whenever she visited him, he lavished every endearment of which a cat is capable; purring, chuckling, "chortling," closing and outstretching his claws, rubbing his head against her as if he would wear away the fur, and entering into animated conversation upon the slightest encouragement. But neither with me nor with any other human acquaintance would he ever exchange a word, on any subject. The power of engaging him in oral discourse belonged to Yone alone.

VOL. LXI. — NO. 364.

11

X.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

The marriage took place in the autumn of 1878, and this fair and fragile blossom of Japanese womanhood, not only gifted with the dainty grace which distinguishes the daughters of the higher Japanese gentry, but also endowed with the rare charm of an awakened and enfranchised intelligence, to which few among them have even yet attained, — this delicate body and gentle soul were delivered over to the mastery of a coarse-minded, rough-mannered, ignorant workman; a boat-builder, whom chance had thrown in the way of the heartless relatives, and whose sole motive in agreeing to the transaction was a desire to obtain undisputed control over one of the class which in his youth and middle age had ruled the land, and kept the populace, to which he belonged, in an ignoble and degraded subjugation. Times had changed since the advent of the foreigner, and the humble laborer could now not only hold his own, but might assert, at times, a degree of ascendancy over the fallen members of the once-omnipotent aristocracy. By industry and moderate skill in his craft, this boat-builder had made himself sure of a sufficient income; and it suited his humor, in his declining years, to set up a well-born wife in his plebeian dwelling.

His character, like that of many in his station, seemed to a casual observer almost colorless. Not this nor the next generation of laboring men can lift themselves, as a body, from the posture of dependence and servility which was natural to them while feudalism lasted in Japan. This man, Santo Yorikichi by name, knew that the shackles had been taken from his limbs, and it gratified him to exercise his newly acquired liberty in vague and purposeless directions. But, at his age, he could not get

his spirit out of the ancient bondage, and it was plain that he would never learn the full value of his opportunities. He was illiterate to a degree rarely encountered among his countrymen, the rudest of whom receive at least some sort of elementary instruction, and was almost grotesquely uncouth in appearance. To the world generally he was good-natured, honest, peaceable, and dull. His frolicking days were past, and he had long ceased to look upon amusement in any form as a necessity of life. In his own home, where I sought him before the marriage, and where I found him waited upon by a couple of obsequious concubines and two or three active servants, he was autocratic, selfish, wholly indifferent to the feelings of those around him, and ready to rule his minions with cold-blooded tolerance, or with an equally cold-blooded tyranny, as his convenience or the whim of the moment might dictate.

When I first visited him, and opened negotiations for a pleasure-boat of his construction, he exhibited the animation appropriate to the prospect of a bargain. I spoke of his impending marriage, at which he evinced some surprise, but presently recovered himself, and put on an expression, the rigid stolidity of which I never saw equaled. I asked him, point-blank, if he should object to his wife's continued intercourse with her foreign friends, at which he grunted; not wholly in disapproval, it appeared, but because the idea was one which had not before occurred to him, and he was unprepared with a reply. I then suggested — this being an ingenious conception of my own, with which I had not acquainted Yone — that his future consort had it in her power to render good service, under certain circumstances, as an interpreter; and that I hoped an arrangement might be made by which she could go forth, at intervals, and practice that vocation. My idea was to relieve her, if possible, from

the wearying monotony of constant confinement at home, to which most Japanese wives of humbler grade are subjected, — not so much to insure their fidelity as from a general carelessness as to their wishes, their comfort, their health, or anything pertaining to their physical or mental welfare.

When I paused, Santo Yorikichi grunted. I intimated that the labors of a translator were justly entitled to remuneration, whereat again he emitted the sound which he was evidently accustomed to employ as an effective part of speech, but to which no significance could be assigned by a stranger. I then feebly hinted that if she could not be spared from the premises, it might be so managed that those in need of her assistance should call at Mr. Boat-BUILDER's establishment, at such times as would be to him agreeable. This time the guttural response appeared to come from such a well-like depth of abstraction and vacuity that I could attempt no more, and returned to the ostensible object of my errand. Then his eye kindled again with the light of prospective traffic, and conversation became once more articulate and intelligible.

I feared that my efforts had been wasted, and that I should find myself burdened with the cost of a wherry, without the equivalent I especially wished to secure; but I was wrong. Before my departure, — the conditions and price of the craft being satisfactorily adjusted, — Santo turned to me with a listless air, grunted thrice, and unloaded his mind. As to a wife, yes, he was about to give himself one. He had never happened to meet her, but the fact was as I had stated. Also, she had several foreign friends. That he had heard. He did not object to foreigners. He believed they called him uncomplimentary names, sometimes, but as he could not understand them, that did not matter — much. In fact, it would not matter at all, if they did not occasionally

ramble, more or less tipsy, into his boat-yard, mistaking it for a neighboring tea-garden of hilarious reputé, and order his women about. On the other hand, foreigners were good customers of his, and they always paid well. Not that his charges were ever excessive, he hastened to add; only, so to speak — yes — and a grunt. Well, though he was not adverse to foreigners, on the whole, he had a poor opinion of the learning they had brought into the country. It was bad enough to puzzle the minds of men with it, and uproot the everlasting principles of things; but to bedevil women in the same way, that was simply — grunt. If his wife brought any foreign learning into his house, she would have to keep it all inside her own body. The only possible use for it would be when some imperfectly educated person, with lingual faculties restricted to German, or English, or American, or such fantastic tongues, should approach him in the way of business; then it might be desirable to have a wife who could supply the deficiency. Curiously enough, he had never thought of that before. But then he had not thought much of anything connected with his impending nuptials. As to her running about Tokio, translating for people here and there, it would be entirely impossible for him to entertain such a notion. That was to say, he could not have entertained it if I had not also referred to compensation. This consideration naturally removed some of the objections which he, as a sober-minded Japanese workingman, would otherwise be bound to take into calculation. His wife's learning would make a mighty poor show in the boat-yard, but if it were marketable elsewhere, no doubt something might be done. But the money must be paid into his hands, not into hers, to be trifled away in books and other playthings; and as he was a person of independent means, under no necessity of adding to his income by the method proposed, the emolument must

be on a large and liberal scale. He must — grunt — looking at what was due to his position as a man of substance — grunt — yes, surely, he could not afford to be content with — grunt, grunt, grunt — less than ten *sen* (at that time about seven cents) a day.

I was so rejoiced at this unlooked-for success in securing to Yone a fair opportunity for relaxation, and also for pursuing her studies, — which latter could easily be managed under the promised permission to interpret, — that my thrifty boat-builder at once saw he had failed to take the highest advantage of the situation. He began to grumble that he ought to have stipulated for twelve *sen* a day, or possibly fifteen; and I should doubtless have acceded to anything, in or out of reason, had I not feared worse consequences than the loss of an insignificant trifle of money. If his first demand had been twenty times what it was, I should not have refused. Indeed, it was far beyond my hope to arrive at any definite agreement in that original interview. But I composed my countenance, and insisted that hands should be clapped, and the contract ratified on the spot. Otherwise, I hinted, I might recede from my pledge with regard to the boat; for, as I remarked with severe dignity, though with questionable logic, a man who in an ordinary bargain will not stick to terms of his own making cannot possibly construct a boat that will not capsize as soon as it is launched. So, it was then and there set down in writing — not by the builder himself, who was unready with his pencil, but by his foreman — that from and after the date of her espousal, Yone, the wife of Santo Yorikichi, should be allowed to serve as an interpreter to Edward Charwell, or to others whom he might designate, during one complete and undivided day of each week, in consideration of the sum of ten *sen*, to be paid for each day of such service by the said Edward Charwell to the said Santo Yorikichi. To

this the requisite seals were affixed, and I retired in better spirits than I had been able to muster for many a day.

It was necessary to convey a warning to Yone, lest she should betray too much satisfaction on hearing from Santo of the profitable use he had discovered for her. This was done in a letter, which carefully smoothed away the scruples she might have labored under ; for she had an uncomfortably tender conscience with respect to concealments or deceptions of even the most innocent character. I did not see her before the wedding, nor was I permitted to be present at the ceremony, — or, rather, at that which in Japan passes for a marriage ceremony. So positive were her relatives in their determination to break up her foreign associations that when a select party of the Philipson sisterhood went in state to offer their congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, and to express their content that the dear girl had safely weathered all the perils which environ Japanese girlhood in general, and the unspeakable peril of a dubious entanglement with that headstrong Dr. Charwell in particular, — so decided were the grandmother and aunts in their views that they temporarily stepped outside of the limits prescribed by conventional politeness, and astonished the good missionary ladies by a demonstration of such unmistakable malevolence that the most brazen effrontery was powerless against it. Probably the use of my name was an error, and the reference to my dark designs was misunderstood by those to whom it was addressed ; for the elder Miss Philipson could not resist the temptation to reject Yone's assistance, and to conduct the conversation in that remarkable jargon which she evolved from her internal consciousness, and denominated Japanese, — partially encouraged thereto, it may be, by the admission of philologists that it could not possibly be mistaken for any other tongue.

"I spoke to them with the greatest distinctness," she subsequently observed, in describing the scene, "knowing that they were natives of a distant province, where the dialect is no doubt corrupted. But one cannot be expected to be equally at ease in *all* the *patois* of this heterogeneous country, and so I failed to make them — that is to say, they failed to comprehend me. I am disposed to believe they are very proper persons, for I am sure they made every effort to understand, until I mentioned, as in duty bound, the name of Dr. Charwell. Then, in their righteous indignation at his plots and schemes, they were unable to control themselves, and they broke forth with a volubility that quite confused me. We must make allowance for the feelings of a grandmother" —

"And an aunt," insinuated Miss Kezia.

"And an aunt, sister," assented the senior, not much liking the interruption, "Two aunts, I believe there were," she added, with the familiar Philipson disinclination to accept any statement without tacking an amendment or variation to it. "If they were not leaving so soon for the region where their singular dialect prevails, I should follow up the opening. Sister Kezia had an idea that we might do well to attend the wedding, and give our countenance to the affair ; but I am not so sure that we are justified in upholding, by our presence, these unconsecrated heathen unions."

Sister Kezia winced, as if feeling too heavy a burden thrown unfairly on her shoulders ; for, in truth, the design of "countenancing" the ceremony had originated solely with Miss Sophia, and had been abandoned in consequence of the unpromising demeanor of the Yamada household. The younger lady drew herself up, and seemed about to deliver a protest, but was promptly repressed by the dominating spirit of the establishment.

"No, dear Kezia, no," she said, "I

do not find it borne in upon me to go. I think, friends, that in these matters we are bound to obey the inward monitor. My sister is at liberty to follow the dictates of her own conscience, and I

should not think of opposing her desires ; but for my part, it seems to me that we can hardly be too mindful that we are in Japan. That is a fact which should never be lost sight of."

E. H. House.

THE SECOND SON.

XLVI.

THE LAST OF THE SQUIRE.

EDMUND did not return to Melcombe till late. He stayed all the delightful evening through at Mount Travers, dining there, as in his present position it was the right and natural thing to do. That afternoon and evening fled like a dream. Sometimes it happens that to two people thus suddenly brought together, after long tending towards each other, and when the first flush of youthful security has passed, the moment of union brings a completion as well as a beginning of life, which is unique in its perfection. It combines the rapture of early bliss with that deep-seated satisfaction of maturity, which is rarer, and if not so exquisite, yet the most real version of happiness. Up to this moment, they had not lived for themselves. The life of Elizabeth had been spent in that most perfect of filial duty which is exercised towards relations who have the claims of love and kindness without those of warm sympathy and congeniality. She was not like the kind old couple who had been so good to her. Both in what they had done for her and in what they had withheld, they had often wounded a nature which was not like theirs. Her uncle had been generous beyond measure to her in his will, but had put her into the most false position, and made her the apparent instrument of a wrong which was abhorrent

to her. Edmund, on the other side, had lived a neutral-colored life, because, no doubt, of a certain spectatorship of nature, which often betrays a man who is without any prick of necessity or strong impulse of passion into indifference and mediocrity. He was one of those, not, perhaps, the least happy nor the least useful, who stand aside out of the conflicts of life and look on, and who seem to attain to little by persistence of wanting little, — by an interest which they have rather in life in the general than in any special objects to be appropriated to themselves. Such men can be emancipated and brought into a warmer existence only by love, which gives them a warmer and stronger identity by adding another life to theirs. Love that "smites the chord of self," till it, "trembling, passed in music out of sight," is one thing ; but there is another, in which the selfsame love, not less noble, takes up "the harp of life, and smites on all its chords with might ;" so that the musing spectator, the observer of other men, becomes himself a man by dint of the woman poured into him, filling his veins and his soul with an added vitality. This pair found themselves increased so, with a wonder and a delight beyond the reach of the simpler boy and girl, who only know themselves happy. They had each expanded, risen into a stronger individuality, become more in themselves by throwing everything into each other. To both the exquisite novelty of having another self was not only a blessedness

indescribable, but a marvel, an exhilaration, an elevation of individual being, such as no prophecy or description had led them to anticipate. They both seemed to begin to live from that moment, to understand what it was to have that possession of human capability and power. At once out of a world mysteriously indifferent, uncomprehending, uninterested, never able to divine what they would be at, to possess each an ear into which to pour everything that came into the heart, each an eye always awake to what each was doing, each another who was themselves, — what a wonder, what a miracle, what an expansion of living; nay, what life and personal identity! This day was a revelation, a kind of gospel, a new communication direct out of heaven for both. They spent those sunny hours together, which seemed like so many moments, and yet were of more account in their life than a dozen previous years. They dined together at a table which derived a curious dignity from the thought that henceforth it was to be the centre of life dispensed to others; of meeting and communion; of breaking of bread, half sacramental with the sacred seal of domestic unity, of possession in common. All common life became splendid and noble in this illumination; they looked at each other, and read, radiant, the exposition of what existence actually was in each other's eyes.

Edmund walked home in the delicious darkness of the summer night. The road was white under his feet, the dark hedges standing up on either hand, the immense vault of sky over him sparkling with innumerable stars. In his present mood, moonlight would have been too much; it would have introduced a more dramatic element, strong shadows along with the intensity of its white light. He loved better that soft shining which filled the heavens with delightful company and silent fellowship. He walked along lightly, as if he trod

upon air, that same road which his father had traversed in a passion of physical and mental excitement, which made of it an awful, half-delirious pathway from life to death; and which Stephen had trod heavily, with anxious thoughts, subsiding rage, and rising care. He thought of neither of them, nor of what he should find when he reached home, nor of how he should communicate the great event which had happened to himself. None of these things disturbed Edmund's mind. The fact that he was shut out from his inheritance had made him perfectly independent. In comparison with Elizabeth he was poor; but that did not trouble him. It did not occur to him that any mean or mercenary motive could ever be associated with his name; nor did he think of Elizabeth's superior wealth any more than he thought of the dress she had worn, or any other matter of insignificant detail. Every trifle comes to be important in its time, and no doubt the day would come when he would be critical about his wife's dress, and like her to wear this or that. But in the mean time he had no leisure in his mind for anything but herself, and the wonderful possession that had come to him in her, Elizabeth.

He repeated the name over to himself, looking up at the stars with a low laugh of pleasure, and moisture in his eyes. Elizabeth, — that was enough. Not Lizzy: Lizzy was not characteristic of her, as some pet names are. Elizabeth, — a name to be said slowly, savored in all its syllables, which embodied not softness only, but strength; a queen's name, a common name, liquid in the beginning, coming up strong on the rock of that concluding sound. His laugh sounded into the silence, a low, congenial note, subdued, yet the uttermost expression of human pleasure, and satisfaction, and content. He was not laughing at himself in his lover's folly, as perhaps a wiser man might have

done, but only for happiness, for pure pleasure, for delight.

The door was still standing wide open when Edmund reached Melcombe, and a dog-cart stood before the steps, with lamps, which made a contradictory yellow glimmer in the paleness of the night.

As he approached, Larkins came out upon the threshold. "You need n't wait," he said to the driver. "Doctor's going to stop all night."

"How's master?" said the man.

"Don't say nothing in the house, but it's my opinion he's a dead man; and if Robson don't think so, too, I'm a — But mind you, not a word; the family might n't like" —

"What's that you are saying, Larkins?" Edmund laid a sudden hand upon the butler's shoulder, which made him jump.

"Mr. Edmund! I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. I did n't see you. I was telling James to put up — Dr. Robson, sir, he's here, and will not be going — not for a bit."

"Who is ill? My father? What is it? You said he was a dead man."

"He's had a fit, sir. There was nobody there but me, and it's had that effect upon me that I don't know what I'm saying. I hope it ain't so bad as that, Mr. Edmund. Don't go to master's room, sir; Dr. Robson says no one's to go in. The captain, he's in the library."

Edmund had gone half-way up the stairs, but he stopped at this, and came slowly down again. The shock of this intimation dispersed all that bright atmosphere about him, as if it had been a bubble, and brought him back with a sudden jar into so different a sphere. He was well aware of the significance of the words "a fit," and remembered, with a throb of painful sensation, his father's continual preoccupation on this subject, his occasional attempts at self-restraint, because of what had been said

to him of the risks he ran. Poor father! overwhelmed at last by that tempest of rage and shame. His exclamation about the harm that had come to him from his sons recurred to Edmund's mind. The Squire had come safely enough through the contrarieties brought upon him by Roger: he had seen his first-born die, and buried him, without any danger from emotion. But now — Edmund approached the library very unwillingly, with hesitating steps. The very sight of Stephen would, he felt, be intolerable; nor did he know how his brother could look him in the face. The door was ajar, and he pushed it open with a reluctant hand. The apartment was dimly lighted by candles on the mantel-piece, which was at the opposite end of the room from the Squire's writing-table, usually the central point, with its one brilliant lamp. The fact that the lamp had not been lighted was already a sign of approaching change. Edmund saw with relief that the doctor stood with Stephen before the fireplace, — two dark figures in the ineffectual light.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Doctor, I am most thankful at least to find you here."

"Not for much good, I'm afraid," returned the doctor, shaking his head. "He has had a fit, and a bad one. I must not conceal from you that he is very ill. I've been afraid of it for some time back. Nothing we have done has been of any avail as yet."

Edmund asked anxiously how it had happened, and received from the doctor Larkins's story, cut short of various details.

"He seems to have walked a considerable distance in the heat of the sun. Your brother does not appear to be aware of any other circumstances."

"He had been very much excited, — he had made a painful discovery."

Stephen turned half round, with a dark glance from under his brows.

"Oh," exclaimed the doctor. Then he added quickly, "These things, of course, would be but secondary causes. I have warned him repeatedly that he must take the utmost care, in respect of diet and — many other things. But with all precautions, disease cannot be staved off. It was bound to come, sooner or later."

"And you take a despondent view?"

"One can never tell," replied Dr. Robson. "He has had only threatenings, no attack before, and his strength is intact. I shall stay all night — or until — In the mean time, I have been saying to your brother, if you would like, to get a physician from London. The telegraph is closed by this time; but a message could be sent by the midnight train."

"I think it would be well to send one, doctor, notwithstanding our perfect confidence in you."

"I did n't see the use," objected Stephen, with averted head.

"It is no question of confidence in me. I should prefer it," the doctor said.

"Then I'll send at once."

Stephen again gave his brother a darkling look. There was in it a curious defiance, yet timidity. Edmund was the eldest; he had the first right to act. He asked no advice from his junior, who was tacitly put aside altogether, while Edmund consulted with the doctor, after sending off his message, which was dispatched by a servant, with authority to engage a special train to bring down the great physician with as little delay as possible. Stephen walked up and down the room, while everything was thus taken out of his hands. He might have attended to these matters on his own responsibility, and saved himself from being thus superseded in what he felt, with a *sour* mixture of anger and alarm and satisfaction, to be his own house. He did not wish to deprive his father of any care. He did not wish him to die, though that would be a solu-

tion of all the difficulties of the moment, which it was scarcely possible not to desire. Nothing so bad as this, however, was in his mind. He could not have told why he had not acted upon the doctor's suggestion and telegraphed, so long as there was time. Perhaps it had been with a vague idea of conciliating Dr. Robson, of having the doctor on his side; perhaps merely from a reluctance to act, a hesitation, a resistance, of which he was now ashamed and wroth with himself. He might have done it, and asserted his authority, instead of letting that fellow cut in, as if he had any right. Meanwhile, Edmund acted as if he had the sole right. He went up with Dr. Robson to the patient's room, when the doctor thought it time for another visit, leaving Stephen still pacing about, agitated by feelings which he did not dare to show. His position was one to try the strongest spirit. The probabilities were that if Mr. Mitford got better everything would be changed; and though, when he heard from Larkins his father's order that Pouncefort should be sent for, he had stopped that communication, he had at the same time sent for his man, and ordered that everything should be packed up, that he might be ready to go off at once, if *that* was what was going to happen. He was determined he would not endure abuse and loss both. So that if the Squire got well, if he saw his lawyer and carried out his new intentions, Stephen had decided to leave the house in an hour's time, perhaps never to return; while if Mr. Mitford died, in a moment all would be his, without question or remark. The balance of possibilities was thus a very exciting and uncertain one: to be reduced to the position of a son banished from the paternal home, as Roger had been, or to be the master and owner of all; to feel himself set aside from all share in the matter by Edmund, who took the command naturally, by a right which everybody acknowledged, or to be the

master, and turn Edmund out. And all this hanging upon a thread, upon the living or dying of the old man up-stairs ! Stephen did not wish his father to die. It was something, it was much, that he could resist that temptation. But he waited with sullen excitement, low-flaming, self-controlled. He was angry that the London physician had been sent for, and that he himself had not sent for him, — he scarcely knew which was most annoying, — and went on pacing in an angry mood, till Edmund and the doctor should come down-stairs again, perhaps bringing news.

Edmund saw his brother's boxes packed, as he passed Stephen's room on his way down-stairs, with some surprise. He would have preferred, had it been practicable, to have had no intercourse with him : but that, it was evident, could not be. He went, once more slowly and with reluctance, to the library, where he knew that Stephen was awaiting him. Captain Mitford stopped in his pacing up and down, and turned round, when Edmund came in. They stood and looked at each other for a moment silently ; then, " My father is no better," Edmund said.

" I was afraid he would not be," responded Stephen. " Robson," he added, " seems to have very little hope."

" Very little hope. Did you see him before the seizure ? "

" No."

" Then things are the same between you as when he left Mount Travers ? "

" Yes."

After this brief colloquy, they stood for another moment looking at each other. To think that this fellow should confront him, as if he were the master, and that at any moment it might be he, Stephen, who was the master, and able to turn Edmund out ! This was the thought that burned in Stephen's mind. On the chance of a moment ! But as yet, no one knew how that chance might turn.

XLVII.

THE BREAK-UP.

The long night passed in discomfort and gloom, in broken dozes and broken conversations, with long pauses. The two young men sat opposite to each other, obliged to keep each other company, yet with nothing to say. A jealous alarm prevented Stephen from retiring to his room. He felt that something might happen, if he were not always on the watch. The Squire might recover his senses. Pouncefort might arrive, and find some means, which neither doctor nor nurse was capable of, to get him round. Who could tell what might happen ? Edmund remained up to receive the report of the doctor, to watch for the possible arrival of the physician from town, and also partly because he could not sleep. Dr. Robson came, and went from the sick-room to the library below, throwing himself on the sofa in the intervals, to take that rest which doctors as well as nurses know to be so indispensable in face of eventualities. The doctor thought, in the breaks of his sleep, that he had never seen anything more strange than the aspect of the two brothers, seated each in his corner, exchanging few words, taking little notice of each other, while their father lay between life and death, up-stairs. Was it feeling ? he asked himself, or what was it ? He, too, had seen the packed and strapped portmanteaus within the open door of Stephen's room, and wondered who was going away, and why, and what had been the " painful discovery " the patient had made, which one brother had not mentioned, and the other had at once identified as one of the causes of the seizure. This wonder did not prevent Dr. Robson, who was a young man in robust health, from sleeping, any more than anxiety for his patient did ; but

it passed through his mind, with some half guess at the cause, before he went to sleep, with these two dark figures before him, — one bolt upright in his chair, in a fictitious watchfulness, the other with his face hid in the shadow of the hand which supported his head. There was no reason why they should both sit up. They seemed to be keeping a watch on each other, like sentinels of two contending parties. Their aspect was so strange, and the consciousness of their presence so strong, that they made the doctor dream. He could not shake from his mind the certainty that they were there.

The London doctor came in the morning, not having hurried himself unduly, and regretting, as he said, the great additional expense that would have been entailed upon the survivors had a special train been necessary. He arrived, fresh and neat, upon the exhausted and excited household, and with a mind quite free from any tortures of suspense. But his examination of the patient did not come to much. He said, when he came down-stairs, that it was impossible to tell — the patient might linger a day or two; he might even rally, by extreme good fortune; or another attack might come on, and terminate the matter at once.

"There can be no doubt that it is to his advantage that he has survived so long," said this great authority, with a meaning which was comprehensible enough.

"To be sure," cried Dr. Robson, who was an imprudent young man, "it is to his advantage that he has survived, or he would be dead by this time."

But the fact was that no more light was to be thrown upon the question by science, and the London physician came and went, as such great authorities often do, in a case which is beyond the reach of mortal power.

The only incident in the miserable lingering day was the arrival of Mr.

Pouncefort, who had, by some mysterious bird of the air carrying the matter, or other occult agency, found out that his client was dying, and had expressed a wish that he should be sent for. He arrived when Stephen had permitted himself to believe that danger was over, and was about to lie down for needful rest. But the sight of the lawyer roused the heir at once.

"I should n't advise you to stay," Captain Mitford observed. "He'll never be able for business again."

"It's hard to tell," said Mr. Pouncefort. "I've seen a man turn everything upside down in his succession, after that had been said of him."

Stephen stared at the new-comer with glazed and weary eyes, in which a sullen fire burned behind the film of exhaustion; but restrained the impulse to reply. He sat down again, however, in the chair which he had occupied all night, determined to keep this dangerous visitor in sight. Mr. Pouncefort had no compassion for the supplanter who had been put into his brother's place, in spite of all he had himself been able to do against it. He asked a hundred questions: how the attack came on; what was the cause; whether there had been any "worry" at the bottom of so sudden a seizure. "People say something occurred to put him out, but of course you must know."

"I don't know; he was out in the sun, on one of those hot days, — that's what the doctor thinks."

"Oh! that's what the doctor thinks? Robson, is it? He ought to know your father's constitution. I should have thought the Squire was pretty well used to being out in the sun."

"You had better ask Robson," said Stephen; "he'll be here presently;" and then there was a silence between them.

The lawyer had a bag with papers, which he opened and looked over, perhaps ostentatiously; he had no desire to spare the young man. Stephen was overcome

with fatigue. He kept dropping into momentary dozes, from which he started, opening wide in defiance his red and heavy eyes. But he would not now go to bed or do anything to refresh himself; he was like a jailer in attendance upon some troublesome prisoner; he would not let this new enemy out of his sight.

This suspense lasted till far on in the second night, when there was a sudden stir and commotion in the sick-room, and the doctor was hurriedly called upstairs. In a very short time the others were summoned. They stood about the bed, Mr. Pouncefort placing himself at the foot, with an anxious intention of catching what last glimpse of intelligence might come into the eyes of the dying man. But it was too late for anything of the kind. The Squire had been stricken down by another and more violent seizure. He was still so strong in vitality, and his physical forces were so little impaired, that even now he made a struggle for his life; but in vain. Presently the loud breathing stopped. Silence replaced that awful, involuntary throbbing of the human mechanism, from which the inspiring force had gone. Love and grief had little place in that death-scene; but there is something overawing and impressive in every transit from life to death. The two sons stood side by side, without a word. Simmons, the housekeeper, half with a feminine sense of what was becoming, half perhaps with a real human regret for the master of so many years, sniffed a little behind the curtain. The others all stood in dead silence, while the doctor closed those staring, troubled eyes.

Stephen was the first to leave the room. He went straight to his own, where his servant was hanging about, in the agitation which fills a household at such a moment. He kicked the port-manteaus with his foot, and said loudly, "Undo all that," before he closed the door. He wanted rest and sleep above all things, but he could not refrain from

that one token of an anxiety now laid at rest. Only Mr. Pouncefort, however, took any notice of this symbolical action. Stephen had been of no account in the house during these two days, and when he disappeared without even a good-night, without a sign of civility, the others were too much preoccupied to notice. Dr. Robson was eager to get home, — he had spent the greater part of two nights out of his house; and Edmund went down-stairs with him, to settle and arrange everything. The lawyer stole away to the room which had been prepared for him, and after a few hours' rest left the house in the morning, before any one was astir. His mission had been a failure. Sometimes there is a moment of possibility, a place of repentance, afforded to a man at the very end of his life. But in this case there was nothing of the kind. The wrong done was done permanently, and all was now over. That strange injustice which lies underneath the surface of life, which gives the lie to all the optimism of philanthropy, which is restrained by no law, and is so often permitted to establish itself in absolute impunity, had again gained the upper hand. There was no appeal to be made, no redress possible. The dead man might have repented, had time been left him. But all the stars in their courses had fought for the unworthy. Mr. Pouncefort felt this angrily, almost shaking his fist at the serene heavens which overlooked everything, and, so far as appeared, took no heed. To Edmund the same thought came, but in a different form, as he stood at his window, looking out upon a firmament all living with innumerable lights. The real sufferer was not angry. He looked out with a profound sadness, yet with that half smile of spectatorship which had been habitual to him all his life. Perhaps at no period would he have felt his disinheritance so sharply as another man might; at this moment he did not feel it at all. Poor father! was what

he thought, — who had taken that step of injustice in vain ; who had rewarded the evil-doer, and punished him to whom he intended no wrong. It was hard to think of the Squire as changed into some heavenly semblance, a spiritual being moved by spiritual motives alone. Edmund's imagination could not reach so far. He thought of his father as perhaps suddenly enlightened as to this irony of fate, cognizant of the evil he had done, impotent to amend it, obliged to bow to the inexorable fact which his own arbitrary will had created, and carrying about the consciousness of this tremendous mistake and failure in a quickened being, to which perhaps there would no longer belong the happy human faculty of forgetfulness. Would not that be hell enough, — or purgatory, at least ?

Things went on at Melcombe without further change for some days. Stephen took no charge in respect to the funeral, or any of the immediate arrangements which had to be made. He stood by, passive, while Edmund gave all the orders and attended to everything. Not a word was said while the father lay dead in the house. They even dined together in silence, broken only by a few conventional phrases from time to time. The brothers-in-law were abroad, out of reach ; and though the entire county came to the funeral, there were no relations except a distant cousin or two, and no one in the house to break the brothers' *tête-à-tête*. When all was over, they returned alone together to the house. Mr. Pouncefort was the principal executor, and there was no question between them about any of the details. Once more the family table was spread for the two brothers, who had walked side by side after their father's coffin. It would be impossible to describe the scarcely contained excitement of Larkins and his assistants as to how this dinner would go off. Stephen solved the question for them without delay. He came in first, with his hands plunged deeply into his

pockets and his eyebrows lowered over his eyes, and took his father's place. Instead of the restrained and formal conversation of the intervening days, he now began to talk. He spoke of what he was going to do.

"I'll very likely go out and join the Stathams, for a bit. I'm not fond of the Continent, but one does n't know what to do with one's self, just at first. It's too early for Monte Carlo and that sort of thing. I don't know what sort of beastly place they may have got to, but Statham's sure to look out for himself, and get something or other to do. And one can't have a lot of fellows down all at once to fill up the old place."

"No, that would hardly do," Edmund answered.

His brother gave him a surly look from underneath his lowering brows. "I don't see why it should n't do, if one made up one's mind to it. I don't mind gossip, for my part. But there would be nothing for them to do. I mean to have a lot of men down for September."

"Yes?" said Edmund, for Stephen had hesitated.

"And I think," he went on, after a moment, "of shutting up the house till then. There's an idle lot of servants about." He had paused to say this until all but Larkins were out of the room. "I rather think of making a clean sweep. What does very well for an old lot, don't you know, does n't do when a man's young. So I thought may be it would n't be a bad plan to — let it, perhaps, for a month or two, or else shut up the house."

"To let it — for a month or two!" exclaimed Edmund, in consternation.

"Well, quantities of people do ; but I don't say I've made up my mind to that. Only, I'll either take that course, or else shut up. It's dull enough here, Heaven knows. I was thinking, perhaps if you could make it convenient — when it suits, don't you know — that is,

as soon as you can manage it — to clear out."

"That is exactly what I had meant to tell you. I think of going to-morrow."

"All right," rejoined Stephen. "I did n't mean to put on the screw, but it's always best that fellows should understand each other, don't you know, from the first."

"Much the best," Edmund said.

XLVIII.

THE MINGLED THREAD.

These were almost the last words which passed at this period between Captain Mitford of Melcombe and his brother. Stephen left within a few days, having succeeded so well in clearing the house that the servants forestalled him by giving their demission *en masse*, headed by Mr. Larkins and Mrs. Simons, whom Stephen's speech about the idle lot, duly reported by the equally offended Larkins, had wounded to the quick. He was obliged to leave the place in the hands of some of the lower drudges of the kitchen, who had no feelings, and were delighted to succeed to the positions vacated by their betters; and to have the house set up anew, with expensive menials, supplied by a London agent, when he returned. He failed in ousting the Fords, for the excellent reason that they had finally decided to take advantage of his first hasty dismissal; so that his emissaries found nothing but an empty house, when they went to carry his decision into effect. Stephen was not aware that he escaped an action for wages and board wages, which Ford was bent on bringing against him, only by means of Edmund's entreaties and the compensation he offered, in order that the family name should not be dragged through the mire, in public at least. But notwithstanding these efforts,

the facts of the case got breathed about in the county, creating not only a strong feeling against the new lord of Melcombe, but, what he dreaded still more, a wave of riotous ridicule, such as went far, sweeping through half the mess-rooms in the country in echoes of inextinguishable laughter: "Heard of Mitford of the Red Roans, — how he was sold? Thought he had got a simpleton in hand, that knew no better; but, by Jove! out she marched, colors flying, and left him *planté-là*!" The other tales about him, which roused a graver indignation, — how he had been the means of his brother Roger's death, and, by a sudden discovery of his ridiculous adventures and shameful conduct, of his father's, — though these rumors were bad enough, were not, either in the estimation of his special public or in his own, so overwhelming as the story of Lily's escape and the ridicule of his failure. Even Statham and Markham, his brothers-in-law, "roared" as they described it, at Steve's absurd position.

"But I'd cut the whole concern, if I were you, for a year or two, old fellow," Statham said. "Don't go back there this year. Have a go at the big game, or something."

"Try Africa," said Markham.

"By Jove! I'll do neither the one nor the other! What are you talking of? I'll see you all at — Jericho, first! And if you don't care to come to Melcombe for September, — why, you can try Africa yourselves," Stephen said.

This somewhat changed the ideas of the brothers-in-law, who were not averse to coming to Melcombe for the partridges. They endeavored to make their wives laugh, too, at the story of Lily, with but partial success; for women are certainly destitute of a fine sense of humor.

"It was odious of Stephen, beyond anything!" Lady Statham said; "but still, that little set-up thing! — what did she expect, I wonder?" And, "It

must have been her own fault," Amy said. Nina told her little tale with the same gravity, without seeing the fun. "I knew Stephen was after Lily, when he used to go out in the park after dinner. What should he go out in the park for, if he was not after somebody? To smoke his cigar! Oh! as if a man went out like that only to smoke his cigar! Simmons always shook her head. She used to say a gentleman was up to no good, when he went out in the evenings. Would you let Statham go out like that, if you knew there was somebody at the West Lodge, Geraldine?"

"Bertie's got his smoking-room," said Lady Statham, indignant, "if there were twenty West Lodges. But I do think poor papa was to blame about the boys, never letting them smoke at home."

"Boys are so ready to go wrong," sighed Amy, who was ten years younger than her brothers. Then the party melted away, dispersing in different directions, and leaving only Nina, who knew better than any one how much neglected the boys had been, and how natural it was that they should stray to the West Lodge, while they smoked their cigars.

Stephen came back in September, and found his house perfectly established with fine footmen from London, and not an old face to remind him of the past. His friends arrived soon after, filling the house. But though the covers were in very good order, and the birds abundant, it was not a successful performance, on the whole. Even the Tredgolds had other engagements, when he asked them to dinner. When the Stathams and the Markhams came, there was one entertainment which did well, and that was a garden-party, at which nobody was compelled to pay any particular attention to the master of the house. Otherwise the county cut him, to his intense astonishment and rage. And after that he took Statham's advice, and went abroad, — not to Africa, in

search of big game, which would have been the best thing, but to Monte Carlo and other resorts of the same kind. Meantime, the London servants and the new establishment had cost him for three months more money than the old Squire had spent in a couple of years. Altogether, Stephen's affairs were not prosperous, nor his prospects bright. But, no doubt, if he stays away for a time, and keeps his estate at nurse, and especially if he marries well, and brings home a wife acceptable to the county, the weight of permanence and continuation will tell in his favor, and Captain Mitford will be received, if not with open arms, at least back again into a tolerable place.

Edmund left Melcombe the morning after his father's funeral. He did not see Stephen again. He made arrangements for the removal of all his special belongings, and went away without much regret from the house that should have been his home. There are some who feel more than others the loss of houses and lands; and there are some who tear themselves with difficulty from the walls that have been their shelter all their life. In both points Edmund was a little at fault. He felt no despair at the loss of his inheritance; he had never thought of it as his. All the emotion he had on the subject he had spent when Roger was sent away, and perhaps the only pang that had moved him concerning his own share of the loss was when Roger, unaware of what had passed, had anticipated for Edmund the heirship he had himself lost. Edmund had experienced a constriction of his heart when his brother had indulged in that half-melancholy, half-smiling picture of what he believed was to be: himself with Lily, not happy perhaps, after the ordinary meaning of the word, yet feeling his only possibility of life to be by her side; and Edmund and his Elizabeth in Melcombe, the centres of a wider existence. Tears, which had not been

drawn from Edmund's eyes by his own deposition, rose at the thought of that talk of things that were not to be.

After he had left the house, he went to the corner of the parish church in which was the Melcombe vault. He was not unmindful of his father, either. What disappointments, what self-deception, what vain anticipations, never to be realized, were shut up there in the darkness, in that gloomy place where the ashes of the Mitfords were kept from mingling with common dust! Edmund could not think of any failure of his own, in the presence of the failure of all their plans and wishes. He stood leaning upon the old brick wall, with his feet among the rank herbage; then, with an ache in his heart to leave there all that had been Roger, all the human hopes and wishes that were never to be fulfilled, and with that ache of wonder which is in all our hearts as to what they know of us who have left us, in the mystery of their new existence, Edmund turned away, and set out upon his own. Happy Edmund in his mourning, in his deprivation, with his home shut against him, and all natural expectation cut off! He passed through these troubles lightly enough, having his own happiness to fall back upon, which waited serenely for him after all was over; holding open the gates of another paradise, the individual inheritance, which is for every man who has a centre of love to turn to, and a meet companion awaiting him there.

Stephen, as it turned out, had been of the greatest use to the household at Mount Travers, by the firebrand he had thrown into the midst of it. Mrs. Travers did not, indeed, recover from the shock all at once; at least, she did not relinquish the pleasure of taking up that exhausted firebrand, and thrusting it at Elizabeth, as a sort of offensive weapon, inflicting a wound which, when she saw how it hurt, the old lady wept over and kissed to make it well, with an alternation of reproach and conciliation which

was not without its enjoyment. Elizabeth, delivered from the incessant strain of keeping this secret from her aunt, was now free to use what means she could to set the wrong right, — a thing which in her ignorance she had supposed to be attended by endless difficulties, but which, with Edmund's help and backing up, became the easiest matter in the world. Before they were married Elizabeth settled upon Mrs. Travers the great house on the hill, with its plate-glass windows and all its luxuries, with an income sufficient to make the keeping up of the establishment possible to the widow. This was a serious diminution of her wealth, but Edmund liked it all the better. They were still rich enough for all their desires. They had the luck to get possession of an old house which had been the Melcombe dower-house, a picturesque, old-fashioned place, which had passed out of the hands of the Mitfords several generations before, and now came suddenly into the market, to the great satisfaction of the disinherited son. We will not deny that it gave Elizabeth a pang to think of her husband settling down in the same county, on a little bit of property so much inferior to Melcombe, and in a house which was nothing but a dependency of the family home possessed by his younger brother. But Edmund only laughed at this feminine grudge.

"Whatever he does, he must always carry that mark of cadency," he said. "It frightened my poor father almost out of changing his will, but it does not seem to impress you, Lizzy." By this time, our young man had got so familiar with his own good fortune, and so possessed by the ease of his happiness, and felt it so difficult to realize that she had not always belonged to him, that he had forgotten that superlative sentiment of his about the name of Elizabeth, and called her Lizzy, like other people, with the best grace in the world.

"If that were the only sign of cadency,

as you call it, I should not care much about it," said his wife, indignantly; "but when I think what you are, Edmund, and what he is" —

"I am no such great things, if I had not you to back me up. But whatever poor Steve has, he can't get rid of that little mark. I must be the head of the family, though I have nothing, and he has all."

"And you say 'poor Steve'!" cried Elizabeth, with a flash of disdain in her eyes.

"Yes, my dearest," Edmund said, "poor Steve. And when he thinks, as he must do now and then, you may be sure he feels it, too."

Mrs. Mitford shook her head indignantly (it was very certain that she was Mrs. Mitford, and that the lady of Melcombe, when there might come to be one, could be nothing but Mrs. Stephen), and perhaps hers, though the less generous, was the truer estimate. Stephen had sundry pricks to put up with, but in the end, no doubt, people would forget, and he would remain the most important personage in the consciousness of many persons who forgot that old story. It is much to be doubted whether Edmund himself, though he produced it laughing, to smooth down his wife's indignation, thought very much of the mark of cadency, or of the fact that he himself bore the family coat without a difference. What pleased him most was that he had possession of certain simpler things; that is to say, that he had got the wife he wanted, and the happiness which he had long despaired of, and a home such as he had dreamed of, but up to his marriage had never known. He thought these things were enough for a man, with or without the position which befits the head of the family; and a number of persons, we hope, will think that Edmund was right.

Lily Ford remained Mrs. Travers's companion, and a most congenial one, — more congenial than Elizabeth, though

it was not necessary to say so. When the old lady received the deed of gift which reinstated her in full possession of what her husband ought to have left her, she accepted it with difficulty and much resistance, and would really have preferred to keep her grievance instead, which was a thing that involved no responsibilities. She managed to retain a little of that, however, by making her will instantly, and leaving the property again to Elizabeth. "What could I do?" she said. "Of course, whatever I wished, she left me no alternative, after the step she took." The plate-glass windows were all shut up for a long time, and the house stood blindly staring out upon the landscape, with no eyes to see it, while Mrs. Travers and her companion went abroad. It would be difficult to say which of the two more completely enjoyed these travels. Lily, with the honest, peasant foundation of her character, found it indispensable to give an equivalent for what she received, by bestowing double care and attention upon the old lady, who was not her mistress, but yet depended upon her for a great part of the comfort of her life. As she was quick and intelligent, and soon able to make her smattering of boarding-school French useful, and pretty and well dressed and pleasant to behold, and incapable of conceiving anything happier or more elevated than the little course of commonplace tours, which were to both the most exciting of travels, she satisfied Mrs. Travers's every requirement as a companion. No mother and daughter could have been more happy together. To travel about in first-class carriages, to live in grand hotels, to be looked up to as one of the simple tourist ladies, to whom every innkeeper was obsequious, filled Lily with an elation which had, after all, something more in it than personal aggrandizement; it was the ideal after which she had sighed, the plan that pleased her childish thought. Perhaps

the aspiration to be a lady, in the acceptance of the word which would occur to a gamekeeper's daughter, — to live among beautiful things, according to what her imagination holds as beautiful; to have the leisure, the grace, the softness, the brightness, of ladyhood about her, instead of inhabiting a cottage and working at needlework for a living, — is not, after all, an aspiration to be despised. It was the best thing she knew, just as traveling on the Continent was the finest occupation she knew, the thing which the finest people did. She would not have bought that elevation, as she had proved, in anything but an honest way. Meantime, her father and mother had charge of Mount Travers, Mrs. Ford occupying the fine position of housekeeper, while the "ladies" — oh! the delight of that word, which the mother, with profound self-abnegation, turned over in her mouth like a sweet morsel, as she said it — were absent on

their tour. Lily had now a little fortune of her own, — the money which Roger had meant to settle upon her when she should be his wife. She was not sure that she could have chosen anything more desirable for herself, had she been permitted to choose her own fate.

Poor Roger! This was all his foolish love had come to, — the love which he knew to be foolish; which had cost him his inheritance, and, in a manner, his life. Was not his fate, perhaps, the best after all, — to escape from all the network of misery which would have caught his feet, the unsuitable companionship which never could have satisfied his mind, and to begin over again in a world where at least the same mistakes cannot be possible? But it is hard for men to think so, to whom it must always seem a better thing to fulfill the mortal course set before them, through whatever pains and troubles, and live out their life.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

CARNATIONS IN WINTER.

YOUR carmine flakes of bloom to-night
 The fire of wintry sunsets hold;
 Again in dreams you burn to light
 A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it
 Is bland with long ethereal days;
 The gleaming martins wheel and flit
 Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

There, when the gradual twilight falls,
 Through quietudes of dusk afar,
 Hermit antiphonal hermit calls
 From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom
 Once more your spirit stirs the air,
 And you are lifted through the gloom
 To warm the coils of her dark hair!

GEORGE MEREDITH.

To most readers, even those who are fairly well informed concerning current literature and familiar with the creators of it, the name of George Meredith has long remained comparatively unknown. Yet he has been writing and publishing assiduously since 1853. He came forward — perhaps one should rather say, he first definitely took his place in the great background of letters — at a time when Dickens had just published *David Copperfield*, and Thackeray, having given to the world the *History of Penderennis*, was about to confide to the same august body the *History of Henry Esmond*. Meredith, we may say, was born to literature when these two luminaries were in conjunction, and shone with an almost equal splendor. If we conceive an astrology of art and intellect, there is warrant for saying that Dickens and Thackeray, being in the ascendant when the horoscope of Meredith was cast, had a perceptible power over his literary destiny; for the novels of Meredith reveal in some degree the mingled influence of these two stars. He, however, has lived to see them move in their courses, waxing or waning, as the case might be; and he has seen various other bright lights rise, vanish, or endure. He has witnessed the career of Charles Reade and haply that of Wilkie Collins (if he deigned to notice it). The triumph of George Eliot on distinctly elevated ground has also presented itself to his living eyes. Meanwhile, he himself has somehow continued to occupy his place in the background. Now, backgrounds may be very good things: they are certainly essential in every picture which pretends to completeness. We encounter persons who even contend that those whose attention is drawn chiefly to the principal figures in a group, or fastens upon the details of the foreground, are

superficial observers. These observers, it is hinted, do not appreciate the depth, the beauty, and superior force of the background. There is an ineffable something in that remoter space which is beyond reach of the common gaze.

My own acquaintance with George Meredith's work began, in a fragmentary way, somewhere about 1868 or 1869, when his *Adventures of Harry Richmond* was moving through the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. That acquaintance, notwithstanding the strong impression made upon me, was not continued nor completed until the appearance, lately, of a dignified edition of the novels, brought out in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The edition marks an event, not only for Meredith, but for students of fiction. Perhaps one might even affirm that it partially dislocates the author from the background, and brings him into a new, an unwonted prominence. We may assume this much: that it places him in a neutral position, where we are free to discuss his qualities without prejudice.

Of his poems it will not be necessary to speak here, except, it may be, in illustration of a point or two. It was as a poet that he began his career. There are two volumes of his verse extant: *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, and *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*. A third volume is in preparation. The few of these pieces that I have read do not seem to be especially poetic. They lack the elasticity of the lyric; they fail to embody that quality which we vainly try to compass by words expressing motion, music, — an unclassified phase of graceful or beautifully passionate energy that, however hard to define, is instantly felt when we see it fitly and perfectly manifested. They are rugged, thoughtful, grim, philosophic; sown with spar-

kles of fancy that produce an effect of grotesqueness and crudity, like the similar specks of weird fire in his prose; and, like his prose, they bespeak in the writer a massive, original, and interesting mind. As for the prose itself, it fills some five thousand pages. Why, it may be asked, should the number of pages be mentioned? Does it occur to any one, in reviewing Thackeray or Dickens, to apply the measurements of arithmetic, or to weigh their value by quantity? Probably not. Nor did it occur to the present writer to take these considerations into account, on beginning a fresh examination of Harry Richmond and the brother novels of that family. On the contrary, I was surprised with delight at the keen perception shown by the novelist; his extraordinary energy; his graphic vividness; his versatility in entering into and representing the most intimate and familiar or the most out-of-the-way moods, sensations, and sentiments experienced by the characters of the story. But, long before I had finished, I wondered where it would all lead to, and began to count the pages. If this was so with one book, how much more was it likely to be the case with the rest! Hence the counting, which must be accepted as a natural, instinctive index to some quality in the author that inspires a sense of number and weight.

We have here ten volumes of fiction. The *Shaving of Shagpat*, issued originally in 1855, is in a measure an imitation of the *Arabian Nights*, half burlesque and half serious; with a moral concerning illusions in life and government, tucked away in the end of the story like a gold piece sewn into the lining of a coat. The garment itself, however, — that is, the substance of the tale, — is so richly bedizened, and so marvelous a mixture of splendors and tatters, that by the time we have pulled it to pieces, for the sake of the treasure it contains, the hidden coin seems of little worth.

In this story there are picturesqueness and spendthrift imagery to excess. It abounds in fantastic imagination, some of which is startling and impressive; but more often the effect is so extravagant as to excite an unpleasant mental vertigo. Especially is this so in the last part, with its colossal conflict of lightnings, vultures, scorpions, and the bird Khoorook, having wings a league long. And all this gigantic spectacle centres upon the rich and hairy clothier, Shagpat, whose false power resides in a single hair of his head, called "the Identical," which finally rises up, and burns for three days and nights; then turns into a fiery serpent, and emits a stream of other fiery serpents. There is a wide difference between even the wildest flights of sane imagination and the fantasies of mania. It is hard to conceive how Mr. Meredith could have conjured up these half-delirious phantoms without losing the best part of his head amongst them. Possibly they were applied with deliberation, by himself, as a test of his own steadiness; a discipline, a temptation, such as the anchorites and ascetics of earlier times considered indispensable to their equipment for final victory. Meredith appears to have passed through this particular temptation with colors flying forward. He has not since exposed himself to the sorcery of unbridled fancies. But no one could have predicted, from *Shagpat*, the future novelist. Similarly, *Farina: a Legend of Cologne*, published two years later, is unworthy of notice, beyond the remark that it gives token of a Teutonic influence, traceable elsewhere through his writings, in an evident familiarity with German localities, a fondness for alliteration, tortured compound words, and an inverted order of construction. Whether this came from direct contact with German literature, or was derived from the impress of Carlyle, whose grandiose manner of manipulating little things is frequently echoed in Meredith, it is impossible to

judge. But the spurious Orientalism of Shagpat and the somewhat tawdry Germanism of *Farina* are interspersed with bits of verse little better than sublimated doggerel or the delusive Eastern poems of *Mirza Schaffy*; and Meredith has never quite shaken off his fondness for introducing this kind of sham pasteboard verse, which assumes the appearance of real golden goblets on the stage, into his serious novels. I have a suspicion, although I may be wrong, that in these two early compositions he had been emboldened by the example of Thackeray's success in semi-extravaganza. Natural gifts and power of expression they undoubtedly show; but the writer was trifling with his powers and gifts, and had not yet found his field. It was not until 1859, when he had reached the age of thirty-two, that he produced *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, his first mature novel, charged to the brim with earnestness, wit, strength of conception. It is ostensibly a sermon upon the folly of bringing up a boy on theory, in ignorance of the world, and then letting him meet the utmost rigor of temptation, in the fatuous belief that, being encased in theory and maxims, he will be proof against harm. This, the main moral purpose, is strictly carried out, with an immitigable vigor almost appalling, and with strict truth of probability and nature. Richard's father, the baronet, who writes aphorisms and tries to enact the part of an all-wise Providence towards his boy, is somewhat tediously presented. The moral primer sticks out from his pocket in an annoying way; and it obtrudes itself also in the author's treatment of Richard's comrade, Ripton, the son of a prosperous London solicitor, who is allowed more latitude by his less theoretical father, but abuses his parent's confidence. In all this there is a suggestion of little educational works, now happily obsolete, where the moral and immoral children were represented in blue and crimson and yellow, of tints

only a little more crude than those in Mulready's paintings of English life. But the story of Richard's boyish crime of arson; the manner in which he faced the consequences; the manly, generous, ardent nature that he revealed; and, furthermore, the story of his love for the portionless ward of his old enemy, and his loyalty in following it out to marriage, — these things are superbly told, with an intensity and a sympathetic fire which would be hard to match. Then comes the final, irrevocable woe, in which the hero is involved by his father's craze for playing Providence. Meredith's stories generally end happily; but this one is profoundly tragic. I have read many of his chapters without being moved, even when the situation in itself must theoretically be acknowledged an affecting one. But it seems to me that the heart which is not touched, and the eyes that do not become moist, in the reading of the last portions of *Richard Feverel* must be indurated with a glaze of indifference which is not to be envied. The tragedy of the close is greatly heightened by the pathos and beauty of a scene in which errant Richard returns to his wife, who has borne him a son during his absence. Richard has but a few minutes with her. He suffers from a deep moral stain, unknown to his wife, and is pledged to depart secretly again, in order to fight a duel, which he madly believes to be required in defense of her honor. It is a thrilling moment when, "in the oblivion her lips put upon him, he was free to the bliss of her embrace." The suspense is still higher when she leads him to see his child: "His heart began rapidly throbbing at the sight of a little rosy-curtained cot covered with lace like a milky summer cloud." But Richard will not even look upon his son until he has confessed his sin. This is his *Ordeal*. The forgiveness of love comes unexpectedly; but even then he must break away, without explanation, to be in readiness for the fatal duel. The

scene is given with a mingling of force and of exquisite delicacy which is supreme. We must not forget, either, the chapter, equally powerful in another direction, entitled *The Enchantress*. Then, too, there is the wealth of character drawing and of searching observation scattered throughout the book. The nurse, Mrs. Berry, is almost Shakespearean in the fullness and fidelity with which she is depicted. Like the enchantress, Mrs. Mount, and others among the personages displayed by Meredith, she exemplifies a faculty which this writer possesses in a greater degree than any other novelist since Walter Scott. I mean the faculty of what may be called literary impersonation, the faculty of making fictitious characters move and talk, in a book, with the exact veracity of life; making them as real as if we met them in the street or saw them on the boards of the theatre; yet never making them resort to artifice or exceed the bounds of nature. On the whole, I incline to mark Richard Feverel, Meredith's first novel, as his best, excepting *Beauchamp's Career*. The longer I think of it, also, the more I incline to say that it is essentially a great novel. But in some respects it is not great at all. That very faculty of wonderful literary impersonation, in which Meredith is at times so eminent, utterly forsakes him in many places, where he causes his people to talk in the most artificial way. What, for example, could be more unnatural than that a young man of modern England should, in ordinary conversation, deliver himself of this sentence, ascribed to Richard: "You said it set all your marrow in revolt, — 'fried your marrow,' I think were the words, — and made you see twenty thousand different ways of sliding down to the Grim King"?

It is precisely this sort of alternation from the natural to the unnatural, from high artistic excellence to a disenchanting volubility closely resembling rubbish,

that makes Meredith so perplexing a study. On the other hand, we find in *Feverel* those touches of description, those flashes of epigram, that frequently irradiate even the dullest stretch of his uninspired passages. Algernon Feverel, who had been wounded in the military service, was "possessed, it was said, of the absurd notion that a man who has lost his balance by losing a leg may regain it by sticking to the bottle." In another place, where a colloquy is going on between a tipsy man and Mrs. Berry, the narrator observes: "Their common candle wore with dignity the brigand's hat of midnight, and cocked a drunken eye at them from under it." These quotations evince humor and fancy; but, like many other amusing or pointed touches in Meredith's writing, they are not very well timed. They are dropped in irrelevantly, impede the main interest, and burden the mind with a feeling that it would be very pleasant to attend to all these bright things, if we only had leisure to do so.

Pause a moment, here, to reflect that Meredith's *Feverel* was drawing near the end of its publication as a serial in *Once a Week*, when the conductors of that English periodical made a bid for Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* (then lying finished in MS.), to succeed Meredith's tale. Hawthorne did not accept the offer; but this chance conjunction of the two works in time and place offers an interesting contrast. The romance of the American author, when published, rose to its due place in the monument of his fame which his own genius built for him. The Englishman's novel, published simultaneously, sank into obscurity. The author of it has, nevertheless, gone on working resolutely, although deprived of the incentive of renown, with a confidence and constancy that must have been begotten either by the firm inward sense of a justifying genius, or else by a vast, unshakable conceit. It behooves us to inquire which of these two forces

it was that actuated him. His next novel, *Mary Bertrand*, is not included in his latest and authoritative edition : we may therefore take up *Evan Harrington*, which came out in 1861. In that book, the theme is supplied by the fortunes of a young man, the son of a fashionable tailor in Lympport-on-the-Sea, who had been addicted to fashionable and aristocratic associations, gallantry, and debts. At the moment when the drama opens, this glittering but embarrassing father has died. His daughters have married well ; one of them being the Portuguese Countess de Saldar. "It was a remarkable thing that these ladies thought no man on earth like their father, and always cited him as the example of a perfect gentleman ; and yet they buried him with one mind, and each mounted guard over his sepulchre, to secure his ghost from an airing." Indeed, it is the terror of their lives that their origin will be discovered ; that the dead tailor may arise metaphorically and confront them inopportunely amid the surroundings of their new and factitious social dignity. The shadow of this dread rests with especial darkness on the son Evan, who has had a taste of diplomatic life with his brother-in-law, the Count de Saldar, at the court of Lisbon, and has fallen in love with Rose, the daughter of Lady Jocelyn. He has been playing the fine gentleman, without title or money, and on returning to England, in the same ship with Rose, finds himself suddenly swamped, by the death of his father, in a mire of ignoble tailordom and mortification, as the residuary legatee of his father's debts, which he bravely and honorably assumes. It will be seen at once that this posture of affairs points to a fertile field of comedy and pathos ; and it must be said without delay that Meredith gathers from it a rich harvest, in places. The trouble is that he has not sufficiently ploughed and tilled the ground. In the midst of the smiling crop, there remain obstinate

ledges and fragments of dull stone, or patches of sand.

The story unfolds a large picture of English life in certain of its phases, which is both amusing and instructive ; but the author's quick discernment and lifelike delineation are set in such a doughy mass of words that I am reminded of that singular man, Charles Sealsfield, who long ago spread himself over the larger part of the United States in a thin crust of fiction, once greatly lauded, but now forgotten. The same waste of uncommon energy in a dense medium of words, that oppresses the explorer Sealsfield, is a cause for lament in the case of Meredith, who nevertheless has much the more highly endowed mind. The vicissitudes of young Evan Harrington are sketched with great gusto and, at times, with a most entertaining effect. Nothing could be better than the portrait of old Tom Cogglesby, and the account of a meeting between him and his brother Andrew at the *Aurora* tavern. The human nature is exact ; the drawing is broad, yet nice ; the tints are mellow ; a delicious humor pervades the whole episode. But Evan's vagabond comrade, Jack Raikes, is a total failure. In him we discern the temporary sway of the Dickens star ; but none other than Dickens himself could have done justice to this irregular personage. Meredith, in attempting to portray him, is ready enough with words to put into his mouth ; but the mimetic or impersonating faculty which I have mentioned does not answer at his call, and Mr. Raikes is all shell and no meat. The Countess de Saldar—a scheming, insincere woman, affecting the airs of foreign nobility, even to her accent in speaking—is very much better rendered ; but the recital of her wiles and the extracts from her letters are given at too great length. We know the character when the half has been told, and the added illustration of it becomes a dead-weight. At last the bad tendencies in her are

pushed to an extreme in her sudden amorous advances towards her sister's husband, Andrew. This is done abruptly; so that, while her action may be a logical enough outcome of her character, it appears precipitate, and makes an impression of purely superfluous coarseness. But this is in keeping with the author's prevailing rigorousness in telling the truth at all hazards, even when he has to drag it in by the neck so awkwardly that it seems to be inverted, and looks rather like falsehood. As he elsewhere makes one of his people say, "You parsons and petticoats must always mince the meat to hash the fact," so he is resolved not to mince matters himself, even though, as a consequence, he should inflict indigestion upon us. In this pushing of his characters to an extreme, and his remorseless amplification of their attributes, he also betrays his overmastering impulse to make them absolute types. Obeying it, he makes of "Mrs. Mel" Harrington, Evan's mother, an iron female, repulsive in her hard constancy to her humble position as the widow of the defunct tailor. She it was who, for long years, had endured in silence the follies and infidelities of her showy husband. Naturally enough, she became hardened. She does not weep for her husband's death. Her sole motive is to face the debts, and make her son carry on business at the shop; while his love for Rose, his ambition, and the Countess are all tugging at him to withdraw from the smirching connection with "trade." Mrs. Mel in reality would be a pathetic figure; but Meredith admits no hint of that likelihood. In his hands, she is purely an embodiment of harsh duty and fatefulness. Distinct and tangible she certainly is, in this aspect, as much so as the contact with cold metal. But it may be doubted whether she is humanly true. You may mould examples of the perfect sphere in the form of billard-balls, and by means of those unresisting bodies may illustrate geo-

metric and dynamic laws on the green table; but you will not stir the heart by doing so. Neither can you move the heart, nor produce a conviction of deep veracity, by playing off against one another, in fiction, characters which are simply hard, unmalleable bodies, representing a single passion or idea. More than this, Meredith is open to the charge of compelling a character, for the sake of effect, into a most unlikely and unmanly position; as when he makes Evan claim the authorship of an anonymous letter, really written by the countess, — a letter reflecting upon another woman's honor, and calling her husband's notice to a flirtation which his wife, Mrs. Evermonde, is carrying on with a young man. Evan temporarily blasts his own character by asserting to Lady Jocelyn, the mother of his affianced wife, that he wrote this contemptible letter. He does so in order to shield his tricky sister, and is unable to give any reason for his supposed epistolary effort. But, as Lady Jocelyn remarks, "when one *can't* discern a motive, it's natural to ascribe certain acts to madness." And so we must ascribe Mr. Meredith's manipulation of Evan to a kind of madness. These things should be left to the melodrama, where there is no escape from the exactions of climax and curtain, and where *outré* proceedings are more admissible. But they are perhaps the inevitable result of Mr. Meredith's inclination to assume arbitrary control of his characters, and make them represent or do whatever he pleases.

Apparently conscious of this, he pauses at one point to say, "You may think the Comic Muse is straining human nature rather toughly in making the Countess de Saldar rush, open-eyed, into the jaws of Demogorgon, dreadful to her," — which, by the way, is an instance of unduly inflated language, to which he is prone. Now his Muse (of whom he has a great deal to say, in the course of his works) *does* strain human nature

very frequently. It would be well for him could he observe better the maxim laid down in his own poem, entitled *The Two Masks* : —

“ For this the Comic Muse demands of creatures

Appealing to the fount of tears : that they
Strive never to outleap our human features,
And do Right Reason's ordinance obey.”

I am afraid that Mr. Meredith's creatures are not scrupulous in obeying the ordinance of reason. By this I do not mean to blame them for unreasonableness in the ordinary sense, for that is a state which all human beings are liable to fall into. What I wish to convey is, that his characters sometimes “outleap our human features,” and fail to conform to the laws of nature.

But, on the same page where he tries to excuse his “straining,” the author redeems himself with a witticism concerning the countess : “The Countess de Saldar, like other adventurers, has her star. They who possess nothing on earth have a right to claim a portion of the heavens. Much may be done with a star.”

In spite of all its defects, *Evan Harrington* contains more ingenuity of plot and is better constructed than most of its author's novels. A robust, rollicking humor pervades portions of it ; and the chapter in which “Old Mel's” daughters have to “digest their father at dinner” — plainly speaking, suffer an exposure of their plebeian origin, at a brilliant dinner-party — is not only fine, spirited, and strong, but is also rendered tonic by a dash of searching satire. In this mixture of the bluff, sportive tone with wholesome castigation of shams, and with the intermittent moralizing or discourse about his personages, which Meredith allows himself, we may, I think, accurately detect the occult control of Dickens and Thackeray, side by side. Not that the more recent writer is imitative of either ; but he seems to have incorporated with his own singular

and independent genius elements from the same sources on which those great but unlike masters drew.

In *Evan Harrington*, epigram, as usual, sparkles from the flint of even the most obdurate parts of the narrative ; and we come now and then upon refreshing little oases of description. He paints, for instance, a whole night-scene with these few words : “The white highway, beneath a moon that walked high and small over marble clouds.” Again, in the landscape of the picnic episode, he happily touches in “a bending birch, which rose three-stemmed from the root, and hung a noiseless green shower over the basin of green it shadowed.” Then there is the little brook at Beckley Park, the representation of which in words is so charming that it may well be partly quoted here : “The dive could be taken to a paved depth, and you swam out over a pebbly bottom into sunlight, screened by the thick-weeded banks, loose-strife, and willow-herb, and mint nodding over you, and in the later season long-plumed yellow grasses.” Here Rose loved to walk at night ; and Evan's window overlooked the spot. “The view was sweet and pleasant to him, for all the babbling of the water was of Rose,” — how Tennysonian this, in music and expression ! — “and winding in and out, to east, to north, it wound to embowered hopes in the lover's mind, to tender dreams ; and often at dawn, when dressing, his restless heart embarked on it, and sailed into havens, the phantom joys of which colored his life for him all the day. But most he loved to look across it when the light fell. . . . The faint blue beam of a star chained all his longings, charmed his sorrows to sleep.”

We now approach two of the novels which, although *Rhoda Fleming* intervened between them, belong together. *Emilia in England* (which, in the new edition, is put forth as *Sandra Belloni*) is really no more than the first part of

a very extended recital, completed in the later story entitled Vittoria. In many respects they are very characteristic of Meredith; yet it must be confessed that they present a substance almost impossible to analyze. How any one ever came to conceive these tales, to what purpose they were directed in his own mind, why he should be at the pains to gather in one group so heterogeneous a lot of characters, and how he commanded the patience to pursue the threads of their actions and emotions, I am at a loss to guess. Briefly, these two books, taken all in all, are frightfully dull. Emilia (whose real name is Sandra Belloni), having an English mother, is first depicted as a woman with a wonderful voice, that augurs a great career for her as a public singer. But she is in England; she is undeveloped; and, above all, the main energies of her nature are devoted to the cause of Italian emancipation. She is sympathetic and self-sacrificing; is susceptible to love, also; and touches, at various points, the domestic history of her English friends. Two Englishmen love her; one of them, Wilfrid Pole, selfishly, and not quite worthily. The other, Merthyr Powys, spends his fortune and risks his life in the cause of freedom for Italy. But, while she apparently encourages both these men, she really does not love either of them absolutely. Wilfrid is unworthy of her, and she severs herself from Merthyr by accepting an engagement to go into training for an operatic career, under the auspices and at the cost of one Antonio Pericles, who worships her voice, and only her voice. This sacrifice is made by her, in order to obtain from the rich Pericles a sum of ready money for the relief of certain English friends who are in acute financial need. At this point, Emilia (or Sandra Belloni) ends. But in Vittoria we find the same heroine, now in Italy, masquerading under the name of Vittoria, and acting as an Italian conspira-

tress, who, in her guise of *débutante* at the opera, is to give the signal for revolt by singing a song with the refrain "Italia shall be free!" — which has not been submitted to the Austrian censor of the stage in Milan. The situation is strong; one expects all sorts of inspiring results from this beginning. But, with the broad champaign of the Italian revolutionary epoch open before him, Mr. Meredith fails to realize our hopes. Emilia, Vittoria, or Sandra, has a great deal to say; and her two former English lovers, Wilfrid and Merthyr, are present; the first serving as an officer in the Austrian army, the second being still at her beck in aiding Italian patriotism. She uses them both: forcing Wilfrid, through her fascinations, to betray his trusts as an Austrian officer, until he is broken and degraded from his rank; and leaving Merthyr to serve her faithfully on the Italian side, while she marries Count Carlo, a native Italian patriot, with whom she lives not very happily. The idea which the writer wished to convey was, I suppose, that a woman so entirely given up to the liberation of her native land as Emilia, or Vittoria, is conceived to have been must forego the happiness of a genuine and complete union with any man. She destroyed the careers of her two English devotees, for the sake of Italy; but when she married Count Carlo, she also sacrificed herself, because it turned out that her husband and herself were not wholly in unison, and that he did not trust her even in conspiracies for Italian freedom. Because he did not trust her, he lost his life in a futile revolt, and she was left to mourn him inconsolably. The lesson seems to be, For freedom and country everything must be sacrificed, even the love and the hopes of all individual patriots.

But if this be the meaning of these two novels, it surely might have been conveyed in much less space than Mr. Meredith has used. And he has filled

the space, to the very horizon, with such a cloud of characters and so bewildering a mist of universal talkativeness that it is hard work to extract even this much of meaning from the thousand pages which are appropriated to the chosen theme. The best piece of portraiture discoverable in this two-part tragedy is the delineation of Barto Rizzi, the powerful, restless, mysterious Italian conspirator, of noble birth, relentless towards the treacherous, and suspecting everybody. This figure is worthy of Balzac; but, unhappily, it is not fully developed. Still, when one looks back at these novels, and gives them the benefit of a liberal perspective, the character of Emilia (or Sandra, or Vittoria) comes out strongly, in a large coherence that embraces and atones for many minor inconsistencies and, it may be added, for capital faults. It is under circumstances like these, when he is wrestling with the adversity of his own mistakes, that Meredith's great power of representing types comes to his rescue.

Vittoria's friend, Laura Piaveni, the widow of an Italian soldier-martyr, is also a remarkable study of the feminine nature. A vital creature she is, — pure and sweet by native bias, but charged with tenderness, passion, memory, revenge, and tears and smiles, as the atmosphere of earth is charged with the mingled or conflicting potencies of sunshine, thunder, and gentle rain. Charles Reade was an adept in the knowledge and depiction of many feminine traits; but, despite his wiry alertness of observation and his consummate nimbleness in conveying his perceptions, the women whom Reade drew were cut a good deal according to one pattern. They are genuine, so far as they go; but they excite just a suspicion of clever mechanism, actuating their verisimilitude. One sometimes feels that their quick glances, the rising and falling of their eyelids, — nay, the heaving of the bosom itself, and the fountain of bright tears, — are under

the control of cunning springs, or valves and pulleys. It is not so with Meredith. His female characters may be far less interesting, to the popular eye; but they are absolutely real and unimpeachably spontaneous. One is aware of a depth in them as hard to fathom as the sky is; endlessly palpitating like the sky, too, with shifting colors and mysterious light and darkness; unresting, yet steadfast as the firmament. Moreover, Meredith's women are very acutely and wonderfully differentiated; being strongly individual, as well as types. Another thing especially to be noted about them is, that they are not merely images of women as seen from the masculine point of view. Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne, Reade, — in fact, nearly all male novelists, excepting Balzac, perhaps, — however penetrating their insight or comprehensive their seizure of feminine character may be, leave upon their portraiture of women a trace of the process by which they have grasped the subject. They still seem to stand on the outside of it. I hardly think that even Mr. Howells should be excepted. Meredith, on the contrary, appears to identify himself with the women created by him; and here, again, he becomes in so far Shakespearean. Rhoda Fleming, an entirely English story, dealing with life in Kent and London, contains some telling examples of this quality. The elder sister, Dahlia, who comes to grief; her honest but too harshly upright sister, Rhoda; and the enigmatic, tricky, but sincerely and consistently inconsistent Mrs. Lovell, are all extraordinarily vigorous and veracious creations. Read the chapter called *The Expiation*, and that other headed *Dahlia's Frenzy*, and see whether you do not agree that Meredith is a master of feminine nature. "The young man who can look on them we call fallen women with a noble eye," says the author, "is to my mind he that is most nobly begotten of the race, and likeliest to be the sire of a noble line."

That sentence sounds the spiritual keynote of the novel, Rhoda Fleming. There is nothing mawkish, nothing false, in the author's treatment of the most difficult of all problems that can be presented to the art of fiction. Far from that, Rhoda Fleming is one of the best balanced works, in this respect, that it has been my fortune to meet with. Justice is meted out on all sides, impartially; but it is the justice, not of theory, but of nature's law and logic. The errors of the sundry personages, good or bad, return upon them in consequences that are unerring. This is not pleasant for the personages of the tale, and therefore will not be pleasant for those readers who like to have terrible realities served up in fiction with cream and sugar. If the critic may be pardoned for acknowledging his possible fallibility or want of nerve, he will admit that it is hard to be perfectly sure that Meredith, in this case, has not cleaved too austere-ly close to the pitiless line of fact. He sends home each rivet, in his fearful demonstration of natural law acting on the life of men and women, as with a clang of iron. Nevertheless, the springs of pity and terror are unsealed, though it may be that the author has to drive an artesian well in order to reach them. Rhoda Fleming is a very grim book; but I should be unable to acquit myself before conscience were I to omit saying that it is also a great book, and for direct narrative and dramatic power ranks among the foremost of its author's works. Even the evanescent sketch of Mrs. Fleming, the mother of Dahlia and Rhoda, devoted to her flower-garden and her girls, is admirable; and their father, Farmer Fleming, is another portrait as solid, true, and living as a head by Franz Hals, or Bonnât, or our American Vinton. The rural low comedy is also excellently given in the fat, affectionate farm-cook, Mrs. Sumfit, "whose waist was dimly indicated by her apron-string," and her kindness was as exuberant as

her person; likewise in the old farm-hand, Master Gammon, "an old man with the cast of eye of an antediluvian lizard." Gammon was fond of dump-lings at dinner; and on an occasion when important news was to be deferred until the end of that meal, Mrs. Sumfit impatiently asked him, "When *do* you think you'll have done, Mas' Gammon?" "He half raised his ponderous, curtaining eyelids, and replied, 'When I feels my buttons, marm.'"

I am not contending that Rhoda Fleming is great as a work of art; the truth being that it is marred by the same diffuseness which has always interposed as a barrier between Meredith and the public, by muffling the clear sound of his best notes, which carry an indubitable ring of greatness in thought and perception. Disproportion and tediousness are his besetting sins. In the closing chapters of Rhoda Fleming, however, he throws off these incumbrances. To speak tersely, he "comes down to business," and reveals an ability in condensed, rapid, nervous narrative which makes him the equal of Charles Reade where Reade is at his best. There is no blinking this ability. The evidence of it is found again in certain passages of Harry Richmond and of Beauchamp's Career. In Harry Richmond, the want of proportion is once more painfully felt; yet there, too, we find magnificent studies of character, massive — monolithic, if the term be allowable — as though they had been hewn out of solid rock. Such are Harry himself; his father, Richmond Roy, the motive of whose life is his claim to bastard royal descent; choleric old Squire Beltham; his niece Janet; and that woman of ideal grandeur and sweetness, Princess Ottilia. All the earlier part of the book, which relates to Harry's boyhood, schooldays, and boyish loves as described by himself, is fascinating beyond description. Everything that occurs seems to have happened to ourselves. For the time being

we live in his world, and there seems to be no other world at all, in our experience. But this illusion does not last. The story breaks down utterly, in the middle. Continual hammering on one line of effect dulls the edge. The length of the narrative, too, the multitude of persons introduced, and their all but endless involvements tax the attention beyond endurance. Yet the unabated energy with which old Roy, gradually developing into insanity in his schemes for recognition by the royal family, is kept before us, stimulates even a tired brain; and Harry's slow evolution from blind love and worship of his father to a perception of his really worthless, erratic, and scoundrelly character shoots through the whole an intensely vivid and pathetic ray of light. A sort of indirect advocacy of republicanism is perhaps discernible in the book. The pretense of royalty caricatured in the representative of a bastard line; the disgrace and humiliation which it brought upon Harry; and his final reconciliation with Janet, as the true union between equals, seem to point in this direction. But, on the other side, we have Otilia, the German princess, sincerely loving and appreciating the hero, and representing in her own person the genuine royalty, which is of the heart and soul, while conventional royalty is a mere mask or husk. But this forms only a minor interest; hardly felt, as the book stands, until the very end. The main interest lies in the great, turbulent human drama which is exhibited; and of this the din and tumult swell to such a degree that, towards the close, one feels as if his brain were assailed by the harmonic din of one of Wagner's stupendous operas. I am not alone, am perhaps even one of the majority, now, in subscribing to a belief in Wagner's mastering genius. Perhaps I may have larger company by and by than, I fear, can be enjoyed at present, in the recognition of Meredith's greatness. The temptation is strong to

quote, in this place, old Jorian's observation to Harry Richmond's father: "You have genius and courage out of proportion, and you are a dead failure, Roy!" One might address these words to Meredith, not inaptly. Yet that would not be wholly fair, because, instead of being a dead failure, he is a live one, with a possibility of some day stalking out into the broad light of success, bestowed by the more thoughtful class of readers. His failure thus far is no doubt due to his deficient art; but his merits call for mercy, and will probably obtain it. I have marked dozens of passages in Harry Richmond, for quotation; but they cannot be given here, for want of space, and I must content myself with a reference to the tremendous invective of Squire Beltham (page 497 *et seq.*), as instancing the writer's signal faculty of throwing himself into an alien character and speaking from fictitious lips with unlimited vehemence. I remember hearing an eminent Cambridge poet say, in conversation, that modern literature could not produce bursts of impassioned language like those of the Elizabethan dramatists, because modern life had become too refined and circumspect to admit of our writers being familiar with such extremes of utterance. But here, in Meredith, there seems to be a piece of proof to the contrary.

In all of Meredith's books there is a certain element of irrelevancy and inconsequence. He is apparently not quite sure of his purpose, or else loses touch of his fundamental conception, if he have one. Some of his chief persons are flighty: at all events, they have a strong tendency to run away from the situation when it becomes embarrassing, and to kite around the Continent or the globe, in extensive travels, by way of relieving their surcharged minds. This trick of theirs grows rather tiresome; but I suppose it answers to some kindred quality in their creator's genius. However this may be, the novel entitled

Beauchamp's Career is one of Meredith's best productions; and the central personage is one of the inconsequent, erratic kind, although he believes that he has a fixed purpose, and tries to serve it. The author warns us, in the beginning, that his book has no plot; and this is something of a relief, because, to say truth, Meredith is not an adept in handling plots. Beauchamp's Career, then, is a novel without a plot, as *Vanity Fair* was a novel without a hero. In the present instance, Meredith says, "The exhibition of a hero whom circumstances overcome, and who does not weep or ask you for a tear, who continually forfeits attractiveness by declining to better his own fortunes, must run the chances of a novelty." The hero proceeds to run these chances forthwith, and, to my thinking at least, he wins the goal of triumph. Anything more engaging than the impetuous generosity and bravery of Beauchamp it would be hard to imagine. This youth begins by trying to challenge all France to a single combat, in defense of the honor of England, at the time when invasion is threatened by the generals of Napoleon III. Later, he falls in love with a French girl, Renée, and takes up arms intellectually against his own country, on account of the insular narrowness and injustice that he discovers there. This new combat, in turn, engages all his energies; and, after distinguishing himself as a hero in the Crimean war, he plunges into politics at home, as a radical and the friend of the workingman, — at the temporary cost of ruining his worldly prospects with the wealthy earl who brought him up and meant to advance his fortunes. He nearly kills himself in working for the workingman; and he is in love with, or tries to marry, three several women, at different times. But when Renée, after marrying a French gentleman, runs away from him, and comes to London to throw herself into the arms of Beauchamp, he holds to the

part of an honorable man by a tremendous struggle, and restores her to her husband by a masterly and considerate manipulation of circumstances, which leaves her reputation as intact as his own honor and honesty are. Conceptions like this are by no means common in fiction, and the ability to carry them out effectively is still more unusual. But this is by no means the whole of Beauchamp's Career. The young man, with all his faults and divagations, and with what his creator calls his "rocket-mind," is a hero, first and last. With such a hero, so generous, so genuine, so headlong in his enthusiasm, yet so self-contained, what need of a fixed plot? There is plot enough, however, — the plot of actual life. The story is consummately real, and the conclusion, succinct though it be, is deeply touching. It is a thoroughly manly book, but the women in it are as remarkable and commendable for truth as the central man is. One must search a long time in the masterpieces of fiction for a woman so complex, so natural, so wonderfully portrayed, as Rosamund Culling, who loves Nevil Beauchamp with a mingling of mother's and sister's love, and watches over him constantly.

These few words do no justice to Beauchamp's Career. But *The Egoist* may be passed in fewer words, without doing it any wrong. *The Egoist* is Meredith's worst novel: an inflated, obese, elephantine comedy, which is not comic. The idea of a rich young Englishman, so absorbed in himself that his egotism crops out offensively in the midst of his love-making with three different women, and keeps him hesitating, and them in suspense, as to which one he will marry, is amusing in a way. But Meredith's treatment of this theme is not only unutterably fatiguing, but also becomes revolting. I shall make but one quotation from this book, merely as an example of needlessly hideous metaphor: "Women whose bosoms can be tombs, if we

and the world allow them to be, absolute sepulchres, where you lie dead, ghastly. . . . You are no better than a rotting wretch to the world that does not have peeps of you in the woman's breast. . . . There are women that have embalmed you, and have quitted the world to keep the tapers alight; and a stranger comes, and they who have your image before them will suddenly blow out the vestal flames, and treat you as dust to *fatten the garden of their bosoms* for a fresh flower of love." Can any one wonder that readers, coming upon such enormities as this, should close the book, and refuse, henceforth, to read Meredith? Although he does not ordinarily offend so grossly, it is no more than fair to give warning here that he frequently makes a desert of his pages, by the sand-storm of his words; that he lets his characters diverge into by-ways of irrelevant talk; and that he wears out the mental tympanum with a variation of dull or sharp reports, caused by the intermittent explosions of his own accumulated philosophy and wisdom. If Mr. Meredith only knew when he or we had got enough of a good thing, both parties to the affair would be much better off.

In *Diana of The Crossways*, he has attempted, with partial success, to do something different from his usual line. He has, in fact, attempted to make himself popular. As a consequence, the book has, I believe, made better headway with the public than any of its predecessors; and yet there could hardly be a more convincing proof of the futility of the effort made by the author to render himself popular, than that which is supplied by this production. He has chosen a pure, beautiful, gifted, and dazzlingly brilliant woman as his heroine; he has put her through a severe matrimonial, amatory, and emotional experience, and matched her at last with a strong, patient, sturdy, yet sensitive type of man who is quite worthy of her. He titillates the impure appetite of readers by

introducing scandal and divorce proceedings. It may be that these elements have served to give the novel an impetus; but they do not make it genuinely popular. His way of telling the story is, in the main, as excellent as he knows how to fashion it, — direct, dramatic, vivacious. Has he lowered himself, by this appeal to the mob? I cannot think so, although a friend, in whose judgment I have much confidence, assures me that Meredith *has* lowered himself, here. My friend puts it that Meredith has for years been playing on a great, resonant, piercing instrument, which produced sounds that struck the popular ear as discord. In *Diana of The Crossways*, he consents to insert a mute in his trumpet, and thereby agrees to compromise by pleasing the multitude with a muted resonance. I don't think this is quite true. Meredith's attempt is in the right direction. It is his duty to catch the general ear, if he can; and he has tried to do so, without letting himself down. *Diana of The Crossways* bubbles, sparkles, effervesces, with the customary Meredithian scintillating foam; and it is more direct and conversational than most of his novels. But it betrays in the author the same inability to hold his hand, after the final, effective touch has been given; and it is marred by the exuberance of fanciful imagery and the excess of half-poetical phraseology that suffuse all of Meredith's novels with a flush of over-excitement, resembling that of hysteria. It may not be amiss to cite here a startling instance of Meredith's cumbrous style, taken from the first page of *Diana*: "The promptness to laugh is an excellent progenitorial foundation for the wit to come in a people; and undoubtedly the diarial record of an imputed piece of wit is witness to the spouting of laughter." This may be capped by a quotation from *The Egoist*: "'Horace is an excellent fellow,' said Willoughby, wise in the Book which bids us ever, for an assuagement, to fancy

our friend's condition worse than our own, and recommends the deglutition of irony as the most balsamic for wounds in the whole moral pharmacoepœia." Such is the tough sort of useless writing which the reader of Meredith must be prepared to face, at every turn.

Probably two or three volumes could be compiled of *Gems* or *Beauties* of Meredith, owing to the prodigality with which he flings epigram and apothegm into the trenches. It is impossible, in the limited space of this article, to give any adequate idea of his wealth in this respect. He lavishes, too, his utmost riches of color, of epithet and characterization upon the most unimportant persons and passages, without considering the cost. In a word, he is extravagant. He spends where spending is not needed. Does he do it for show? Perhaps. It should seem that he wishes us to consider him a *Monte Cristo* of novelists, whose resources are endless. But the result is satiety. There are people who pin together those pages of French novels which they do not wish their children to read; and probably these particular pages excite the liveliest curiosity of all. But there are many pages of Meredith which could be pinned together without arousing any curiosity in the reader thus debarred from them. The novels would read just as well—in fact, better—without them. Meredith is one of those men so determined to be original that he virtually declares, "I will mark off a ground here for my own." He marks it off, and, instead of originality, he finds himself surrounded by isolation. He does not really need to take this precaution; and he is to blame for the luckless result. Naturally, he is original enough; but he emphasizes his distinction by using an involved, tortuous style, and interrupting his story at all points for the sake of exploiting his own acumen. He is the *Robert Browning* of prose, and suffers oppression and misunderstanding, because of the involu-

tions and wanton copiousness of his own style. Style is what his English friends have praised him for. They say there is no such master of English living. But then no one else would wish to be master of such a style as Meredith's,—so clumsy, at times ungrammatical, often affected and wearisome. The English critics praise him for exactly that thing in which he is weak; because mere command of words, hurled forth in a bewildering medley, is certainly not "style." But they fail to praise him for his mighty grasp of character, his subtle and pervasive insight into all phases and grades of human nature, his faculty of literary impersonation and of embodying types, which makes him *Shakespearean*; not, I grant, a *Shakespeare* in full play, lucid and free, but a writer who at moments unmasks guns of the largest pattern, and, though not a *Shakespeare* in action, is a *Shakespearean* writer at rest. The difference is very great; but then, also, the partial resemblance is well worth considering.

A cardinal fault in Meredith's novels is that they are lame in movement. He lacks, on the whole, narrative and dramatic skill, although he shows, in places, that he can command it. He is too much like a biographer. We look for a novelist, and find an annalist. The mere bulkiness of his novels cannot wholly account for our disappointment; because some of *George Eliot's* books are just as bulky, but do not oppress us so severely by their size. The difficulty consists rather, I think, in the fact that Meredith tries to give an epic largeness to every history that he undertakes. The result is a want of proportion; just as it is when painters choose a canvas too large for their composition, or, conversely, paint figures which are too large for the canvas on which they are placed. This was the case with *Madox Brown's Work*, and with the *Rest of George Watts* (exhibited in this coun-

try two years ago). It was also the case with some of the Russian Verestchagine's early paintings. The effect of disproportion found in these paintings of the Russian, and of two English artists representing a certain school, meets with a curious correspondence in the disproportion of Meredith. We discover the same thing again in Tolstoi's Anna Karenina. Russian and English! It is curious that these two peoples, so opposed politically, should develop the same uncouth disproportion artistically. One does not perceive the defect in Daudet or Zola, however heavy their outlines or gross their delineation may be. They, at least, preserve the sense of proportion.

In Tolstoi the waste of space and material is less annoying, because it seems to proceed from unsophistication. Meredith sins like Tolstoi; but it is not through unsophistication. Nor is it through willfulness entirely, but rather by the weakness of a too great self-consciousness, the pride of a brilliant, superior mind, which wants to make itself instantly felt by squandering superfluous treasures of diction and of sententious statement, instead of waiting to be slowly recognized at last. The crudities and disproportion in Meredith seem, at first glance, to ally him with the extreme so-called Realists, who believe that nature stunted and dwarfed is truer than nature carried to the largest development. He says, somewhere, "Romances are the destruction of human interest." But, in fact, Meredith, while realistic in certain ways, is highly romantic. He never hesitates to give a free rein to the impulses of human nature, however sentimental or extravagant they may be. He is also very romantic in his manner of heightening effects and idealizing emotions or actions. Possibly it is just this mixture of the two tendencies in him which has led to his missing popular approbation in his day. He is like a richly freighted boat that, launched

on an eddy formed by the meeting of two rivers, is stranded at the very point of junction, and loses the momentum of both currents. This opinion of him I wrote among my notes long before I came upon the following passage in Beauchamp's Career, where the author, digressing for a moment, speaks of his own method, and says, "My way is like a Rhone island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive, and difficult *between the two streams of the unreal and the over-real*, which delight mankind — honor to the conjurers! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clock-work of the brain that they are directed to set in motion, and — poor troop of actors to vacant benches! — the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are impervious to them, we are lost; back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good." By the unreal, as the context shows, Meredith means "characters contemptibly beneath us," — which is his way of stigmatizing so-called Realism. I find in this utterance corroboration of my view of Meredith; namely, that he occupies a ground midway between the Realists and Romanticists. That he uses a peculiar style, unnecessarily repellent to the average reader, and indicative of a desire to indulge in verbal gymnastics, is not conclusive against him. The style of Robert Louis Stevenson is just as peculiar, in its way, — just as foreign to current habits of speech, and frequently very affected; yet Stevenson has won a wide popularity, and, oddly enough, stands forth as the man who triumphed with his New Arabian Nights, whereas Meredith long ago failed in his Shagpat imitation of Oriental story. There exists an elusive quality, a charm, which Meredith has not caught. He reviews and commands a broader range, a larger battalion of human characters, than came

within Thackeray's ken; he is far more sincere and trustworthy in his delineation of human nature than Dickens was; he understands women more radically than Charles Reade did. He is inferior to Balzac in the impartial yet sympathetic rendering of human individualities; and he manifests a much deeper and larger mind than that of Stevenson, who is excellent and popular. But, on the other hand, he is devoid of that exquisite, profound, reserved tenderness which made Thackeray, with his narrower range of characters and less titanic grasp, a greater soul and a finer artist.

What, then, are we to conclude? A critic who sets out to compare one creative writer with others is in much the same position as a juggler, who, having thrown one silvered ball into the air, projects other silvered balls after it, and keeps the whole group of glittering spheres in such constant motion that the spectators soon lose all sense of the object with which he began. It is possible that the juggler himself might forget the identity of the particular orb which he first tossed up to view. Let us, therefore, abandon comparisons, and hold fast to Meredith while we have him between our fingers. Meredith is simply Meredith, and we must take him as he is. Popularity is not an infallible test of merit. The Bible and the plays of Shakespeare — one an inspired work, the other, as the phrase goes, uninspired — are read, understood, and loved by all kinds and conditions of men. Browning, Landor, and Meredith are not. The particular disciples of Browning, Landor, and Meredith claim that to understand and love these authors implies a faculty of appreciation above that of ordinary mankind. Briefly, they make a cult; they rely upon an asserted superiority in themselves; they cultivate an egotism which, perhaps, their favorite

authors prompt and share. I am unable to make common cause with these devotees, for the reason that, it seems to me, the primary object of writing for publication is that the writer should make himself understood by the public. If he be in advance of his time, or if he have revelations to impart for which the world is not ripe, or a manner of viewing things which is not yet in vogue, he has a hard task before him. The harder the task, by so much will it be harder for him to master the resources of art in such a way as to make his meaning clear, and the mode of its expression attractive. In this process, Meredith has, on the whole, distinctly failed. He ought not to be condemned on that account, nor should he be extravagantly praised for failing in this particular. There are mountains which we all admire, at a distance: they may be verdured heights or craggy snow-peaks. Worthy of admiration though we may think them as features in the landscape, few of us care to climb them; and if we make the attempt, it is likely enough that, before we have gone half-way, we shall regret our effort. Our shoes are injured; our eyes are blinded by the dazzle of the snow; we are troubled by the crevasses and the length of the route, and wish we were at home again. But if we hold out and gain the frosty summit, we discover a satisfaction in the circumstance that we have climbed, and in the new view that we command. So it is, I think, in scaling the rugged heights of Meredith's novels. If we persist in mounting to the places whither they lead, we shall at least have learned something of Meredith, and of the world, from his point of view. That which we have learned will enable us to judge him afterwards, not by scraps and particles, but by the large, mountainous scale on which he is built.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

III.

THE energy of a persecutor for conscience' sake is a robust endowment. Untrammelled by the sense of any personal shortcomings, by flouting doubts, or extenuations, or denials; devoid of compassion or sympathy; insistent, blind, unreasoning, it affords unique opportunity for the display of consistency.

Teck Jepson, as he strode along the red clay road toward the purple slopes, to meet a dun-colored mist rolling down from the black cloud, bore a strong heart within him, and the testimony of a conscience essentially his own. He encountered rebuke, or doubt, or remonstrance of those trudging on in company by the stalwart declaration, "Ez the Lord bade me, so I did act!" His manner implied a fierce elation, and his tall massive figure, his free strong gait, his erect head, were conspicuous in the midst of his more slouching companions. He flung the sonorous phrase over his shoulder, heedless whether it were answered or how, and often the interlocutor was silenced by this assumption of a subtly delegated authority. But there sometimes ensued excited argument among the portion of the congregation that chanced to go his way. In it he took no part; now and again he lifted his voice in the final chant of the meeting, "Grace is mine; I hev got my sheer!" joining the refrain, as it was sung afar off amongst groups wending northward or southward. Sometimes only a white-covered wagon was visible in the distance on some high slope, rounding a precipitous curve at the verge, and then disappearing in the dense foliage; and again the presence of the dispersing worshipers was merely intimated by the song rising faint and far from the deep coverts of the mountain, mournfully ring-

ing from crag to crag, and now and then accentuated by a crash of thunder.

Often the comments assumed the third person, so imperatively did his manner imply the withdrawal of his attention:

"I say, 'Ez the Lord bid him'! Shucks! 'The Lord ain't studyin' 'bout Teck Jepson,'" declared Joe Bassett, one of the horsemen who had watched the scene from the defile. "The Lord hev fairly furgot the critter war ever created," he continued, thus arrogating also intimations from above. "An' hyar's Teck jes' a-settin' back an' purtendin' ter be gifted with wisdom from on high!"

He swung his feet in a disparaging manner in and out of his stirrup-irons, and rolled about in the saddle with an air burlesquing exaggerated importance. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, with a bronzed face and "sandy" hair and beard.

But when Parson Donnard rode by, the respect for Teck Jepson's views was enhanced by the reminder of the pastor's acquiescence. He cast his excited light gray eye upon Jepson. The young man glanced up, — not with the manner of seeking countenance or needing support; it was with the confident expectation of approval that he said, "Ez the Lord bade me, so I did act."

"Follow the voice of the Lord, brother," responded the parson's deep bass tones, and so he rode on.

He had an ascetic visage, with a hollow temple, a thin hooked nose, a long, firm upper lip that closed with a fixed expression upon the lower, which was equally as thin and straight. He was keen on doctrinal points, and had severely elective theories as to admission through the golden gates. In fact, heaven would be somewhat deserted and sorry as a final resort, if Parson Don-

nard's passport were essential. He drove a hard bargain in salvation, and there were those of his flock who feebly sought to resign themselves to damnation, so imminent did it seem under his ministration. He rode a big gray mule, that lifted him high above his people, amongst whom he deftly threaded in and out. His progress was unlike that of the ox-wagons; the burly teams, with their swinging gait to and fro, preempted the narrow spaces of the red clay road, and caused the passing pedestrians to betake themselves to the heavily gullied slopes on either side. Numbers of dogs, partakers in all mountain excursions, trotted demurely along under the wagon-beds, or followed close at their masters' heels. More than once a terrible forked blue flash of lightning rent the clouds, with a simultaneous detonation, significant and sinister. Some tree on the heights had been struck, but only the horses were restive. The women sat, unmarking, crowding the wagons, mostly elderly, slouching forms; here and there one, young and slender, rode behind her cavalier on horseback. The rain fell in large, heavy drops, then ceased, and the primitive procession wended its way, under the black clouds, toward the great steeps. It had gradually dwindled, and the horsemen were far in advance of the others, when Teck Jepson turned into the ragged little bridle-path that led up the mountain. He could distinguish, as he stood here alone, far along the curves of the road, figures whose guise was in some way familiar to him, and thus to be recognized. They suggested to him pilgrims and strangers journeying through life in forlorn and mournful ways. The mountains towered above. A great bird, buffeted by the rising wind, was fain to drift with it across the black sky. The river's reflection of a flash of lightning, writhing through the valley, betokened the presence of the watercourse among the timber; and suddenly the clouds began visibly to descend, shred by the

wind, and here and there slanting into myriads of lines of rain. A hesitating drop fell upon the wide brim of his hat, and then the world was lost in the tumultuous downpour. Naught could be seen but its serried, dun-colored fibres, save when the lightning flashed through, revealing vague shapes of looming mountain, or rock, or forest. In one of these illuminations, Teck Jepson, walking blindly on, came to a place that he knew. He turned aside, and climbed up a rugged slope toward a great sandstone cliff which jutted out so far that the space beneath must be dry, he knew, while the wind held to its mood. He kept along the sides of the sheer sandstone walls for a time, helping himself by the outspread boughs of the laurel or a pendent vine, till suddenly a great rift in the rock was at hand. He could see its jagged edge beetling high above; could hear amidst the stormy dash of the rain the slow patter of the drops, falling by twos and threes from the eaves-like ledges. A tall bull-weed, that swung, purple and burly, among the rocks, was dry, and as he turned into the great niche, chill and white and sheltered, he saw that others had sought the refuge before him. In the depths within a child was standing, and a young girl sat upon a ledge, a great dog beside her, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, her eyes fixed on the surging storm without. His cursory glance made sure only that she was a stranger. He hardly noted her start of surprise, her intent gaze suddenly fixed upon him, her murmured response to his succinct salutation, "Howdy!" He sank down on a boulder that lay near the entrance, leaning back against the ledge above, his elbow on it, and supporting his head in his hand. He, too, looked out at the rain surging before the entrance, enveloping all the world in its dim and misty veil; the bull-weed swayed; the drops that fell on the stone flooring, as it were, of the cleft rebounded slightly, sprang

into the air, shimmered with a steely glitter, and fell once more. The roar, the aggregated accentuation of every separate drop, was a distinct sound, easily distinguishable from the swirling frenzy of the wind, or the mutter of the thunder, or the turmoil of the noisy rills summoned into existence by the conformation of the slopes. He was as still as if he were carven in stone; a massive figure, not devoid of a certain grace, despite the rude garb of jeans, the high boots drawn over his knee, the drooping curves of his broad hat. The girl had not again glanced toward him, but remained motionless, her chin in her hand, her elbow on her knee, absorbed in her own thoughts. The manners of the ancient hound were less reflective. He sat upright on the ledge, looked out at the chill descent of the rain, elusively commingling with the mist, now and again swayed hither and thither by the pervasive gusts; and as he looked he shivered in every limb, and yawned shrilly and loudly. The inarticulate tones reverberated from the roof of the contracted space, and were repeated unmusically from wall to wall. Teck Jepson glanced up at the disaffected animal, who found this detention so dull, as the dog once more yawned to an unprecedented capacity, stretching himself to his extremest length, and rasping his long claws on the stones.

"Hesh up!" cried Jepson, in momentary inadvertence.

But the old hound, glad of conversation on any terms, wagged his tail good-humoredly, and came down off the ledge to lick the stranger's hand. The girl's face bore a shade of displeasure, although she made no sign that she had heard. Jepson's eyes fell upon her again. He sat gazing at her, a slow surprise kindling in his face. She took no heed, but looked out at the null mists and the monotonous rain with eyes that seemed as if they could never be dimmed by aught on earth, so pensively lustrous,

so crystal clear, they were. They had long dark lashes, and were of a rich brown color, a tint that was repeated in her curling hair, and suggested to his homely experience the gloss and tone of a chestnut fresh from the burr. It curled backward with a deep undulation, which he called a "cow-lick," from a brow smooth and white and broad. She had no color in her cheeks, but her lips were deeply crimson and delicately cut, and there was a fine free line drawn from the lower one, defining the chin and her slender throat. Her dark blue homespun dress draped a tall, lithe figure, and the full skirt afforded sufficient amplitude for the old dog to ensconce himself upon its folds and lie wheezingly down, looking out once more at the rainfall, and then closing his eyes in a sort of blinking resignation. Before long he nodded, his lips languishing from their natural appearance; his expression would have seemed a clever caricature of himself, if it were intentional. Still she supported her chin in her hand, slightly bending forward, her elbow resting on her knee, her foot, in its little low-cut shoe with its leather lacing, on the stone below. And still Jepson gazed.

"I dunno ez I ever seen ye afore," he observed presently.

Her eyes turned slowly, as she gravely surveyed him.

"I hev seen ye, a-many-a-time, — at preachin'," she admitted naively, "at the church-house, and at camp, too."

Her voice was keyed low, and it had a soft and hesitating accent, as if she were solicitous for the impression conveyed.

"Waal, I don't see nuthin' at meetin'," he observed, with prideful piety. "I be all tuk up with the Word."

"I'm a perfesser," she hastily stipulated, sitting upright and looking animatedly at him. "I hev been perfessin' a right smart time; but — I ain't — leastwise" — she hesitated, — "the sperit ain't never hendered me from seein'

some ez air a-goin' on, though I ain't gin over ter lookin' 'bout, nuther."

"Ye ain't hed much pourin' out o' the sperit, then," he remarked ungraciously.

"Mebbe not," she admitted. Then with a sudden thought, "I jes' tell ye, though, thar'd be a mighty fallin' off in religion ef the saints could n't consort tergether somewhar, an' see one 'nother, an' talk an' laff, arter the preachin' 's over. Heap o' fun goes on at camp, too."

"Them ez enjyes tharse'fs at camp won't 'low 't war sech ticklin' fun whenst they gits ter blisterin' in hell, I'll be bound," he declared, with pious relish.

She moved a little uneasily. "Mebbe not." She looked off a little drearily into the rain; for he had a coercively convincing manner, and perhaps she was reviewing with gloomy forebodings fun she had had at camp.

It was hardly mercy that prompted him to change the subject or any disposition to mitigate the terrors of future retribution as revealed to him. But he was a young man, and his mundane proclivities were none the less strong because unrecognized.

"That thar yer dog?" he asked trivially.

She responded with brightening interest to the more familiar theme.

"Naw," she said; "he's jes' a sorter — a sorter frien' o' mine." She laughed a little, — a fascinating, elusive gleam upon her grave face, like the fitting presence of a sunbeam in a solemn and solitary place.

"Neighbor's dog?" demanded Jepson.

"Naw." Once more the smile rippled across her red lips, showing her even white teeth. "His owner lives toler'ble fur, over ter Chilhowee; but this hyar dog kem a-visitin' along o' him, an' he kem right off'n, an' the dog got purty well treated, till now the dog — comical old critter," she laughed, with

her hand on the hound's head — "kems thar ez ef we war expectin' of him, an' sets up by the fire like folks. I never seen the beat!"

There was a sudden gleam in Jepson's eyes; the blue iris had a lighter tint. His lip curled.

"His owner got purty well treated," he said, with perverse and intentional misunderstanding.

"The dog!" She was fluttered in her haste to correct him. "The dog got purty well treated."

"Ef he kem so all-fired often," he observed, "the owner mus' hev kem a-courtin'." Then he looked quickly at her.

She flushed to her temples; her eyes were alight with anger; she seemed on the verge of an outburst. Checking herself, she said demurely, "I never thunk so, for one. His owner air eighty year old."

Teck Jepson had seldom known the twinge of ridicule. He looked away convinced that she was secretly laughing in triumph at his discomfiture because of this adroit turn of the conversation. But when he again glanced at her she had relapsed into her former attitude, her chin in her hand, her foot on the stone, looking out silently and dreamily. Her aspect was little that of a doughty opponent in a war of words; and he took heart of grace.

"That's fust rate fur a perfessin' member," he declared. He did not fail to observe that she winced. "I'll b'lieve that whenst I see that thar frequent vis'tor's white scalp, an' no sooner."

For a moment it seemed as if she might laugh again. Then she turned upon him with genuine anger, not less serious that it was sudden: —

"I ain't able ter see what gin ye a call ter meddle in it. The frequent vis'tor ain't wantin' ter be baptized, an' ain't a-ondertakin' ter go ter heaven along o' you-uns or enny other survigorous saint. Ef he ken git the folks he

wants ter 'sociate with in this worl', the Lord'll hev ter poke him up with a mighty sharp stick ter make him keer ennything 'bout the nex' worl'. That's the state o' the frequent vis'tor. Whenst I see ye kemin' in this place, whar me an' my little sister, Is'bel, hed got fust ter keep dry, I'd hev made ye stan outside, ef I'd know'd ye hed no mo' manners than ter ax me who kems a-courtin' an' who don't. I 'lowed, though, from the way ye cavorted down yander ter the baptizin', ez ye war powerful per-lite an' pious, bein' sech a Christian, an' yer mind war n't set on courtin'. Talkin' 'bout courtin' ter folks ye never see afore!"

"I'll be bound I know jes' who ye air, — yer dad an' all yer folks," he declared, in hasty self-justification. "'T ain't ez ef ye'd met up with a stranger, — somebody from North Ca'liny, or the Lord knows whar. I mus' hev seen ye agin an' agin, 'ceptin' I jes' don't take much notice o' young folks," he added, in a staid, middle-aged manner. "Is'bel," — he leaned forward and addressed the child, a tousled headed, barefooted, wiry little lass of ten or twelve, who had been listening silently and staring at him, — "what's yer dad's name?"

"Eli Strobe," piped out Isabel.

"Thar, now!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Eli Strobe's cousin married my half-brother, an' I hev got ez much right ter talk 'bout courtin' or ennything else ez enny frequent vis'tor."

This conclusive logic seemed to daunt the girl. She offered no further reproof, and there was a sort of diffidence in her defeated mien, — the more as he continued: "I be mighty keerless o' who air in this worl'; my interus' air in them ez hev gone afore. 'Pears ter me thar ain't none lef' like 'em, — none like Samson, an' Daniel, an' G'liath."

A vague solemnity dawned upon her face, at the mention of these names. She sat listening in brooding silence, her

crystal-clear eyes on his face as he talked.

"I wisht I hed lived in them days, herdin' sheep, or suthin'," he added.

"Ye'd be dead now," she remonstrated.

"Air ye one o' them ez cling ter this mortal life?" he demanded, in reproof. "It's jes' a span, a breath, a mist fur the wind to scatter."

"Waal, it be powerful comfort'ble whilst it lasts," she argued.

He glanced at her and shook his head, and then relapsed into silence. The continuous fall of the rain, now glimpsed through the mist, and again sounding dully from out the invisibilities of the vapors, accented the increasing chill of the air; even their refuge was damp with its heavy saturations. A broad flicker of lightning, diffused through all the fine gray lines, showed the distant looming mountains and gray cliffs without, and illumined her pensive face.

"Yes, sir," he declared, shifting his position, his stalwart, handsome figure tense and alert, "none like 'em now. I could n't holp thinkin', whenst I war a witness in the court down yander in town, what pore shakes that thar jedge war compared ter Sol'mon. Sol'mon, now, would hev put Jake Baintree through, — he'd hev fund out a way ter fix his guilt on the sinner. 'Member the time," he cried vivaciously, "Sol'mon hed ter jedge 'twixt them two wimmin ez claimed one baby?"

She nodded doubtfully. The event was not to her in the nature of a reminiscence.

"Lord!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I war afeard fur about three minits ez that thar leetle critter would git cut in half! I never war so all-fired skeered."

He fell into silence, revolving in his mind the animation of the scene, — the splendid hall in which the kingly judge pronounced sentence, the crowds of soldiers and priests, the tumult of applause

at this vindication of his wisdom, this brilliant exploit of his administrative genius. How the spectacle allured him! How vacant the modern voids!

Once more he stirred and sighed.

"Yer dad's runnin' agin fur constable," he said, a trifle wistfully; to such interests, forsooth, he must turn.

There came a shade of anxiety into her face.

"Yes, sir," she replied, the title a tribute to his arrogations of seniority and to his piety, of a strange quality though she felt it to be. She took one of the ears of the old hound in her fingers and pleated it, as she looked consciously away. The sleeping dog, vaguely discommoded, now and again lifted his head with a vigorous shake, and then dropped it.

The face of Isabel suddenly seemed less youthful. It too bore that anxiety so troublous and pathetic in women and children who can only suffer, and cannot help. "They think Eli ain't goin' ter be 'lected agin," he said sagely to himself. "Suthin' 's bruk."

"Waal, Eli 's a mighty good man," he observed aloud, his kindlier impulses uppermost. "He's apt ter do his best, an' that's all the fur we kin go in this life. He stayed up on the mounting along o' we-uns one night, not long ago, an he bruk the lonesomeness astonishin'."

The face of the elder sister was suddenly irradiated; a triumph was in her eyes all tenderly shining.

"Dad air a mos' servigroun talker, sure," she assented warmly. "Dad air powerful good comp'ny. 'T ain't often dad ain't got suthin' ter say. I tell ye, it air wuth while ter stop an' cock yer ears, whenst dad begins ter talk. Dad air ekal ter enny pa'son, ef the truth war knowed, ain't he, Is'bel?"

Isabel seemed almost profane in the eager precipitancy of her assent. But it was only "Laws-a-massy, yes!" that she said with so emphatic an accent. The child's face had flushed beneath

its freckles. She sat upright, bending steadily on Jepson her concentrated gaze, its intensity redoubled in effect by the very close juxtaposition of her small, piercing dark eyes.

"That's a fac'." Teck joined the laudations, their ebullition of enthusiasm proving infectious. "Eli 's a smart man, an' a good man, too."

"So good ter us chillen!" cried the elder girl, her eyes alight, — "me an' Is'bel; ain't he, Is'bel?"

"Laws-a-massy, yes!" Isabel once more seemed to swiftly take her oath upon it.

"Why, ef ennything goes wrong thar at home, — the cow gits inter the corn, or the gate swags off'n the henges, — an' dad gits ter rampin' an' ragin' 'bout'n it, they hev jes' got ter say 'T war Is'bel an' Marcella lef' the bars down,' or 'The gals war a-swingin' on the gate.' An' like ez not we hed n't been a-nigh thar. An' dad, he jes' cools down ez quick. 'T war them leetle darters, war it? Waal," imitating Strobe's slow bovine glance, "'t ain't goin' ter 'sturb me!' But ef it hed been ennybody else, though!" She shook her head in a way that promised amplest retribution, and laughed again.

"Yer name's Marcella, air it?" Teck Jepson said ponderingly.

"Done fund that out, hev ye?" she exclaimed. Then, with a swift transition back to the paternal perfections, she continued, "Dad 's a tremenjious scholar, — kin read an' write s'prisin'. Dad's been ter school, I tell ye, an' what he larnt thar warn't how ter ketch grasshoppers. Dad 's the bes' shot in Brumsaidge Cove. Nobody kin shoot agin dad, though, bein' constable," — her voice fell with the sedateness of her logic, — "he ain't gin over ter shootin'-matches, like he war. An' dad kin arrest *ennybody*," she declared sweepingly, "bein' constable. The sher'ff ain't got no mo' power over folks, sca'cely."

"An' dad 'lows the sher'ff be made out'n dough, besides," said Isabel suddenly. "Dad say a biscuit hev got ez much backbone ez that thar sher'ff."

Her sister flashed a warning glance at her. Then Marcella's own bright face fell. "I reckon that's one reason he hev got a better chance o' bein' 'lected agin than dad hev. Some folks 'low ez dad hev set too much store by the law," she observed, lowering her voice, and allured into a confidential mood by his apparent appreciation of "dad." "Some say ez dad hev whetted the law's scythe powerful sharp, whilst his own hev been lef' ter rust. He hev been mo' tuk up with seein' arter the law, 'n gittin' 'lected agin, an' — an'?" — she hesitated — "folks air agin him, an' bound ter git him beat."

Isabel fixed an eager electioneering gaze on Jepson's face. "They lets youns vote down in Brumsaidge, though ye do live some higher on the mounting, now?" she interrogated him.

"I kin vote fur him — ef I wants ter," he said, a trifle waggishly. "But I ain't a-goin' ter let ye buy my vote, so ye need n't try."

"I dunno ez I be a-tradin'," said Isabel shortly.

"Is'bel, shet up!" exclaimed the repressive elder sister, looking apprehensively at Jepson to note the effect of the child's curt speech.

But as he lounged upon the ledges of the rock, his head supported on his hand, he was looking with languid good-humor at Isabel, and had evidently taken no offense.

"Dad say it be powerful aggervatin' ter run fur office," resumed Marcella. "He say he don't mind sarvin' the people, — that's mighty easy, fur the law be laid down plain, an' he sets a heap o' store by the law; but it's a powerful differ ter please this man an' not git that one set catawampus, an' mos' of 'em air goin' ter be middlin' mad, no matter what he does or don't do. An' he say some-

times he feels, whenst he be axin' 'em ter vote fur him, like flyin' roun' an' kickin' 'em all right an' lef', an' goin' home fur good."

"Waal, I ain't never seen no candidate fur office do sech ez that yit, an' I'd be powerful glad ef I war 'lowed ter live till I did see it," he retorted, the sensibilities of the suffrage with which he was endowed becoming roused at the suggestion.

She saw that she had impinged upon his sensitiveness. She looked at him a trifle deprecatingly; then, with that daring impulse which often furnishes a false step with stumbling sequelæ, she pursued the subject: "Granny 'lows it fairly sets her teeth on aidge ter hear me a-honin' an' a-moanin' 'bout the 'lection, an' dad's chances, an' voters, an' the office, an' sech. An' 't ain't nowise per-lite an' sensible fur wimmin-folks ter spen' thar time in sech ez they ain't got no business in. I can't help dad nor hender. But I jes' feel like ez ef I could take a rifle an' stan' at the polls, an' shoot down them ez don't vote fur dad!" Her eyes flashed, albeit she looked half laughing at him. "T'other night thar war a man at our house ez don't b'long somehows ter dad's party."

"Which party?" demanded Jepson.

"Dunno. Dad's. An' this man, he said, 'I be powerful sorry I can't vote fur ye, Eli, kase ye air on the t'other side.' An' dad, he say, ez slow an' on-consarned, 'Don't vote fur me, ef ye'd ruther not. It ain't goin' ter kill me ter git beat.' An' I jes spoke up, an' I say, 'Naw, it air goin' ter *kill me!*'"

"Ye look toler'ble live yit," commented Teck Jepson.

"Granny 'lowed she war so 'shamed o' me, she could hev made soup out'n me, or minch meat, ez on-consarned ez ef I'd been a Shanghai."

"What did Eli say?"

"Oh, nuthin'. Dad 'lows ez everything I do air right an' jes' so — me an' Is'bel, don't he, Is'bel?"

"Laws-a-massy, yes," Isabel affirmed without hesitation.

The rain was gradually subsiding. One could see beyond the jagged roof of the niche, far across the valley, the gray lines sparsely falling with a free motion and an effect of vast lengths, reaching as they did to the zenith. The dreary mists were gathering themselves together to coalesce in some uncomprehended symmetry of vaporous form, and in silent march were betaking themselves thence with reluctant and exiled mien. Dissimilar, as of a different texture and an alien origin, was the vague gray haze, hardly discernible, rising from the dank earth, and suspended only a few feet above. Suddenly the sun smote it, and how it glistered, now amethystine, now pearly, now a gilded gauze! The wooded mountain-side was splendidly green again, attesting that the rich, ripe August was still straying along the slopes. A sense of renewal, revivification, was in the silver-shotted, misty intervals. The moist leaves, glossy and emerald stirred in the air. Every blade of grass about the portal of the grotto wore globular gauds, as the raindrops caught the light where they swung. A quail called and called down the wet, briery tangles, — sweet vibrant tones! And all at once, that splendid apotheosis of color, that supreme triumph of light, the rainbow, was set in the clouds. How far it reached, — how far! From sombre Chilhowee to the cloud-capped Smoky Mountains, — and the vast landscape beneath was spanned by the glowing arch. And now it was dimmed, as the light fluctuated, and again it glowed in pristine brilliancy and softness; for albeit the rain steadily fell, the sun shone.

Teck Jepson watched the change with meditative eyes. The old dog took note of it, too, yawning with an expansive expression, and stretching himself to an unsuspected length; coming down off the ledges, dragging one slow foot after the

other. He sat down on the wet grass, heedless of the drops that fell upon him, and gazed gravely about, as if he appreciated the scenery.

"Look at old Watch, now," commented Isabel. "Arter takin' so much trouble ter keep hisself dry an' out'n the storm, he air goin' ter git ez wet ez ef he hed been in the thick of it. Ain't that jes' percisely like a dog!"

"Waal, Watch ain't got no call ter be like nuthin' else." Marcella spoke absently, hardly heeding what she said, only mechanically defending her canine friend. She was leaning back amongst the vines that hung down the sides of the rift, and trembled above her head, and rested on her shoulder. Her eyes seemed to share the pensive brilliance of the hour, so full of a dreaming light, so softly shadowed by the melancholy droop of the long lashes, they were, as she looked, unseeing, into the illuminated sunset, through the soft falling of the glittering rain. The spirited pose of her delicate head on its slender throat was hardly less marked, in this moment of languor, than when held alert and upright. All her lithe and slender figure was relaxed, as she leaned back in the bower that the vines wove for her, and toyed with a tendril in her hand.

He gazed long and silently at her, as she sat there, wondering again that he should never before have seen her. He felt now as if they had often met, and he became sensible of the repetitious impression in a sort of doubting amazement. Her characteristics he seemed to have long ago conned. He was prepared for every turn of her alert head, every sudden uplifting of her definite arrogant eyebrows above those soft eyes. He even felt a fostering familiar regard for the wish nearest her heart, and in the fullness of a warm partisan impulse he abruptly spoke: —

"I'll tell ye right now what's doin' Eli mo' harm with the voters o' the deestric' 'n ennything else. It's this

hyar everlastin' upholdin' o' Jake Baintree."

"It's the law's upholdin' Jake Baintree!" said Marcella quickly.

The dream-light had fled from her face; she looked at him with a deep shifting spark in her clear eyes, betokening a disquieted spirit and a touch of anger.

He changed his attitude, and glanced out over the landscape. "I never expect ter spend my time argufyin' with enny gal-folks," he said in an offhand way, and with a laughing sneer. "But ye kin set it down, ef ye air minded ter. Yer dad's rampin' round an' upholdin' Jake Baintree, kase this leetle old yearthly jedge down yander did n't hev sense enough or law enough ter fix his sin on him, air a-goin' ter defeat Eli, — besides all else folks hev got agin him. Ye mark my words."

"Waal, I dunno but they hed ez soon take the jedge's say-so ez yourn."

She resembled her father, when she gave herself to argument; the slow, calculating glance that she bent upon Jepson, as she turned her head, was singularly like the look she sometimes mimicked.

"I ain't a-settin' up my say-so agin the jedge's," he responded quickly. "It's the fac's. He can't git around 'em. An' Eli can't git around 'em. An' the folks in the *deestric*' can't git around 'em. The storm will burst some day, though. The Lord will repay."

There was an anxious flush on her usually pale face. Her eyes were bright and restless. The irritation of not being able to reconcile her father's opinions with the prospect of success was smouldering in her manner, and suddenly flamed out in words.

"From all I hev seen, ye air likely ter take the Lord's jobs off'n his hands. He need n't bother 'bout repayin' nobody in Brumsaidge, whar sech a headin' man ez ye air be a-loose. Ye'll repay. Ye would n't let Jake Baintree git baptized,

kase ye 'low he killed a man ez the jury say he did n't kill, an' kase ye fund somebody's old clo's hid somewhar. Now mebbe ye hev killed su'thin', — mebbe ye hev killed a man's soul stid-dier his body. Mebbe he'll never git ter the baptizin' p'int agin. He can't git the sperit whenst he want it; he can't whistle it back like a dog that follows him."

"That war my aim," he said coolly.

She stared at him, horrified, catching her breath.

"Did he gin Sam'l Keale time ter think on salvation? Ez the Lord bade me, so I did act," he protested.

She relapsed into silence.

"Jake Baintree be plumb cur'ous," said Isabel, knitting her brows, and laughing, — a constrained demonstration that had no mirth in it. She had wearied of the discussion, which she scarcely understood, and resorted with a freshened zest to gossip.

"How be he cur'ous?" demanded Jepson.

"Waal," said Isabel, twisting the corner of her apron in and out of her fingers, "he *looks* cur'ous. An' he sets an' stare-gazes an' stare-gazes the fire. An' he kin read an' write. He larnt in jail. An' his folks dunno what ter make o' him, nohow. He don't talk none, sca'cely. They 'low he war jes' a boy whenst he went away, an' now he be a plumb differ, ez ef he war somebody else. Mebbe he *air* somebody else." Isabel paused, with a contortion of the countenance, showing all her jagged teeth, as if she sought to express in some facial way the extreme curiousness of Jake Baintree.

"How ye know so much about him?" demanded Jepson, surprised.

"Marcella, she useter go thar a heap, an' I jes' up an' go with Marcella. Marcella, she useter tote 'em things, whenst they war so powerful pore an' tormented how ter git along, — roastin'-ears an' 'taters, — an' holped 'em weave

some. She war holpin' 'em weave whenst he kem home."

A sudden repulsion seized Teck Jepson. "*He ain't the frequent vis'tor?*" he exclaimed.

Marcella drew back, with an abrupt cry. "*I be afeard o' Jake Baintree,*" she said.

There was a moment of embarrassment. He had his regrets that he had spoken, and she had hers that she had answered. With a woman's tact, she would have passed it by in silence. But he made a blundering, clumsy attempt to better the situation, and asked, with a feint of mirth, "*Who be that thar frequent vis'tor, ennyhows?*"

"*Ye kin hev that fur a riddle,*" she said, with a chilly accent. She glanced loftily past him, as she rose. "*Kem 'long, Is'bel; it's quit rainin', an' we had better be a-startin'.*"

She stood for a moment, tall, fair, erect, under the rugged arch, which was massively imposed upon the clearing sky. A red suffusion of light was over the valley. The mountains were darkling and purple. An inexpressible sense of freshness blended with the eventide languors. All the woods were vibrant with the ceaseless chirr of the cicada, and the antiphonal chanting of frogs rose and fell by the water-side. Pensiveness pervaded the hour, and melancholy. Far-away cattle, homeward bound, were lowing and clanking their mellow bells. And the misty air ministered to the sun's splendors, and bore the elongated rays far into space in gorgeous amplifications. The ground was dank, and Isabel's bare feet pattered along with a noisy sound, and she was beset with forebodings.

"*I'll be bound the foot-bredge over the ruver air nigh under water by this time, an' I ain't one o' the swimmin' kind,*" Isabel observed with callow pertness. "*I warn't raised ter be a frawg.*"

Jepson had hesitated behind the two girls. Isabel's words seemed to suggest

his opportunity. "*I mought ez well g'long home with you-uns ez no,*" he remarked. "*'T ain't out'n my way none ter the Settlemint, an' I'll help ye over the log.*"

They trudged along silently through the forest, with its ceaseless pulsations of sound: Isabel in the van, the other two walking side by side, and the dog of the "frequent visitor" in the rear. Sometimes the shadows fell on Marcella's fair face, sometimes the roseate glow of the west; and Jepson found a fascination undreamed of before in noting their fluctuations. Her expression betokened little favor toward him, — less, perhaps, than he realized. He had never sought the approval of others, and disapproval he was not quick to discern, since he had no self-disparagement to keep his fears alert.

Long before they reached the river they heard the water roaring, but the unhewn log that served as foot-bridge, thrown from bank to bank, was not yet submerged, and the two girls walked swiftly and lightly across, with no need for assistance. Suddenly the woods gave way, and Broomsedge Cove lay before them, vague in the closing dusk. Half a dozen log cabins were scattered at long intervals, — for this was the Settlemint, — their red lights growing distinct since the day had so waned. The sky was crimson above, and seemed to touch the gaunt, black, towering mountains that circled close about the sequestered nook. A star was gleaming near the horizon. Voices rose fitfully and fell to silence, and all was mute save for the nocturnal song of the woods, and a few strokes of an axe at some woodpile, that set the echoes all a-hewing.

They paused beside a rail fence inclosing one of the cabins, where the flare of firelight flickered out into the passage between the two rooms. Marcella's face had become only a vague suggestion, white in the closing dusk, as they stood together a moment by the bars. For

she had spoken at last, offering the customary invitation to come in and bide to supper.

"I mus' be a-travelin' up the moun-tin'," he drawled in response. Then he hesitated. "This air the fust time I ever seen ye, but I reckon 't won't be the las'."

He strode off then, and she watched him as he went, a fine, stalwart figure, with an assured gait and a singularly erect pose. A deft, swift step he had, too, and she was presently gazing into the closing obscurity where he had disappeared.

"I 'd jes' ez lief 't would be the las'," she said to herself, — "I 'd jes' ez lief."

IV.

Locked in the stony grasp of the mountains was Broomsedge Cove. Rugged with sudden deep depressions and abrupt declivities, heavily wooded here and anon broken by crags and defying cultivation, this limited terrace of the mountains was all unlike the neighboring coves, those fair nooks of the ranges, fertile and smiling, and level as a floor. The road, dry in summer, was the bed of a stream in winter, and the denizens of Broomsedge then cared little to rove abroad. Certain stretches of abandoned land, once cultivated, had given the place its name, and down all the slopes flourished the graceless broomsedge, — pest, poverty-bitten, blight. It seemed to seek the manner of the worthier growths, to bear itself like wheat, or rye, or oats; it wore the semblance of a crop, as it shared with them the bounty of the sun and the benediction of the rain. It waved in the wind, half defiant, half forlorn. Wherever it possessed the fields, the grace of utility and the guerdon of labor was gone, and this flout of nature, this perversity of herbage, prospered unwelcome in their stead. But Broomsedge Cove could boast some fields of grain, fair and thrifty

enough, their unripe green tint contrasting with the red-brown tones of the sedge.

By daylight the settlement was hardly so apparent to the casual eye as at night, when each scattered red light was the exponent of a fireside. The houses, sometimes a quarter of a mile apart, nestling amidst their orchards, were quite invisible while the foliage lasted. The inequalities of the ground further masked the size and extent of the hamlet; occasionally a blue curl of smoke from beyond a jagged hill gave the only intimation that its further slopes were preëmpted as a home. The blacksmith's shop was on the extreme outskirts, beyond the fields and the abandoned spaces where the broomsedge grew. The massive wooded mountain rose close behind it; the gorge narrowed just beyond it, and between the cliffs a stream, with a swift arrowy motion, and now and then a white flash, shot down the steep. The smith made it useful in his simple art, and its song was a solace to his idle hours. But this was not the only chant flung forth upon the air. Loud and long were the sounds of revelry often issuing from the forge, and in a diminuendo of undiminished gayety reaching even the ears of the far-away neighbors, who thanked their stars that they were no nearer. The elders, constrained alike by dignity and religion, were wont to shake their heads, and sourly marvel what iniquity could be going on at the forge; and the younger men frequently found themselves obliged to go over at once and investigate. The forge was the resort of certain hilarious spirits, among whom the smith himself was chief. Concerning these roisterers grim reports were bruited abroad. It was averred that a greasy pack of "playin'-kyerds" was cherished there, and that a "streak o' luck" seemed to be more desired than light on salvation. A jug of a portly grace had been descried, one day, lurking behind the elevated hearth of the forge,

— quite empty, it is true, but an aroma lingered about its corn-cob stopper that was fresh, and fragrant, and unmistakable. They often sang; the blacksmith's burly bass voice could be heard with the supplementing echoes over many a furlong of his native wilds. They pitched horse-shoes in lieu of "quates," and wrestled and measured their strength in many good-humored combats. When the great barn-like doors were open and the forge fire flickered out into the night, the place under the overhanging ledge of the mountain was like the mouth of some vast cavern. To those chancing to look in from the glooms without, while the white light fell here and there in a brilliant gleam upon the faces within, and anon fluctuated, and then sank to a red glow, and so to darkness, the hearty mortal fellows at their turbulent sports were vaguely unfamiliar, and as uncanny as goblins, or gnomes, or troglodytes. And the Settlement seemed wise in wishing them no nearer.

It was a weird and isolated place, and with these impressions astir about it, there was little wonder that a wilder fantasy should presently gain a circulation.

Teck Jepson heard it for the first time one momentous August day. As he rode slowly along the circuitous ways of Broomsedge, he was conscious that he surveyed the scene with an interest which it had never before elicited. The porch of Eli Strobe's cabin was vacant, but as he dismounted from his horse, and hitched him to the rack beside the door of the blacksmith's shop, he glanced from time to time at the house, the hop and gourd vines hanging motionless about it, for no wind stirred. Through their screen his sharp eyes descried a spinning-wheel—idle and motionless. No face at the tiny window, no flutter of a blue dress among the poultry in the door-yard. The place might have been deserted save for the tendril of smoke slowly curling out of the stick chimney,

and the dog of the "frequent visitor," standing in the door, wagging his tail, which he had a call to do, Teck remembered, being "purty well treated." He momentarily canvassed the dwellers on and about Chilhowee with a vague desire to identify the owner, but the dog in no respect resembled his master, and Teck's musings were vain. Then he turned away, and sat down upon a log beside the blacksmith's shop, and silently gazed at the far-away blue mountains, against which, in an oblique line, the roof of Strobe's cabin was drawn.

There were half a dozen men lounging about the forge, for it was seldom that Clem Sanders was alone; and besides his special cronies, the mountain gossips were wont to congregate here. The forge was silent; the smith himself was leaning against the anvil, just within the door, his brawny arms folded across his chest, his pipe between his teeth, his languid eyes fixed on the majestic mountains without, dome on dome and range on range, stretching far away into the distance; while below, the sunlit valley smiled, with only the shadow of a flying bird or an uncertain mist, vague and vagrant, to mar the sheen. He was a tall, bluff fellow, with reddish brown hair, straight dark eyebrows, and a broad low forehead. He had many wrinkles in the corners of his eyes; not from age, for he was only some twenty four or five, but from persistent twinkling. They were brown eyes and bright ones, not large, but long and narrow. He had a square face and a flexible mouth with merry curves, the better revealed since he wore no beard. His checked homespun shirt was open at his throat; the sleeve was rolled up, showing his great hammer-arm; its swelling cords and muscle were a source of perpetual pride to its possessor.

He took little part in the conversation, the twinkling wrinkles about his eyes expressing his interest when it waxed facetious. Eli Strobe was leaning back

against the door in a rickety chair; two men who were sitting on the log moved, to give Jepson more room. A tall, slim, jeans-clad young mountaineer, booted to the knee and accoutred with shot-pouch and powder-horn, with long light hair showing a tendency to tousled ringlets, lay at length on the grass without the door.

"Howdy," said Jepson, succinctly and comprehensively, to the group. Then suddenly addressing the two men on the log, "I seen ye two bucks thar on yer critters, at the baptizin'. Ye hain't got no right ter mighty nigh ride down the saints that-a-way, 'mongst the congregation, an' ef I hed noticed in time I'd hev made ye 'light an' hitch."

There was a momentary hesitation. Then one of them, Gideon Dake, a languid, lank, loose-jointed fellow, observed, with as little animation as if he were an automaton, "Oh, shet up, Teck! Ye air too robustious. Ye 'low ter fairly rule the Cove!"

The other, Joe Bassett, spoke more briskly. "I ain't afeard ter be a sorter sinner, now, Teck. The devil's got his hands so full a-lookin' arter Clem Sanders hyar ez he ain't goin' ter stop jes' fur me. Hev ye hearn ez he war viewed right hyar in the forge?"

"Shucks!" said Jepson, surlily incredulous. Then leaning forward to look at the burly blacksmith within, "That ain't a true word, air it, Clem?"

"Dunno," said the blacksmith cavalierly. "Let them say ez seen him."

"Ef I do ride down the saints, I ain't never hed Satan ter kem a-bulgin' ter the Settlemint ter look arter me," protested Bassett.

Jepson glanced about him doubtfully. "Who say they seen him?"

"Old Pa'son Donnard," said Bassett, beginning to narrate the old story to a new listener with a relish proportionate to the rarity of the opportunity. "Old man war comin' from Piomingo Cove, whar he hed hed preachin' the day be-

fore. 'Twar toler'ble late. Thar warn't no moon, an' the dark, it overtuk him. Waal, sir, he kem nigh hyar along o' the water-side. An' he say all of a suddint he seen this place like a yawnin' mouth o' hell, ez ef the mounting hed opened. An' the flames o' the forge fire, they le'pt up, an' sunk down, an' flared out, an' drapped in, kase Clem, he'd let one o' them fool boys caper with the bel-lows. An' pa'son, he see two o' them boys a-wrastlin' in that unholy light; an' Jim Crane war a-dancin', an' a-shufflin', an' a-cuttin' the pigeon-wing; an' Buck Blake war a-playin' a reg'lar dancin'-chune on the fiddle; an' Clem hyar an' Mose Hull war a-playin' kyerds, an' a-bettin'. Clem war a-settin' on the shoein' stool, an' Mose on a plough, an' they laid thar kyerds on the top o' a cag o' nails. An' Clem war a-beatin' Mose. An' wunst in a while he'd fling back his head an' holler, bein' so glad! An' suddint Pa'son Donnard say his eyes war opened. He seen settin' in the midst, propped up on the anvil, Satan hisself. He hed horns, an' he hed wings, suthin' like a bat's, — looked sorter bat-wise, only big ez a man. An' Pa'son Donnard say he knowed 'twar Satan even before he tuk notice o' his feet, — one war a huff, an' the t'other war a club-foot! An' he hed 'em both propped up on the stump what the anvil sets on. An' the devil war a-lookin' over Clem's shoulder at sech kyerds ez Clem held. An' when Clem would beat, Satan would jes' hug hisself, an' rock back'ards an' for'ards, an' laff till his teeth flashed fire. An' sometimes Satan would lean over an' mighty nigh p'int out ter Clem which kyerd ter play. An' pa'son say the Lord opered his eyes agin."

"'Pears ter me they war stretched toler'ble wide a-fust," grumbled Clem. Although this graphic detail was no news to him, he was beginning to look much disaffected. He mechanically moved away from the anvil upon which Satan had made himself so much at

home. He came and stood outside, with arms still folded, leaning against the door.

"An' pa'son's eyes war opened anew," Bassett drawled on. "An' thar, he say, whilst the wrastlin' war a-goin' on, an' the dancer war a-dancin' an' a-shakin' his foot all around the floor, an' the fiddler war a-playin' ter the top o' his bent, an' the fire war a-flarin' red an' a-flamin' white over 'em all, an' Clem war a-laffin' an' a-hollerin', tickled ter death, an' a-playin' his kyerds, an' Satan war a-lookin' over his shoulder an' grin-nin' till the smoke shot out'n his nose, an' eyes, an' ears, an' ye could see him spit fire wunst in a while, the back winder o' the forge opened slow. An' thar stood on the outside — who d' ye reckon?"

"Oh, shucks!" said Clem uneasily.

The others said nothing, and the narrator went on: —

"The back winder o' the shop opened, an' thar, holdin' the batten shutter in his han', plain, — it bein' so dark a-hint him an' so light inside, — war Clem hisself! Like he mought look in death, white, an' solemn, an' stony, a-gazin' in on hisself ez he looks in life, hearty, an' sunburnt, an' laffin', an' a-playin' o' kyerds, with the devil, tickled ter death, lookin' over his shoulder. An' pa'son say the bleached, white, dead Clem caught his eye of a suddint, an' clap! bang! the winder war shet, an' thar warn't nuthin' settin' on the anvil, an' Clem war a-gapin', an' a-stretchin' his arms, an' sayin' 't war bed-time, an' tellin' that Jeemes boy ter quit playin' the fool with that bellows, else he'd shoe him all round with red-hot horse-shoes."

Teck Jepson listened in silence, his absorbed eyes upon the ground, now and then lifting them to the narrator's face with a glance of excited surprise.

The person most nearly interested in the chronicle spoke abruptly: —

"Pa'son Donnard never see sech ez that, sure enough; he air sorter moon-

eyed, ef the truth war knowed. An' ez the boys war a-dancin' an' a-cavortin', he jes' 'lowed he see it."

"Pa'son Donnard would n't be the fust, ef he *did* see the devil," argued Teck Jepson. "Plenty o' them the Bible tells about seen him."

The blacksmith's eyes had no merry twinkle in them now. He looked off loweringly at the scene, so familiar to him in its multitudinous phases, as he spoke.

"Waal, I don't b'lieve pa'son see nuthin'. Satan don't lope round in Broomsaidge none generally; never war seen afore. Takes pa'son ter view him. An' I ain't dead," he added, with a live insistence. "An' yit he seen me dead."

"Ye will be some day," said Jepson bluntly.

Sanders looked down, darkly frowning.

"Why n't he take somebody else ter go lookin' inter a winder at thar dead se'fs, stiddier me?" he complained. "I ain't the only mortial man in the Cove! I jes' did n't know fur awhile what I war goin' ter do 'bout'n it. An' at las' I went up ter pa'son's house, an' I called his son Jube out. An' I say ter Jube, 'Jube, ye an' me hev been powerful frien'ly since we useter play 'longside o' one another in the woodpile, 'fore we could walk. An' I hope I won't break none o' yer bones ez ye can spare or git the doctor ter set agin right handy, kase I'm useter hammerin' tougher stuff'n ye be. But I'm a-goin' ter take yer dad's visions out on ye, bein' ez I can't thrash a ole man an' a preacher. Ye 'll see mo' sights 'n ever he done."

"What did Jube do?" asked Jepson.

A dreary futility settled on the strong man's face.

"Flung his arm around my neck, an' begged an' begged," he said, baffled. "He 'lowed his dad wanted ter break up them meetin's at the forge, — gredges we-uns our fun. He never war young hisself, ye know." He attempted to

point the weak sarcasm with a sneer. "But Jube sneaks off, an' kems ter the forge every chance he gits. He war thar the night o' the vision. Old man war so bent on seein' Satan, an' dead folks ez air live an' hearty, he did n't see his own son Jube 'mongst the sinners. An' Jube war a-walkin' round on his hands, like a plumb catamount, with his heels six feet high up in the air, a-wavin' round."

"Mebbe that war why he did n't see Jube, his head bein' so nigh the groun'," suggested Jepson. "Jube don't ginerally kerry his heels a-top o' him."

The blacksmith listened, but made no response.

"I told Jube," he resumed presently, "I'd let him off, ef his dad did n't put me in none o' his preachin'."

"Ev'rybody in Brumsaidge an' the mountings round knows 'bout'n it, ennyhow," said Eli Strobe. "Ye need n't be so powerful partic'lar."

"Waal, ennyhows, 'twould in an' about kill me ef he war ter go ter blatin' out in the church-house, 'fore all the congregation, 'bout the devil a-laffin' at me whilst playin' kyerds, an' me dead, lookin' through the winder at my live self. Shucks!"

This unique slander had sunk deep into Clem Sanders's good-natured heart. He looked so harried and hopeless that he might well have excited sympathy, but the circumstance had certain grotesque phases which Eli Strobe could not fail to relish.

"Ye hain't done no work sence on that anvil, hev ye?" he demanded, with his slow side-glance and his air of burly jocundity, which did not always commend itself to his interlocutor.

The blacksmith shook his head.

"Waal, sir," exclaimed Eli, bringing his tilted chair upon its forelegs with an abrupt thump, and placing a hand on either knee, "ef ye an' that thar striker o' yourn gits enny mo' afeard o' that thar anvil 'n ye hev always been, all the

critters in the Cove'll be bar'foot 'fore long, or else hev ter go all the way ter Pete Blenkins's forge at the Notch ter git shod."

"Clem's jes' a-purtendin'," said Gideon Dake. "He war a-workin' night afore las'. What ails ye ter be sech a liar, Clem? Ye want us ter gin ye the credit o' bein' convicted o' sin an' acceptin' o' warnin's, whenst ye air jes' sodden in the ways o' the worl'."

"I warn't at the forge, night afore las'," said the blacksmith, flustered and uncertain. "What would I be a-doin' of, workin' of a night? I ain't kep' busy in the day, let alone bein' obligated ter work of a night."

"I dunno what ye war a-doin' of," said Dake, altogether unaware of the significance of his disclosure. "I *know* the forge fire war lighted, an' the anvil a-ringin', an' the bellows a-blowin', an' the hand-hammer an' sledge a-strikin', fur I hearn 'em 'bout midnight, kase I war obligated ter go arter the doctor fur granny, ez war tuk powerful bad, an' looked like ter die."

Sanders gazed at the speaker in blank amazement for a moment. Then his color began to change. He grew as pale as his swarthy tints might ever blanch, — an ashen pallor, — like that white Thing, perhaps, which Parson Donnard had beheld gazing into the window at its hale and full-pulsed simulacrum. Was it this that closed the doors of the forge in the dead of the night, and kindled the fires, and beat out that metallic melody, as familiar to him as the sound of his own voice?

"Who strikes fur me, then, I wonder?" he said to himself; he was beginning to adopt this pallid, and joyless, and solemn identity. A sudden recollection of the malevolent presence on the anvil, a suggestion of an association with him as striker, and all at once Clem gave way. "Move up thar on that log!" he cried, as he sank down by the other men, outside of the familiar shanty where

he had spent all his days since first he was old and strong enough to strike for his father, succeeding at last from the sledge to the hand-hammer, which the elder had laid down forever. He had never thought to shrink from its very walls, to glance back over his shoulder into its familiar dusky recesses, and wince in prophetic dread of what he might chance to see. His heart beat so loud, with so erratic and tumultuous a throb, that he wondered the other men did not hear, did not notice his agitation. They had not appreciated the significance of this testimony to him who was sleeping half a mile or more distant, on that night and at that hour, when the fires were kindled in the midnight, and the anvil rang, and so strange an essence as that pallid identity of a live man so strangely busied itself, and handled his tools, and aped his gestures, and did his work. "Knows jes' whar ter find things, — hammer, an' nails, an' swage, an' tongs, I reckon." The others were talking of trivial matters. How could they? he wondered. And then he was glad that they could, and that they noted him not, had forgotten him.

An old dog had trotted over from Eli Strobe's, — the dog which Teck Jepson had recognized as the property of the "frequent visitor." He came along with the easy, confident manner appertaining to both dogs and people who are more highly appreciated than they deserve; for he was not useful, being too good-natured for a watch-dog, and having no particular nose for game and no compensating energy or joy in its pursuit, and he was by no means comely. His long tongue lolled out, his small eyes looked hot. He showed no signs of recognition of any of the men, but sat down gravely in front of them.

"I b'lieve that thar old dog hain't got no owner," Jepson said tentatively to Eli Strobe, with a craft of which he was ashamed. "Yer darter tole me the t'other day 't warn't hern."

Eli Strobe's slow side-glance was directed toward the long-haired youth, who lay at length on the grass, and who had not spoken. "Andy's," he said curtly, — "Andy Longwood's."

Jepson felt the blood mount to his face. So *this* was the "frequent visitor," whose name she would not speak; this was the riddle she had left him to guess, — this long-haired, curly-pated creature. "I'd shear him like a sheep," he said contemptuously to himself.

The young man, at the sound of his name, turned upward a gentle, placid face. "Talkin' ter me?" he drawled slowly.

Eli Strobe gave him a bull-like, side-long glower, and shook his head.

"Sheep, fur true!" Jepson thought, scanning his mild countenance. "I'll be bound he kin say 'Ba-a!'" He looked with an easy contempt after the young fellow, as he rose and strolled away, the old dog at his heels. "Ef ennybody war ter take a notion ter Marcellly Strobe, he need n't mind that thar leetle spindle-shanked Woolly." He watched Andy Longwood take his way toward Eli Strobe's cabin without one qualm of distrust or displeasure. This the vaunted "frequent visitor"!

So strong a factor is jealousy in sentiment at this stage that, relieved of his unacknowledged apprehensions, Jepson's sudden assumption that he had only a sort of paternal or fraternal interest in Marcella, equally divided with the callow Isabel, was altogether sincere, and he was unaware of those subtle mental processes by which he was self-deceived. He produced much the same impression upon himself that he did on Eli Strobe, when he said with a casual smile, "He's a-danglin' arter Marcellly, ain't he?"

Eli Strobe sullenly nodded. "He mought ez well dangle *off*, too." He cast an authoritative side-glance at Jepson, which intimated the possibility of paternal interference in matters of the heart. "Marcellly ain't sech ez ter take

a likin' ter him, but somehow she can't git rid o' the critter."

"I hev hearn," said Joe Bassett animatedly, "ez how Marcellly an Clem" — the blacksmith had strolled off, his hands in his pockets, his hat pulled far over his gloomy face — "hev been keepin' comp'ny tergether."

There was no cloud now upon the paternal brow. But Eli Strobe affected doubt or ignorance. "No countin' on gals; no way ter find 'em out. They will ter-day, an' they won't ter-morrer, like the wind blows. Yes, sir." He rose ponderously from his chair. "Waal, Teck," he continued, "I be powerful sorry ye won't bide along o' we-uns ter-night. I never done ye this-a-way, whenst I war on the mounting."

For Jepson had declined his hospitality, and had expected to ride up the mountain before dark. He hesitated now, and glanced toward the gray little cabin, with its background of a roseate sky and an amethystine mountain. The evening star glittered in the haze above. A flutter among the vines, — a flitting blue dress, was it? How the grudging distance denied him!

"Ax me agin!" he exclaimed, letting his hand fall heavily on his host's arm. And so they strolled toward the cabin together.

Clement Sanders, moodily loitering along the river bank, followed them with anxious eyes.

"All them cussed critters a-waitin' on Marcellly! She'll take a notion ter some o' em, whilst I'm bein' lured by Satan. I reckon I ain't been doin' right; them kyerds hed a snare in 'em surely. I never won nuthin' sca'cely, nohow, an' it'll go powerful hard with me ter lose Marcellly at sech a game."

Everything spoke of approaching night. The long, low nocturnal susurrus of the woods was already on the air. A bat came noiselessly flitting past. The color was fading out of the west. A whip-poor-will plained in the dense

foliage hard by. A wind, willful wanderer, had sprung up somewhere, and was abroad in the slopes. The forge fire had not been kindled that day, and the ashes were gray on the hearth. He went within, despite some secret perturbation, and with the care characteristic of a good workman saw that all his tools were in place; he closed the doors, fastened the shutters, and betook himself homeward. He paused when he had nearly reached the cabin on the rise, and looked back. How lonely was the dark little shanty, with the looming mountain beetling above, — how far from any other building! Out of sight, indeed, when once over the hill, — out of sight and out of hearing. Anything might happen there.

The late moon came stealing into the broad, unclosed passage between the two rooms of his mother's house, before he had finished his supper. He looked at it from the dusky red glow of the room, but half illumined by the smouldering fire, as he sat at the pine table, and strove to answer his mother's chat, and to eat and drink with a normal appetite. The sheen was melancholy and white, and the leaves of the vines that it limned on the floor scarcely stirred. A bird — a wren, perhaps, some tiny, house-loving thing — had built in their midst; a colorless simulacrum of the circular nest, of the delicate shape within, the head and bill distinct, was on the puncheons. But presently she put her head beneath her wing, and then one might hardly have distinguished amidst the tracery of the shadows the nest from a leaf of the gourd vines or from the globular fruit itself. When he strode up the ladder, presently, to the roof-room, he found the moon there, too, in the homely and solitary place. The glittering square of the tiny window lay on the floor; a soft irradiation from it seemed to enrich the narrow, tent-like space. He noted the glimmer on the white boughs of a gigantic poplar hard

by, and the pendent trailing branches of the beech. It was very still without: no dog barked, no foot stirred, — only the insistent cry of the cicada; he could even hear the sylvan chant of the stream as it hied down the mountain-side, in the lonely splendors of the night. "Seems ef they war laffin' an' talkin' at Strobe's, I mought hear 'em hyar," he said. He longed to join them, and yet he doubted. He was in no mood for company. "I be ez mum ez a dumb one," he said. "I don't want ter set thar tongue-tied, an' let them fellers show off talkin'." And still he doubted. Mental perturbation wrought upon his resources as toil could not. He sank down in a chair, and bent his head upon his hand, while he cogitated.

Suddenly, the moon had changed in the sky. The trees without caught the light from another quarter. He had slept for hours. He sprang to his numb feet, and bent down to the tiny aperture to look out. The next moment his heart seemed to stand still.

Out of sight had he thought the forge? He had not reckoned on the elevation of the roof-room window of the cabin on the rise. Far along the broad moonlit vista between the mountain and the cliffs of the gorge, he saw the dark little building, with the looming heights above; and could it be that here and there lines of red light gleamed through its ill-chinked walls? And did he hear, or did he fancy, vibrating in the midnight, the clink-clank of the hammer and the sledge, the sound he knew so well? For one instant the strongest feeling within him was the instinct of an outraged proprietor. And in that instant he reached out of the window, seized the shining beech boughs so close at hand, and swung down to the ground, having paused only to slip into his long boot-leg a "shootin' iron" for the intimidation of the unknown trespasser. He was on his feet and in the road before he remembered that strange, white-faced identity of his lurk-

ing about the forge and opening the shutter to look in upon its hilarious image. Not the first time had It kindled the fires and wielded the hammer, he recollected with a chilly thrill. Had not the chance wayfarer noted the uncanny sounds of forging in the night, while he, the smith, was lying far away in a deep sleep?

He was advancing mechanically along the road. Suddenly he paused. He could not face It; he would not encounter Its gaze. What a frightful thing to stand and meet It! He fell to trembling, and with his sleeve wiped the cold drops from his brow. How dark the mountains gloomed! With what a sense of silence was the moon endowed! Pacing the woods in stately guise, like some fair maiden, lily-crowned, — hath any heard her step? And all at once he lifted his head to the sound of the forge, the clinking and the clanking of the hammer and the sledge. Regular, sonorous, unceasing, it was. "*He* oughter understand the biz'ness," he thought. And he rolled up his sleeve, and wondered if the pallid resemblance wielded an arm like that.

He had turned about to go home. And yet he paused in the way, looking back over his shoulder. The idea exerted a morbid fascination upon him. He hardly trusted his resolve; he knew that he was toying with a temptation; he expected to flee even when he advanced, as he turned once more and ran fleetly, deftly, down the road toward the place. What if he should meet It running too! Would It seem so horrible to him but for the thought of that solemn pallor, that stony stillness, on Its face? More than once he paused and turned, only to change about again, and run swiftly toward the forge. A new terror presently beset him as he neared the building. He could no longer flee; he could not turn his back upon the forge, for the ghastly fear of what might issue forth and pursue. Perhaps the familiar sounds

of the forging had unconsciously some bracing effect upon his nerves. He was near enough now to hear the anvil ring and ring. Once he fancied a word was spoken, and then only the crash of the sledge following the imperative clink of the hand-hammer; his practiced ear detected the difference in the vibrations when the smith smote the face of the anvil instead of the metal in process of forging, as a signal that the blows of the sledge should cease. "Jes' like me!" he thought; and like any other smith, he knew. The blows had quickened anew, and rang resonantly vibrant when he was close at hand. Now and again the heavy sighing of the bellows burst forth, and the light of the fanned fire flared through the chinking. He stole cautiously to the window, — the window he remembered, through which It had looked at him. His hand was upon the shutter when he caught his foot in a vine of the dense undergrowth, and came heavily to the ground, with a noisy thud and a commotion of dislodged stone and gravel rolling beneath his feet.

Instantly the place was dark and silent. He drew himself up, bruised and shaken, and ran limping around to the door. It was closed. He pulled it open, and the pale moonlight fell through the broad aperture, revealing the empty and dusky place. A few coals glowed slum-

berously beneath the sooty hood. He could not at once remember whether he had left fire here. He doubted his senses. Had he seen aught, heard aught? Stay! the anvil, telltale, was still softly ringing, ringing, — fine and faint metallic tones. He could hardly have said why this obedience to natural laws should have shaken his superstition, but with the conviction that the intrusion was of human origin, he ran out into the night, and roused the echoes with his wild halloo. How they tossed the word to and fro! How they hailed the further steeps, and how the savage heights replied! And when he had listened until all had sunk to silence, a far and faint "Halloo!" from the vague upper air startled him with a chill tremor. He suddenly began to reflect that he had found both door and shutter closed, and this place, sounding and alight one moment, dark and silent and empty the next. As to the fire, he trembled to think where it might have been kindled. And the anvil, — would it not ring if that pallid simulacrum of a smith should smite it? With these thoughts he betook himself home, leaving the forge silent and dark behind him, although he often sought with a fearful fancy to think it alight once more, and to hear the ring of the anvil or the melancholy sighing of the bellows.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

EURIPIDES first "received a chorus" — that is, was chosen as one of three contending poets, each of whom was to present a trio of dramas at the festival of Dionysos — in 455 B. C. His literary activity continued until his death, in 406. Though eighteen of his works survive, while the two elder dramatists are represented by but seven extant plays each,

yet, if we permit our thoughts to linger over the wealth we have lost, the scattered remnants which we still possess will seem, in the case of Euripides as in so many others, to be but the chance drift from the wreck, cast in mockery at our feet by the tide whose waves are years.

The earliest drama of our poet now remaining carries us back only to the

year 438. It is the *Alkestis*, which was but the light after-piece appended to the graver tragic trilogy. The group of dramas of which the *Medea* alone has been transmitted to us was presented in 431, and "won third prize;" that is, was adjudged inferior to the trilogies of both the rival poets, Euphorion and Sophocles. The *Hippolytos* was performed in 428. No other of the eighteen extant plays can be referred positively, or even with probability, to so early a date, and these three are therefore naturally grouped together as our only specimens of Euripides' earlier art; though even these are by no means essays of a 'prentice hand.

Nevertheless, it was only after long hesitation that the *Medea* was selected as the subject for this third Euripidean study. The legend is a peculiarly painful and harrowing one; perhaps more so to us than to the original Athenian auditors. We fancy that children, as individual existences, are nearer and more precious to us than they were to the ancients, who seem to have valued their offspring, after all, mainly as the means for perpetuating the unbroken life of the family. Moreover, it is well known, at least within the walls of Alma Mater, that a complete translation, most brilliant and poetic in character, of this, among other Euripidean dramas, will doubtless soon appear. The translator is an eminent young Greek scholar, whose versions from our poet have for years been a source of enjoyment to his pupils and his friends.

But apart from the natural desire to complete a definitely limited task, the *Medea* has another, and on the whole irresistible, attraction for us. It illustrates, probably better than any other play of our author, certain characteristics regularly found in good Greek work, which are rightly regarded as indispensable to any truly artistic creation.

No sensible man desires a resuscitation of Greek forms and Greek subjects

in dramatic art, any more than in architecture and sculpture. We are the children of our own age and land, and no work of our hands or of our imagination can have real value and vitality which is not the expression of our own experience, of our own aspiration. But there are some canons of art which are necessarily true everywhere and always, whose observance does not destroy our liberty, whose neglect is fatal to every attempt at the creation of the beautiful. The artist who refuses to study the methods by which success has been attained among other races and under different conditions is as short-sighted as the statesman who disdains all lessons drawn from the history of other nations, on the ground that our own country must work out a wholly independent science of political economy, suited to our unique circumstances.

Lessing, in his essay entitled *Laocoön*, finds that the essential peculiarity of a picture or a statue is its changelessness; its power to represent one instant of an action, and only that one. The artist may therefore add any number of accessory details, provided the eye, unaided by explanation, can readily perceive their connection with the central object of interest. The one absolute requirement is unity.

A literary masterpiece, on the other hand, says the great German critic, can be read only line by line. It is therefore worse than useless to attempt, in verse or artistic prose, to describe the various features of a landscape, — or a woman, — or the complicated details of any object, because the memory will not retain the successive impressions so perfectly as to form that complete mental picture which the poet desires to present. The one essential of a poem, then, he concludes, is progress, movement.

We cannot but feel how much of truth there is in all this. Every one remembers skipping the wearisome attempts to

draw word-pictures of natural scenery in particular, whether in narrative verse or prose romance. The only striking exception we recall from our own boyhood is the first canto of the *Lady of the Lake*. Every imaginative child enjoys that: partly, indeed, because his interest is so strongly aroused to know the fate, first of the stag, and then of the huntsman; but largely also for the very reason that the reader seems to be himself kept in rapid motion, either pursuing the deer over mountain, plain, and river, or following with the weary knight the devious course of the ever-widening stream. Even the description of the mountain which bars the wanderer's way is so managed that our own vision rises lightly with the poet's lines, higher and higher, from

The primrose pale and violet flower

that nestle in the dells to where, upon the topmost ridge, the pine waves against the blue sky. Yes, it is most true that in reading or hearing a poem we require constant movement and action.

But is there not another side, even to a truth so important? We read the poem or the romance once: once, at any rate, with eagerness and suspense as to its plot. But if it appeals strongly to our imagination, it remains with us forever, as a picture in the long gallery of memory. The expression is too literally true to be called a figurative one.

Take the most thoroughly American romance of our greatest artist in prose. What is the *Scarlet Letter* to each one of us, as we pause to recall it at this moment? A picture, or at most two pictures. At first we see Hester, with her infant on her arm, alone upon the shameful scaffold, of which her imperial beauty makes a pedestal. The grim elders, the gray-haired witch-wives, the Puritan youths and maidens, the jeering children below, are but as the illustrative frieze wherewith the sculptor adorns the block on which his figures stand. The years

and occurrences which then intervene we can only recall vaguely, as adding slowly a clearer meaning to that scene, until at the last we see Hester once more, the centre of a group which completes and fully explains the first picture; for now she stands between her guilty lover and her husband, who has been wronged so deeply and has so deeply sinned. Only Pearl's childish figure reminds us distinctly that years have elapsed during the progress of the simple narrative.

But it may be said that we have here selected an example where the author's own treatment of his subject chanced to fall in with our theory. Let us turn, then, to the far more ambitious and elaborate Florentine romance of George Eliot. What do we perfectly remember, or care to remember, but the Madonna-like figure of Romola herself, with the others most closely associated with hers? On the one side her blind old father, on the other the darkly beautiful face of the weak-souled Greek, while Tessa and the children nestle under her protecting arm. Little more, save perchance the despairing eyes and clenched hands of old Baldassarre. Even the carefully wrought figure of the great preacher fades gradually away into the wide historic background of our picture, because the romancer has not succeeded in connecting him inseparably with the fortunes of Romola.

We may venture, then, to use some of the same expressions in describing a good drama which would be applicable to a noble piece of sculpture or a great painting. For each, we may insist on unity of action, simplicity in design, complete subordination of every detail to the general effect.

Such canons we do not fear to apply to the myriad-minded one himself. Let us look at any Shakespearean drama; for example, *Othello*. The sole subject is the jealousy of the Moor. Not a character, a scene, a line, exists for any other purpose than to illustrate this terrible

passion. The plot could not be simpler. The incidents are in themselves trifles light as air. The drama is but the fierce current of Othello's suspicions, as it hurries him on to murder and self-destruction. When Edwin Booth throws all his genius into a purely subordinate part, while the character of the high-hearted Moor himself, stripped of half its lines, is assigned to some dull, aimless declaimer, what an unmeaning string of scenes does the drama appear to us, and how unmoved do we leave the theatre! But when Salvini fuses the force of his mighty personality with the heroic nature of Othello, then it matters not whether his words are familiar or meaningless to us. We have no strength to criticise or even to resist. We are carried along helpless in the rushing stream of action. This is tragedy indeed, purifying, through the terror and pity it excites, the emotions of men.

This unity and simplicity of plot, this subordination of details to heighten the general effect, the *Medea* possesses in a remarkable degree, as even our poet's severest critics generally concede. Moreover, the dramatist, alone among literary artists, since he appeals to eye as well as ear, has the power to illustrate the harmony of his design by the grouping of the actual figures upon the stage. Such an intention is clearly indicated by the text of several among the most faultless classical dramas still existing. Three in particular will occur at once to every student's mind, wherein the chief figure occupies during the whole action, or through most of the scenes, a position which may well have reminded the Athenians of the central figure in a temple pediment, such as the Apollo upon the Olympian sanctuary of Zeus. The tragedies we have in mind are the *Prometheus Bound*, the *Oedipus Coloneus*, and the *Medea*.

A prime requisite for a drama of this kind is a strong principal character, upon whom may be concentrated the chief in-

terest of the plot. Such a personage is, in the present play, the terrible barbarian princess, who murders her sons to punish her husband's faithlessness.

This tale Euripides did not invent, nor is it probable that he added or suppressed any important feature in the legend which had been handed down to his time. His skill is chiefly shown in so leading up to the catastrophe, so clearly revealing the feelings and motives of the injured wife, that we, at any rate, comprehend her action; while our sympathy for her wrongs and sufferings is at least so great that we are the more deeply moved by her awful crime. Of course neither poet nor auditor can be in real sympathy with *Medea*; and though so much genius is employed in the effort to make her deed intelligible and credible, yet the dramatist would no doubt assent, as *Medea* herself apparently does, to the declaration of Jason, near the close of the play:—

“No Grecian woman ever could have done
This deed.”

For such a drama of uncontrollable passion, the artist naturally sought his characters, not among the generation made familiar to us by the Homeric poems, but in that earlier age of mightier men and women, when the monsters were slain, the robbers quelled, and the land made habitable for mankind,—the time of *Heracles*, of *Theseus*, and of *Jason*. For we think it quite clear that the genius of Homer, or of the Homeric school, has unduly glorified in our eyes a race of men who by no means belong to the golden age of Greek mythology. Despite the haughty retort of *Sthenelos*,—

“Surely we claim to men who are mightier
far than the fathers,”—

the poet of the *Iliad* himself is in evident agreement with *Nestor*, who laments,—

“Never such men have I seen, nor shall I here-
after behold them,”

as those among whom his youth was

spent, two generations before. Homer is quite aware that Heracles sacked, almost single-handed, the city before which Agamemnon's host has lingered for ten weary years.¹

At any rate, all three of these earlier dramas of Euripides draw their subject-matter from that earlier time. Heracles will be remembered as the hero of the *Alkestis*. Theseus is an essential character of the *Hippolytos*, and Jason plays a part, but a most unheroic part, in the *Medea*.

Of course we have not space to relate the entire legend of Jason and Medea. Any one who is not familiar with William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason* is to be congratulated on the hours of enjoyment yet in store for him. Perhaps a comparison of Morris's poem with the equally delightful *Helen of Troy*, by Andrew Lang, may serve to test the truth of our assertion that the quest of the Golden Fleece, rather than the war against Ilium, was the true culmination of Greek mythical heroism, and better deserved a Homer to sing its glories.

After performing the labors imposed upon him and securing the Fleece, through Medea's aid, Jason escaped with her from her father's realm, and after many adventures reached in safety his old Thessalian home in Iolcos. Here Medea persuaded the daughters of Jason's enemy, King Pelias, to kill their aged father, and boil his body in a caldron; promising to restore him, by her incantations, to life and youth. For this crime, Jason, Medea, and their two sons have been driven into exile, and have taken refuge in Corinth. Here Jason has found favor in the eyes of the royal family, and has accepted the opportunity

to wed Glaukè, daughter of the monarch Creon. His connection with the barbarian Medea would not be regarded by Greeks as a legal bond, and it is not intimated that he has gone through any form of divorcing her. At this point the play opens.

This Corinthian legend of a Medea who murders her children has no original connection, we are told, with the tale of the sorceress in the far Orient or Occident, who aids the Argonauts to secure the Golden Fleece. They are two distinct examples of the sun-myth, or rather, in this case of the moon-myth. Our interest, however, is limited to the legend as tradition brought it down to the age of the dramatists; and Euripides certainly had as little conception of a dual Medea as he had of the origin of all the legends of his ancestors in the red clouds of sunset. We intend no disrespect to this meteorological explanation of all our favorite tales, but we do not wish to keep it in mind while listening to a Greek play. We acknowledge that Medea, sprung from Helios, was evidently in the beginning a parable of the moon; but to Euripides she was a most real woman, and he would no more have thought of explaining her story away as a fanciful description of natural phenomena than of applying the same method of analysis to *Aspasia* and *Xantippe*.

The whole action of the play occurs before the house in Corinth occupied by the deserted Medea and her sons, Jason having already taken up his abode in the royal palace. The prologue opens, with the appearance of the nurse, lamenting the mistress' wrongs. This character bears a close resemblance to

¹ The remark attributed to Aischylos, that his own dramas were but "fragments from the great banquet of Homer," hardly seems authentic, since it is difficult to find any sense in which it is strikingly true, even if we remember how wide a cycle of poems he may have ascribed to the Homeric name. Only a single extant Greek play, of disputed authorship, the

Rhesos, is identical in action with any part of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. With the exception of Agamemnon's immediate family, few of the generation who saw the fall of Ilium are favorite subjects of Attic tragedy; and the reason we believe to be, that it was not the age of individual prowess.

the loquacious confidante of Phaidra, in the Hippolytos, but, like all the minor characters in this drama, is almost entirely overshadowed by her imperious and passionate mistress. Into this monologue a clear account of the position of affairs at the moment is skillfully and naturally interwoven.

PROLOGUE.

Nurse (coming forth from Medea's house).

Ah, would that Argo's hull had fitted not
Toward Colchis through the dusky Smiting
Rocks,

Nor ever fallen in Pelion's dales the pine,
Axe-hewn, to furnish forth with oars the hands
Of valiant heroes, who for Pelias sought
The fleece of gold!

For then Medea, my queen,
Unto Iolkia's towns had never sailed,
Her heart with love for Jason quite distraught,
Nor, bidding Peliass' daughters slay their sire,
Had she to Corinth hither come to dwell
With spouse and children. Dear indeed was she
To those whose land in exile she approached.
With Jason too she dwelt in harmony.
The mightiest security is this,
When wife from husband does not hold aloof.

— Now all is enmity. Their love has waned.
For, leaving his own children and my queen,
Jason is wedded to a royal bride:
Has married Creon's child, who lords the land.
Medea, unhappy woman, so disgraced,
Proclaims his oaths, invokes that sacred pledge
His hand-clasp, calls the gods for witnesses
What recompense from Jason she receives.
Fasting she lies, and gives herself to grief,
Wasting away in tears the livelong time,
Since she has known her husband does her
wrong;

Nor lifts her eyes, nor raises from the ground
Her face, but like a rock or ocean wave
She hearkens, being chidden of her friends.
Except that sometimes bending her white neck,
She to herself laments her well-loved sire,
Her land, her home, which she betrayed to
come

With him who treats her now disdainfully.
Calamity has taught the wretched one
How well it is to have a fatherland.

Her sons she hates, nor gladly looks on them.
I fear her, lest she plot some desperate deed.
Her soul is violent, nor will she endure
To suffer wrong. I dread, who know her well
A fearful woman! Nor will he who strives
With her bear off with ease the victor's prize.

But lo, the children, ceasing from their play,
Approach, unconscious of their mother's woes.
Not prone to sorrow is the childish heart.

As in the Hippolytos we breathe the fresh air of forest and field, and hear the enthusiastic praise of hunting and all athletic sport, so in this drama the poet's imagination seems filled with the beauty and mystery of the sea. Allusions to the far and adventurous voyage of Medea, and especially to the Symplegades, or Smiting Rocks, through which the Argo barely passed uncrushed, recur again and again. Even the metaphors are almost invariably nautical.

The children are attended by the pedagogue, an old slave especially assigned to them, who accompanies them everywhere outside the house. He corresponds, in a certain way, to the aged servingman who follows Hippolytos; but it is noticeable that he has no good words for Jason. Instead of the dual arrangement of characters so noticeable in the Hippolytos, the undivided sympathy of the stage and the orchestra is with Medea, at least so long as she is only suffering wrong, not retaliating.

The two gray-haired slaves condole with one another over the sorrows of the house. The pedagogue reluctantly makes known that another heavy blow is about to fall upon the head of Medea:—

I heard it said, appearing not to hear,
Approaching where the old men play at
draughts,

As by Peirene's holy spring they sit,
That Creon, monarch of this land, intends
To drive Medea, with her children, forth
From Corinth. If the tale indeed be true
I know not, but would wish it were not so.

It is agreed that these tidings must be kept for the present from Medea's ears, and the nurse now requests the boys to enter the house; adding, however, to her fellow-servant,—

But do thou keep them, as thou mayst,
apart,
Nor bring them near their mother in her rage:
For I have already seen her glaring eye,
That boded harm to them. Nor will she cease,
I know full well, until she smites, from wrath;
But may she wreak it not on friends, but
foes!

The children and their protector are still lingering without, when suddenly the voice of Medea is distinctly heard within the house, bewailing her miseries, and calling for death to end them. The nurse now insists upon the children passing in, though she is in terror as to the result.

Ah! what will she do,
That imperious-hearted, implacable one
Whose soul has been smitten by sorrows!

Meanwhile, the boys have not succeeded in eluding their mother inside the house, and her shrill voice is again heard: —

Woe! Woe!

I have suffered in misery, suffered a wrong
That demands expiation! Ye children accurst!
May ye perish, who sprang from a mother abhorred,

May your sire and his house be extinguished!
Nurse (turning toward the house). Ah me!

Ah me! Thou'rt bitterly wronged,
But what share have the sons in the deed of their sire?

Why are they so detested? Ye children, alas!
I am grievously worried lest ye may be harmed.

The passions of monarchs are fearful indeed;
They are ever commanding, and rarely controlled:

Not easily do they relax their wrath.

It is better, in truth, among equals to live.
For myself, though it be not in lofty estate,
In security may I at least grow old.

For even the name moderation, when heard,
Outweighs, and in actual life it is found
Far better for men; but power in excess
Is never a blessing for mortals, but brings
A heavier sorrow, whenever a god

Is enraged, on the house in requital.

These last dozen lines may perhaps seem like a digression, and they were no doubt written with a rather inartistic purpose; namely, to win the good-will of the democratic audience. It must be said, too, that the poet here speaks in his own tones through the lips of the nurse. Still, the reflections are suitable to the occasion, quite orthodox, and indeed somewhat commonplace. They contain the moral which the ordinary Athenian might draw from almost any tragedy. Here the prologue ends.

The chorus is composed of Corinthian matrons, and their devotion to Medea

rather than to their own rulers is not explained. It is a curious coincidence, nothing more, that in every one of the three earlier Euripidean dramas which we possess, the chorus first appear expressing their sympathy for a languishing queen. The Parodos, or intermezzo occasioned by the entrance of the chorus, we desire to give in full, without interruption. The lyric portions alternate with bursts of excited recitative from the nurse and Medea, who is still unseen. The whole is well fitted to excite the feelings of the audience, and render them eager for the appearance of the maddened princess. As for the long passage about music, if the reader does not welcome it for its own sake, he may at least forgive the loquacity of the devoted old nurse, whose voice he will hear no more.

PARODOS.

Chorus (entering). *I have heard the voice,
I have heard the cry,*

*Of the wretched one,
Of the Colchian, nor is she gentle yet.
Speak to us, prithee, thou ancient dame.
Wails from within have I heard at the gate.
Joyless to me are the woes of your home,
Since it is grown so dear to me.*

Nurse. A home there is none, — that already is past!

For he has wedded a royal spouse,
The queen in her chamber is wasting away,
And in novise the words of one of her friends
May bring to her heart consolation!

Medea (within). Ah me!
Through my head may the heavenly lightning
dart!

What profit longer have I in life?

Alas! Alas! By death released,
May I flee an existence detested!

Chorus. *Hast thou heard, O Zeus, and earth
and sunlight,*

*Heard the sound of lamentation
Uttered by the wretched wife?*

Rash one, why does this insatiate

Passionate desire for wedlock

Hasten on the end of death?

This by no means shouldst thou pray for;

If thy husband

Holds a newer tie in honor,

Cherish not thy wrath at him.

Zeus shall be thy champion.

Do not waste away with wailing

For thy husband utterly.

Medea (within). O mightiest Themis and
Artemis queen,
See what I endure, though I bound unto me
By the strongest of oaths my accursed spouse !
May I some day behold both himself and his
bride,

Along with their palace, to nothingness ground,
Since they first ventured to do me wrong !

O father ! O city ! from which I fled,
Most shamefully slaying my brother !

Nurse. Hear ye what words she utters and
shouts,

Invoking Themis in prayer, and Zeus,
Who is counted the keeper of mortals' vows ?
It cannot be by a trifling deed

That the queen will sate her anger !

Chorus. Would that, issuing forth into our
presence,

*She would listen to the accents
Of the words that we would speak,
That her soul-devouring anger
And her frenzy might be banished.
Never to my friends in need
Shall my zeal, at least, be lacking.*

Prithee lead her

*From her habitation hither ;
Tell her, too, our loving words.
Hasten ! lest on those within
Evil fall : for overwhelming
Is the grief that now begins.*

Nurse. This will I do, yet fear I shall fail
To persuade my queen.

But gladly your thanks I will labor to win.
And yet, like a lioness over her whelps,
She glares at her servants, whenever each
one

Attempts to approach her, and utters a word.

In calling foolish and noway wise
The men of old thou wouldst not err,
Who composed their songs for occasions of
joy,

For festivals and for banquetings,
Those sounds that bring us delight in life ;

But never has one yet learned to assuage
With music and many-stringed song
The hateful griefs of men, whence spring
Death and disasters that ruin our homes.
And yet, 't were a gain indeed if men
By melody might be healed of these.
When the banquet is ready, why raise a vain
shout ?

For the feast of itself doth sate them then,
And brings enjoyment to mortals.

Chorus. Tearful was the cry I heard.
*She with shrill lament proclaims
Him who cruelly betrayed her.
Suffering wrong, she calls on Themis,
Child of Zeus, of oaths the guardian,
Who across to Hellas led her,
Through the strait impenetrable,
Over seas in darkness veiled.*

As the reader will have foreseen, the first episode opens with the appearance of Medea, for which the whole drama thus far has been preparing us. Henceforth she remains upon the stage through the greater part of the play, and leaves it at last upon an errand so terrible that our imagination can but follow her within. Her savage and masterful figure dominates the changing scene, and in the lyrical interludes she still remains before her gates, looking down in proud misery upon the chanting matrons, unresponsive to their sympathy, unmoved by their prayers.

Her long address to the chorus, when she now first comes forth, will alone convince any attentive reader that our poet thoroughly understands the thoughts and feelings of women.

Medea. . . . This troubleun foreseen befalling me

Has crushed my soul ; and since the grace of life

Is wholly lost, I long to perish, friends.

For he who was my all, — thou knowest well, —

My husband, is revealed most base of men.

Of all created things endowed with soul
And sense, we women are the wretchedest ;
Who, first, with overplus of gold must buy
Our lord, and take a master to ourselves.
. . . Entered on novel ways and customs, each
Must needs divine, if she has never learned,
How it is best to live with him she weds.
. . . A man, when vexed with those within his
home,

Goes forth, and frees his heart of weariness,
Betaking him to comrades, or a friend,
While we may look but to one single soul.

They say we live at home a life secure
From danger, while they struggle with the
spear !

A foolish thought ! I thrice would choose to
stand

Beside my shield ere once to bear a child.

— But the same words suit not myself and
thee.

Thou hast a city and a father's house,
A happy life, and dear companionship.
I, lonely, homeless, by my husband scorned,
From a barbarian land as booty led,
Have not a mother, brother, no, nor kin,
With whom to seek a haven from these ills.

This much I wish I may obtain from you :
If any means or plan by me be found

To avenge these wrongs on Jason, on the girl
He has wedded, and the sire who gave him
her,

Speak not! A woman else is full of fear,
Nor dares to look on violence and arms;
But if it chance her marriage-bed is wronged,
There is no soul more murderous than hers.

It is important to notice how craftily Medea has aroused, first the sympathy of the chorus as fellow-women, and then their pity, before making this request. The promise demanded is given hastily but unconditionally, and the immediate entrance of Creon cuts off further discussion. Medea has been too shrewd to avow to them her intention to bring about the death of Creon and his daughter. This pledge of silence must be held to account for the failure of the women to interfere at subsequent crises of the drama; or, rather, it is merely a plausible excuse for that inactivity, which seems to have been really made necessary by the traditional proprieties of the stage.

Creon, doubtless attended by his suite, comes to make known to Medea, and put into instant execution, the decree for her banishment, together with her children. He is evidently prepared for a violent scene. In answer to Medea's calm inquiry, he frankly declares that his action is prompted by dread of her.

Cunning art thou, and skilled in many harms,
Grieved for thy marriage-bed and husband lost.
I hear thou threatenest — so 't is told to me —
To punish bride and bridegroom, and myself
Who gave her. I will guard me ere I suffer.

At this crisis of her fate, Medea tries upon Creon himself all the cunning skill of which he has just avowed his fear. The merciless eyes fill with tears. With well-feigned humility she clasps his hand as a helpless suppliant. She even denies that she has any reason for ill-will toward Creon.

How hast thou wronged me? Thou hast
given thy child
To whom thou wouldst. My husband I detest!
(This concession is evidently forced from
her by the consciousness that her look

and tones still belie her pretense of goodwill to all mankind.)

But thou, methinks, in this hast acted well.

The king is clearly bewildered by this unexpected reception. At first he makes a firm resistance to her entreaties.

Thy words are soft to hear, but in thy soul
I fear me lest thou plottest harm for me;
So much the less I trust thee than before.
A choleric woman — and a man as well —
Is safer than a crafty, brooding one.
Nay, get thee gone at once, and speak no word,
For this is fixed; and by no arts shalt thou
Remain among us, since thou art my foe.

But she continues to beg for at least a respite of a single day,

That I may ponder whither we shall go,
And may secure resources for my sons,
Since now their sire for this has no concern.

Have pity on them! Thou art a father, too;
It is but natural thou shouldst be kind.

The king falls open-eyed into the snare, and against his avowed judgment grants the day's delay, which, as the auditors at once realize, is to be fatal to himself and his house.

By no means is my spirit tyrannous;
Much have I suffered through my gentleness:
And now I see my error, woman, yet
Thy wish is granted. But be thou forewarned:
If Phoibos' torch to-morrow see thy sons
And thee within the confines of this realm,
Thou diest!

As he turns to depart, we seem to see the look of contempt and hate which the wily sorceress sends after him. She at once casts aside all pretense of submission, and to the pitying words of the chorus, —

Pray, where wilt thou turn, or within what
land
Or home wilt thou seek for a refuge from ills?
For into impassable billows of woe
The divinity leads thee, Medea! —

she replies in tones of rising confidence, openly avowing all her murderous intent: —

Deemest thou I had ever fawned on him,
Had I not aught to gain, or shrewd device?
Else had I spoken not, nor clasped his hands.
But he is gone so far in foolishness,

That while he might have overthrown my plans,
Driving me from the land, he grants this day
For me to tarry, wherein of my foes
Three will I slay: the girl, her sire, my spouse.

Her plans are not, indeed, fully formed. She considers whether firebrand or sword be the most effectual weapon, but decides upon poisonous drugs. The next instant, however, she recollects that she has no place of refuge thereafter. A general confidence that a way will open seems never to leave her.

A little yet I'll wait,
If some safe stronghold may appear for us.
Then will I work their death with silent craft.

For by that power whom most I venerate,
And chose from all to help me work my will,
Hecate, dwelling in mine inmost shrine,
Not one of them shall vex me with his bliss.
Their marriage bitter will I make, and sad;
Bitter their kinship, and my banishment.
... Steal on to mischief! Now is courage
tried!

... Thou child of Helios' illustrious son,
Full wise art thou: and women ever are
Unprofitable unto noble deeds,
But craftiest contrivers of all harms!

The episode closes here, though Medea does not leave the stage.

The last three lines, call for especial remark. Our poet excels, as all concede, in the delineation of women, good and bad. His plays furnish us a long line of most noble and lovable female characters. His wicked women are almost invariably masterful, at least, and usually have redeeming virtues. Yet he has always been called a woman-hater. If the charge is based on such occasional slurs upon the sex as this, he may be defended, but only by accusing him of a fault which in the artist, if not in the man, is more serious still. We fear that a fling like the present one is little more than an unworthy employment of a stock jest to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

We have little cause for quarrel with either of the great tragic authors, on such grounds. The Odyssey gives what is probably a true picture of social con-

ditions among the ancestors of the historic Greeks. Woman is there the free and enlightened companion of man, hardly less than in the Boston of to-day. This state of things is, on the whole, fairly reflected in that delineation of the heroic foretime which was attempted by Aeschylus and his successors upon the tragic stage of the fifth century. Had the women of Periclean Athens occupied, or been worthy to occupy, the position held by the matrons and maids of the Homeric Ilium, Scheria, and Sparta, Athenian freedom might have lasted longer; certainly, Attic civilization would not have rotted at the core, as it did. But this beguiling subject leads us too far afield.

What we have to say of the first Stasimon is true in general of the lyric interludes throughout the play. They are suitable in sentiment and dignified in tone. They rarely supply anything essential to the action of the tragedy; but as they were doubtless rendered with a simple and fitting musical accompaniment which permitted the words to be distinctly heard, they may well have deepened the earnest impressions made by the drama proper, while affording a welcome relief from the close attention required during the dialogue.

The first pair of strophes declare that women need no longer bear the infamy of fickleness in love, since men are grown no less treacherous. The two closing stanzas we quote:

*Thou hast fled thy father's house in frenzy,
Sailing by the double sea-girt crags;
On the stranger's soil abidest,
Of thy marriage-bed bereft.
In dishonor art thou driven
From the land to exile forth.*

*Reverence for an oath is gone, and Honor,
Leaving mighty Hellas, flits on high.
Thou hast not a father's dwelling,
As a haven for thy woes;
And another mightier princess
Rises to oppose thy home.*

With the arrival of Jason the second episode begins. He enters, moralizing

gently on the harmfulness of uncontrolled anger, which has brought Medea to this sad pass, despite his unceasing efforts to save her!

I still have striven to allay the wrath
Of angry princes, wishing thee to stay.
Thou dost not cease from folly, uttering still
Evil of rulers: hence thy banishment.
Yet even so, I come, unwearying,
To aid my dear ones, taking thought for thee,
That ye may not go forth in poverty,
Nor lacking aught.

Medea pours out upon her dastardly husband all her fury and contempt:—

Thou'rt come to us,—thou'rt come, detested one?
Not boldness nor audacity is this,
To face the dear ones thou hast treated ill,
But—greatest of all evils among men—
'Tis shamelessness! Yet thou dost well to come.

I in reviling thee shall make more light
My heart, and, hearing, thou wilt suffer pain.

She reminds him in detail of the wonders she has worked to save his life and rid him of his foes, and continues:—

Thou, treated so by me, most base of men,
Winning a newer tie, betrayest me,
Though we had offspring. If no child were thine,
To seek this wedlock had been pardonable.

She taxes him with perjury; shows him how, through the crimes committed for his sake, she has no home or refuge anywhere; and closes with a most bitter taunt, apparently recalling former words of his:—

Envied of many women in Greece, forsooth,
Thou hast made me in return! A wonderful
And faithful spouse have I, alas, in thee,
If I must flee, an outcast from the land,
Alone and friendless, with my sons alone!

A fair reproach for the new-wedded one,
If I, who saved thy life, and thine own sons
Wander in poverty!

Why, Zeus, hast thou
Bestowed on men sure tests for spurious gold,
But on the human body is no stamp
Whereby to know the base among mankind?

But he who doubts that Jason, even in this sorry position, will make at least an ingenious and fluent defense little knows the resources of Euripidean soph-

istry. Perhaps the hero ought to have a hearing. With our poet, Kypris is a favorite name for Aphrodite.

And I—since thou dost raise so high my debt

To thee—think Kypris, on my venturesome voyage,

Alone of gods and mortals rescued me.

Thou hast a cunning wit: for me to tell

Would be presumptuous, how with his sure darts

Eros compelled thee to preserve my life.

Nor will I weigh this all too curiously.

Whatever aid thou renderedst, 't is not ill.

Yet in my safety greater good hast thou

Received than given, as I will explain.

And first, instead of a barbarian land,

Greece is thy home. Thou knowest righteousness,

Enjoying law instead of violence.

Perhaps at this point we may imagine that a satirical smile played over the face of the deserted mother of his children, for he hastens to strike a more effective note.

Now all the Greeks perceive that thou art wise,
And fame is thine. On earth's remotest bounds
If thou hadst dwelt, there were no thought of thee.

I would not wish for gold within my halls,
Nor sweeter gift of song than Orpheus' self,
Unless my lot might be illustrious.

Thus much of mine own efforts have I said;
And since thou railest at my royal marriage,
Herein I, first, will show that I was wise;
Then virtuous; last, most earnest in my love
To thee and to thy sons. Nay, pray be calm!

Medea, in her impatience, has evidently made a threatening gesture.

When I came hither from the Iolkian land,
Dragging with me full many desperate griefs,
What luckier treasure-trove could I have found
In exile than to wed a monarch's child?

Not wearied, as thou'rt vexed to think, of thee,
Nor struck with longing for another bride;
Nor for much offspring did I wish to strive,—
The sons I have suffice, I am content.

This most I sought: that we might live at ease,
And not in destitution, for I knew
How every friend deserts the impoverished man;

And that I worthily might rear my sons,
And might, begetting brothers for thy boys,
Bring them together and unite my race,
And so be blest.

. . . Have I counseled ill ?
 Thou wouldst not say so, had my marriage not
 Aggrieved thee : but ye women go so far
 As to deem all is well if wedlock be
 Assured ; but if mischance to that befall,
 The best and noblest actions ye account
 Most hostile. Would that mortals otherwh
 Might get them offspring, and there were no
 women ;
 For then there were no ills among mankind !

The plea, however ingenious, is so
 perverse and shameless that even the
 chorus, instead of the usual line or two
 of conciliatory commonplace, interpose
 their decided disapproval : —

Jason, thy arguments are ordered well ;
 Yet, though I err, to me thou dost appear,
 Betraying thy wife, to do an evil deed ;
 and Medea herself disdains to refute
 him in detail : —

One word shall lay thee low.
 Wert thou not base, first winning my consent,
 Thou shouldst have married ; not unknown to
 us.

As he repeats his claim of devotion to
 her best happiness, Medea utters the
 striking lines : —

A prosperous life that brings but pain, and
 bliss
 That gnaws my heart, I pray may not be
 mine !

Jason. Thus shouldst thou change thy
 prayer, and seem more wise :
 May blessings not appear as griefs to thee,
 Nor in good fortune deem thyself ill-starred.

Jason offers money for the journey, and
 tokens which will secure to the mother
 and children the hospitality of his guest-
 friends in other cities. These proffers
 are rejected, with a phrase that reminds
 us of Ophelia's words : —

Gifts of an evil man no blessing bring.

Jason makes final assertion of his good
 intentions, but is dismissed with a sneer
 and a threat.

Medea. Begone ! Desire for yon new-wed-
 ded girl
 Seizes thee, if thou lingerest forth from home.
 Ay, wed her ! Yet perchance, if the god wills,
 Thy wedlock thou 'lt be eager to disown.

The first two strophes of the second

Stasimon are a prayer for security from
 excessive or sinful passion. The third
 stanza we will quote : —

*O my native land, my home !
 May I not an exile be,
 Leading a most helpless life,
 Pitiable for its woes !
 Erst by death may I be quelled,
 Should I live to see that day ;
 Since there is no other worse disaster
 Than to be of fatherland bereft.*

The Stasimon closes with an earnest con-
 demnation of Jason's deeds.

Medea still remains upon the stage,
 and the third episode is chiefly taken up
 with an interview between her and
 Aigeus, king of Athens. This prince
 chances to pass, on his way from the
 Delphian oracle — which he has con-
 sulted in regard to his childlessness —
 to the court of his friend Pittheus, in
 Troizene. This purely accidental ar-
 rival of Aigeus has been often criticised ;
 and indeed the successive incidents of
 the plot should arise naturally, as it
 were inevitably, out of one another.
 To the audience, however, there was no
 shock of surprise, as Medea's plans evi-
 dently required that some place of ref-
 uge should open to her. Moreover, the
 Athenian audience surely knew that the
 traditional story made Medea escape to
 Attica, and the introduction of a national
 hero in so honorable a fashion would be
 likely to gratify their pride.

In order that the spectators may not
 be wearied by repetition, the state of
 things is made known to Aigeus by
 means of a conversation carried on in
 those alternating single-line speeches
 which are the despair of a translator.
 A few verses will suffice as an illustra-
 tion.

Medea. Ay ! we are unhonored who before
 were dear.

Aigeus. From passion, or through hatred of
 thyself ?

Med. A mighty passion ! Faithlessness in
 love.

Aig. Well lost is he, being, as thou say'st,
 so base.

Med. Creon from Corinth drives me exiled forth.

Aig. Jason permits it? This too I condemn.

Med. Nay, not in words; but he 'll be reconciled!

At this point Medea bursts into an appeal which would be hard indeed for any chivalrous monarch to resist: —

But by thy beard I do entreat of thee,
And at thy knees am I a suppliant.
Pity me! Pity me, the wretched one!
Do not look on while I go forth alone,
But in thy realm receive me, and thy halls.
So may thy wish for children be fulfilled
At the gods' hands, and happy mayst thou die.
Thou dost not know what boon thou here hast found:

Thy childlessness through me shall have an end;
Thou shalt beget thee sons. Such drugs I know!

Aigeus is quite ready to promise the exile a secure asylum whenever she reaches Attic soil, but objects to affording her any aid in Corinth, since it might be regarded as a hostile act against his ally Creon. When Medea asks him to swear a solemn oath that he will faithfully protect her, the king asks if she then distrusts him. Her reply is a model of conciliatory persistence: —

I trust thee. But the house of Pelias
And Creon are my foes. Yet, bound by oaths,
Thou wilt not let them hale me from thy land.
If thou but promisest, by gods unsworn,
Thou mightst befriend them, and their herald's words

Perchance might win thee; for my cause is weak;

Prosperity and royal homes are theirs.

He readily consents, and swears,

. . . By Earth, by Helios' holy power,
And all the gods,

to keep his plighted word. The Athenian ruler now leaves the stage, passing off to the left, as if returning to his own land, and the chorus speed his departure: —

May the son of Maia, the guide divine,
Escort thee homeward, and mayst thou win
That boon thou hast sought for and greatly desired;

For an upright man,
O Aigeus, to me thou appearest!

To the Athenian king Medea has given no hint of any retaliatory intentions on her own part. Already, however, her plans are fully matured, and they are now rehearsed by her, without reserve, to the matrons of the chorus: —

One of my servants will I send, to beg
Of Jason that he to my presence come;
And I will speak soft words when he arrives,
Saying his doings please me, and are well.
But I will beg my children may remain;
Not that I mean to leave on hostile soil
My sons, to be insulted by my foes,
But that by craft the princess I may slay.
For I will send the boys with gifts in hand
To give the bride, that they be not cast forth:
If she accepts and dons these ornaments,
She perishes, and whoso touches her;
With drugs so strong will I anoint the gifts.

But I will leave that tale no further told.
Even now I groan when I recall what deed
Must next be done: for I will slay my sons,
My own! and no one shall deliver them.
Thus utterly destroying Jason's race,
Fleeing my murdered sons will I go forth.
. . . Let no man think me indolent, or weak,
Or helpless, but of nature quite diverse;
Fierce to my foes, and gentle unto friends, —
For such men win most glory in their lives.

The last line, if compared with a previous utterance of Jason, seems to show that this passionate desire to be known of men, for good or ill, is common to both these lawless natures, who have wrought, or are bringing about, so much misery for each other.

The chorus, or rather the leader, cries out with unusual boldness: —

Since thou confidest thine intent to us,
For love of thee and by the laws of men,
I do forbid it, and arrest thy hand!

This courageous protest Medea puts aside calmly, with the remark that they have never suffered like herself. The prompt departure of her servant, to seek Jason, closes the episode.

The opening portion of the third Stasimon is an eulogy of Athens, suggested by the appearance and manly words of Aigeus. It contains some beautiful and famous lines: —

*Children of Erechtheus, blest of old,
Sons of holy gods,
Culling fruits of most illustrious wisdom
From unharried land,
Gently moving through the shining ether,
Where, as runs the tale,
Once the sacred nine Pierian muses
Fair Harmonia bore.*

But how, the chanting chorus ask, can the helpers in every virtuous deed, who dwell in the city of the holy rivers, whose land is the safe refuge of their friends, receive and harbor a mother stained with her children's blood? And so the song of praise to Athens glides naturally into an impassioned prayer to the queen to refrain at least from this most awful of crimes.

There is no hint of a response from Medea.

The fourth episode contains only the brief second interview of Medea with Jason. Her pretended penitence seems almost overdrawn, but is unhesitatingly accepted by him as sincere. Indeed, in this scene her husband is far more plastic in her hands than were Creon and Aigeus. She expresses regret that she has not heartily aided in bringing about his marriage, and thanks him for replying so gently to her wild reproaches. The children are summoned forth to greet their father. Medea says to them, —

Be reconciled, out of our former strife,
To loving kindness, as your mother is.
We are at peace, and wrath has passed away.

But as she leans over them to clasp their hands in Jason's, her self-control suddenly gives way altogether, and amid wild sobbing she utters words which seem to betray clearly her intention to murder the boys: —

Ah me! My misery!
When I bethink me of what yet is hid!

(meaning her own secret plans). Instantly, however, she realizes that both her utterance and her tears must be explained; and continues in such a strain that the former words now appear to

have applied mainly to the uncertainty of all mortal events: —

Will ye live long, my children, to extend
Your loving arms? Oh, wretched that I am,
How prone am I to tears and full of dread!
Ending at last my quarrel with your father,
Thus have I filled mine eyes with tender tears.

She fearlessly raises her face to meet Jason's, assured that the signs of real grief will now disarm all suspicion, instead of exciting it. A fearful woman, indeed! The father expresses the utmost confidence that his sons will soon be restored to a prosperous life with him in Corinth. To Medea's future lot he gives not a single thought, but something like suspicion rises within him, as her wild grief overpowers her once more.

Jason. But thou! Why dost thou stain
with gushing tears
Thine eyeballs, turning thy pale cheek aside,
And joyless dost receive these words from me?

Medea. 'Tis nothing. With the children
were my thoughts.

Jas. Be cheered, for I will order this aright.

Med. I will, nor do I doubt thy words; but
yet

Woman is feminine, and apt to tears.

Jas. Why dost thou mourn for them, unhappy one?

Med. I bore them. When thou pray'st for them to live,

The piteous thought came, if this should not be.

Recovering herself, Medea explains to Jason her plan to send the boys with gifts to the young bride, to win her intercession for their release from banishment. He consents, but is sure his own request will have far more weight with Glaukè than the presents. Indeed, his speech, when the magnificent robe and coronet are brought out for him to see, is the most manly word we hear him utter: —

Why, rash one, dost thou empty so thy
hands?

Dost think the royal house hath lack of robes,
Or yet of gold? Save this, and give it not.

For if my wife have any care for me,
That shall outweigh thy treasures, well I
know.

Jason departs first; then the boys,

who are enjoined to place the gifts in the princess' own hands.

The chorus perceive that the first of the train of disasters is now inevitable, and the Stasimon is a lament successively for the boys, the young bride, Jason, who unconsciously leads his sons upon an errand fatal to themselves as well as Glaukè, and lastly for the frenzied mother herself.

Meanwhile the children return from the palace, and the pedagogue, who as usual has attended them, briefly announces to Medea that the princess has joyfully accepted the gifts, and will intercede with her father that Jason's sons may remain in Corinth. Medea receives these words with a sharp cry of grief, as she realizes that her sons must now perish, in any case.

Pedagogue. This harmonizes not with my report!

Medea. Ah me!

Ped. Have I some evil tidings brought, Unknowing, missing thanks for happy news?

With more self-control than Cleopatra, his mistress responds:—

Thy news is but thy news. I blame not thee.

Without receiving any explanation, the pedagogue is sent within the house, and Medea, left alone with her sons, begins the famous monologue, in which she is swayed this way and that, until her thirst for revenge finally overmasters the love of offspring. The reader's imagination will easily enable him to see how thrilling the scene might be made by the genius of a great actor. Through it all, her words are carefully chosen, so that the boys themselves do not comprehend her intention.

My sons, my sons! Ye have a city indeed
And home wherein ye shall abide for aye,
Bereft of mother, leaving me forlorn!
I, exiled, to another country pass,
Ere I had joy in you and saw you blest,
Delighting in your wife and wedded bliss,
Holding aloft for you the marriage torch.
Accurst am I in my perversity!

In vain, O children, have I nurtured you!
In vain my labor, and my agony
When I the heavy pangs of travail bore!
High hopes were mine, alas! in other days,
That ye should be the prop of my old age,
And honorably care for me when dead,
That men should envy me.

But now is lost
That fancy sweet; for I, bereft of you,
Shall spend a sad existence, full of pain.
And you with loving eyes will watch no more
Your mother, passing to another life.
Ah me! Why do you gaze on me, my sons?
Why are ye smiling with that final smile?

Alas! What would I do! My courage fled,
O women, when I saw their beaming face!
I could not do it. Fare ye well, my plans
That were! My sons I will lead forth with me.
Why need I, but to grieve their father's heart
Through harm to them, have twofold harm
myself?

Nay, that I will not do. My plans, farewell!

And yet, what mood is this? Shall I be
mocked,

And leave unrecompensed mine enemies?
— It must be done! Fie on my cowardice!
That I should utter such faint-hearted words!

Enter the house, my sons; and whosoe'er
Must not be present at my sacrifice
Be on his guard! My hand shall weaken not!
Ah me! Ah me!

But prithee yet, my soul, do not the deed!
Release them, wretched one: thy offspring
spare
To live with us elsewhere, and give thee joy.

Nay, by the avengers in the world below,
This will I never do, to leave my sons
To be insulted by mine enemies.
'Tis quite fulfilled. There shall be no escape.
Even now the crown is on the princess' head,
And in her robe she is surely perishing.

But, — for I go a way most pitiful,
And send them forth by one yet more forlorn, —

I fain would greet my sons. My children, give,
Give to your mother your right hands to clasp.

O dearest hand, and head most dear to me!
O noble face and figure of my children!
May you be happy yonder! What is here
Your father robs from you. O gentle touch!
Ah me! my sons' soft flesh and breath most
sweet!

Begone! Begone! For I can look no more
Upon you, but by woes am overborne.
I realize what evil deeds I dare;
But mightier than my conscience is my pride,
The source of utmost ill to mortal men!

A pause in the action now occurs, after the children have entered the house, during which Medea is watching restlessly for a messenger from the royal palace. The interval must be occupied in some way by the chorus, but, possibly for the reason that a regular Stasimon or lyrical intermezzo would make the drama exceed the maximum of five episodes, the coryphæus, or leader of the chorus, recites instead an anapæstic monologue, in which is elaborated at great length the theme that children bring to mankind far more of sorrow and anxiety than of joy.

Medea probably pays no attention to these words, which indeed give us the impression of being directed avowedly toward the audience only, almost like the Parabasis of a comedy.

Medea. My friends, long since, awaiting the event,
I watch what tidings shall from yonder come.
Now one of Jason's followers I descrie
Approaching; and his heavy-laboring breath
Shows that he will announce some new mishap.

Messenger (entering). O ghastly deed, and lawlessly performed!

Begone, Medea! Begone, neglecting not
Thy ship, nor chariot traversing the land!

Med. What cause for exile is befallen me?

Mess. The royal bride has perished even now,
And Creon, who begat her, by thy drugs!

There is nothing but joy in Medea's tones now, as she hears that her rival is already destroyed.

Med. Most sweet the tale thou tellest! Of my friends
And benefactors shalt thou be henceforth.

The breathless messenger is amazed afresh at her reception of his tidings.

Mess. What say'st thou, woman? Art thou sane, not mad,
Thou who art not affrighted, but rejoiced
To hear the monarch's home is desolate?

But there is no fear, only exultation, in her heart. She even answers gently his rude words of surprise, so happy is her mood.

Med. Somewhat have I wherewith to make reply

Unto thy words; but pray be calm, good friend.

Tell how they died; for twice as much shalt thou

Delight me, if they perished miserably.

And forgetful for the moment of the awful deed she has yet to do, indifferent to the avengers of blood who may at any moment appear, she listens with delight to the long and distressing account of the fate which has befallen Jason's bride.

Such passages of prolonged narration are not acceptable in the modern drama, accustomed as we are to rapid action and realistic effect. The dialogue, however, of Attic tragedy would probably seem to us little more than a solemn and dignified recitation in costume, and even this speech of the messenger, ninety-five lines long, would not weary spectators who had doubtless often heard a large part of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, if not the entire poems, recited on a single day by the rhapsodes. In Sophocles' *Electra*, the death of Orestes is described at a length of eighty-six lines, although the audience have just seen him alive, and know that the tale is a mere invention to beguile Clytemnestra. Of course, to us, who only read the whole drama, the want of action on the stage is no real loss.

Medea is doubtless still the centre of attraction, and expresses by gestures her delight in the miseries she has caused. The messenger is one of her family-servants, who, sympathizing, like all the household, with Medea, and rejoicing at the happier prospect for the children, had followed them into the princess' rooms.

The lady whom now we honor in thy stead,
Ere yet thy pair of sons she had descried,
Fixt upon Jason kept her eager gaze.
But when they came indeed, she veiled her eyes,
And turned the other way her shining cheek,
Wroth at the entrance of the boys.

Thy lord
Strove to allay his young wife's wrath and ire,

Saying, "Be not unkindly toward thy friends,
But cease thine anger, turn again thy face,
Accounting dear e'en those thy husband loves.
Accept the presents, and beseech thy sire
To free these boys from exile, — for my sake."

She, seeing the ornaments, withstood him
not,

But did his will in all; and ere the sons
And father were far distant from her halls,
Taking the well-wrought robes, she put them
on,

Upon her ringlets set the golden crown,
And at a shining mirror dressed her hair,
Smiling upon her soulless counterfeit.

Then rose she from her seat and crossed the
room,

Daintily treading with her fair white feet,
Exulting in the gifts; and evermore,
On tiptoe rising, backward cast her eyes.

The realism and grace of this picture have always been admired; but the reader should study it closely for another reason. Glaukè has not been seen upon the stage, doubtless because her youthful beauty would have made Medea's crime seem utterly unendurable. She is now about to perish by an agonizing death, and, in order to intensify its horror by contrast, her girlish loveliness must be brought vividly before the hearer's imagination. But the dramatist was unwilling to increase our detestation of Medea by enlisting our deeper sympathies at all for the victim; and therefore, by a series of most delicate touches, Glaukè is made to appear so heartless, vain, and childish that in comparison with the faithful old servant, or even with the fatherly affection of Jason, she is to our thoughts as soulless and characterless as the mirrored image at which she smiles.

We follow William Morris's example in passing lightly over Glaukè's death. She is not, in this account, burned to ashes, as Morris describes, but lies, an unrecognizable corpse, smouldering and blood-stained, upon the pavement, when Creon enters her abode summoned by the panic-stricken servant-women. The firm lines with which the whole picture is drawn may be exemplified, quite suffi-

ciently for modern taste, in the briefer description of the old king's death: —

The wretched sire, who knew not her mishap,

Entering the palace, stumbled on the corpse.
At once he moaned aloud, and clasped her
form,

Kissed and addressed it thus: "Unhappy girl,
What god destroyed thee so disdainfully?

Who hath bereft an old man's tomb of thee?

Ah, would that I might perish with thee,
child!"

But when he ceased from moaning and
lament,

And fain would raise again his aged frame,
Like ivy to the laurel's boughs he clung
To her soft robes: and fearfully he strove;
But as he attempted to uplift his knees,
She held him back; and when too hard he
tugged,

Tore from the bones his venerable flesh.

At length he ceased to strive. His soul had
fled;

For he no more was mightier than his woe.

Together now they lie in death, the child
And aged sire, — a grief that cries for tears.

Medea stands unmoved and triumphant. To afford a moment's relief from action, the messenger concludes with a half dozen lines on the fallacious nature of all human happiness, — one of those commonplaces of which the Greeks seemingly never grew impatient, — and the chorus in response express sympathy for Glaukè, though they feel that Jason has deserved all he is to suffer.

Medea hereupon announces her intention to put her sons to death at once, lest delay should deliver them into "more unfriendly hands;" that is, of course, the hands of Creon's kinsfolk. She does not enter her home upon this errand without a final struggle with herself, in which the poet doubtless intends us to see that womanly feeling is not yet dead in her savage soul.

Be armed, my heart! Why do we hesitate
To work this dread, inevitable ill?

Come, my unhappy hand, seize thou the
sword, —

Seize it, and steal to life's grim racecourse
forth!

Weaken not, nor recall how thou didst bear
Thy children well beloved; but for this one

Brief day, at least, do thou forget thy sons,
And mourn them then; for though thou slay
them, yet
Dear are they, and a wretched woman I.

So she passes in, closing the fifth and
last episode.

The last Stasimon begins at once with
an impassioned prayer to Earth and
Helios to save these children of divine
race from death at human hands; a cu-
rious fancy of the poet, as it is through
Medea herself that the boys are de-
scended from the sun-god Helios. The
antistrophe seems an attempt to reach
the ears and soften the heart of the
murderess herself. In the place of a
third purely lyrical stanza is the follow-
ing passage:—

Chorus. *Dost thou hear the children's cry?
O thou wretched woman, evil-starred!*

Elder Boy (within). Alas! how may I flee
my mother's hands?

Younger Boy (within). I know not, dearest
brother; we are lost!

Cho. *Shall I enter in? Methinks I ought
From the children to avert their doom!*

Boys. Ay, aid us, by the gods, for there is
need!

To the sword's snares we are already near.

Cho. *Art thou rock or iron, wretch, who slayest
With thy hand the children thou hast borne?*

But the chorus certainly do not enter
the house, and there is no indication that
they make any attempt either to arrest
Medea's hand, or to summon aid. In-
stead, they merely sing the fourth stanza
of the Stasimon.¹ This contains mere-
ly an account of Ino, the only example
of a mother murdering her children of
which the Corinthian matrons have any
remembrance. We may remark in pass-
ing that in this play Euripides draws his
mythology largely from some unknown
source, this form of the Ino legend, as
well as the birth of the muses in Attica
from a mother Harmonia, being other-
wise quite unknown.

¹ This is, in metrical form, identical line for
line, as usual, with the third stanza, which we
have just quoted. We say sing, since that is
the usual arrangement, but, as we have indi-

Jason now arrives in haste from the
palace, and his entrance is the begin-
ning of the Exodos, or final scene. His
first words give us the impression that
the matrons of the chorus have perhaps
left the orchestra and rushed upon the
stage, where they are probably standing
and listening near the door of Medea's
abode.

Jason. Ye women, who beside this dwelling
stand,

Is she within who wrought this fearful deed,
Medea, or has she escaped in flight?

For surely she must hide beneath the earth,
Or rise, a wingéd creature, toward deep
Heaven,

If she atone not to the royal house.

Does she, who slew the rulers of the land,
Trust to escape unpunished from this house?

But for my offspring, not for her, my care;

They shall do harm to her whom she has
wronged.

But I am come to save my children's life,
For fear the kinsmen should do aught to them,
Exacting vengeance for their mother's crime.

Chorus. Unhappy Jason, to what ills thou'rt
come

Thou know'st not, else thou hadst not spoken
so.

Jas. What is it? Does she wish to slay
me too?

Cho. Thy sons have perished by their mo-
ther's hand!

Jason is rendered almost frantic by
this second blow, and, learning from the
women that the murderess and her vic-
tims are within, he rushes madly at the
bolted gates, striving to break them down
with his hands, and shrieking to be ad-
mitted, that he may see his children's
bodies, and avenge their fate. But the
dramatist realizes that we have horrors
enough already. It is rather time to
calm somewhat the feelings excited by
the last scenes, before the close of the
play. Anything like reconciliation is im-
possible. The best means at his com-
mand is to remind us of Medea's divine
origin and superhuman resources, in a
manner which shall make her life with

cated, the four lines assigned to the children
are in the metre of the ordinary recitative, and
so, of course, are the corresponding lines of the
fourth stanza, or antistrophe.

Jason seem little more than the voluntary descent of the great goddesses from Olympus; as when Aphrodite deigns to dwell for a brief season on earth as the wife of a mortal man.

The voice of Medea is heard, and as Jason looks up he beholds her rising aloft upon a chariot drawn by griffins, her children's bodies lying beside her.

Why dost thou strive to move and force this gate,
Seeking the slain, and me who wrought the deed?

Cease from that toil. If thou hast need of me,
Speak what thou wilt. Thou shalt not touch me more.

This chariot has my grandsire Helios
Given me, to save me from my foemen's hand.
Jason assails her, nevertheless, fearlessly with the bitterest words, and shows to the end no consciousness of his own wrong-doing. Our sympathy is not drawn to him by his self-satisfied tone.

Thou hated woman! Most detestable
To gods, to me, and all the race of men!
. . . Accurst be thou! Now am I sane; not when

From thine abode and a barbarian land
I led thee to a Grecian home, thou wretch!
Betrayed of sire and land that nourished thee!
Thy line's avenger the gods cast on me!
Thy brother at the hearthstone thou hadst slain,

Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo's hull.

But these are crimes committed for his sake and with his full knowledge, for which he has professed in the past only gratitude and devotion.

Such thy beginnings! And when thou wert wed
With me, and children unto me hast borne,
In lustful jealousy thou murderest them.
No Grecian woman ever could have done
This deed: instead of whom I chose to wed
With thee, — a deadly and hostile tie for me!
A lioness, no woman, with a soul
More wild than Scylla the Tyrrhenian!

He breaks off, only because he feels his powerlessness to touch her heart, and bemoans his own hapless destiny, bereft at once of bride and sons. Medea disdains to justify herself against his reproaches, assured that Zeus knows fully

what she has done and suffered. She taunts him, however, mercilessly: —

'T was not for thee, dishonoring my bed,
To spend a joyous life and mock at me.
The royal girl, and Creon who made the match,

Were not to thrust me from the land in shame.
So call me, if thou wilt, a lioness,
And Scylla who dwelt in the Tyrrhenian land;
For I have wrung, as it deserved, thy heart.

The chariot is apparently slowly departing, while the wretched pair, in a dialogue of single-line speeches, still revile one another. But presently, in reply to Jason's demand, —

Leave me to bury and mourn for these my dead, —

Medea makes an announcement clearly intended to remind the auditors that what they see and hear is after all only an ancient legendary scene: —

Nay! But to Hera Acraia's holy close
I'll bear and with mine own hand bury them,
So that no foe may do them violence,
Breaking their sepulchres: and on this land
Of Sisyphe a solemn festival
And rites I enjoin hereafter for this crime.

But I am going to Erechtheus' land,
Where with Pandion's son, Aigeus, I'll dwell.
Thou, base one, basely, as is fit, shalt die,
Smitten upon the head by Argo's wreck.

The expiatory rites still performed in the poet's times at the shrine of Juno, in the neighbor-city, were no doubt well known to many Athenian citizens, and the reference to them is quite in character with the usage of Attic tragedy, though it is a little strange that their celebration is enjoined upon the Corinthians by the guilty shedder of blood herself.

A moment later Medea exclaims, —

Betake thee homeward, and bury thy spouse!
to which Jason replies, —

Of both my children bereft I go.

And from this point he doubtless stands as if just about to leave the scene, and return to the palace. The dialogue of recrimination goes on, however, twenty lines longer, and seem to us a rather

ineffective repetition, in varied form, of thoughts already sufficiently expressed. Jason finally utters an earnest appeal to Zeus to observe Medea's utter inhumanity in refusing to permit him even to touch his children's bodies and kiss their lips ; and exclaiming, —

I would that I ne'er had begotten my sons,

Thus slain by thee to behold them !

he apparently departs to bury his dead bride, while the chariot passes out of sight. The chorus close the drama, and doubtless also march out of the orchestra, chanting the lines which are familiar from their occurrence in nearly the same form at the close of five Euripidean tragedies : —

Many things Zeus in Olympus controls,

Much unforeseen the gods fulfill.

What men have expected comes not to pass,

For what we expect not a god finds way,

And so has it fared in this matter.

These verses are hardly appropriate here, as there has been no evident intervention of any deity, and the catastrophe is not an unexpected one, except perhaps to Jason. It has been distinctly foreseen by the servants, openly proclaimed by Medea ; and Creon also had a foreboding of evil to come.

Doubtless every earnest reader has already become conscious of the great lack in this play. There is a striking absence of noble character and lofty sentiment. The *Hippolytos* is preëminently a drama of unflinching courage. Phaidra and Hippolytos, foes in life and death though they be, are alike in choosing destruction in preference to dishonor. In the *Alkestis* self-sacrifice is made lovely, and cowardly selfishness contemptible, though we confess the poet does not himself seem to realize how pusillanimous a figure his *Admetos* is.

In this drama, guilt triumphant in Medea, and guilt punished but unrepentant in Jason, are almost alike abhorrent. To both of them fame seems equally precious, whether it be won by great

good or terrible evil wrought for other men. Sin is indeed made repugnant, but the sinners should have been brought nearer to our human sympathies, so that we might take deeply into our own hearts the lesson of their fall.

This lack of which we complain can perhaps best be felt by comparing the Medea with that other tragedy of murder inspired by jealousy, to which allusion has already been made. The error and the atonement of Othello have infinitely more moral significance and value to us, because we feel the warmest admiration and affection for the chivalrous soldier, the ardent lover, the devoted husband. As the last scene closes, our hearts tell us, Here is a man like unto, in much far nobler than, ourselves. Heaven guard us all from such temptation ! At Medea we shudder, and rejoice to see her at last lifted away from earth and out of full sisterhood with mortal women : but what wife or mother can feel she has learned the lesson which she would ever need to recall ?

It is perhaps not a satisfactory plea for the poet, but it is the simple truth, to reply that he probably used the legend just about as he found it. It is only justice to appreciate the skillful simplicity of the drama as he has given it shape, and the fitness of every part to its place. We regret extremely that our space has not permitted us to show this by a presentation of the entire text.

Noticeable also is the reverent tone of all allusions to the higher powers, even by the worst of the characters. The choral odes in particular breathe a spirit of earnest piety. The faithful devotion of the old house-servants, here as in many Euripidean plays, lightens the painful effect produced by the vileness of the more prominent figures.

We venture to question the soundness of one criticism made by the highest authority. The vengeance of Medea is said to be left incomplete, and perhaps ineffective, because the poet has over-

looked the obvious possibility that Jason may yet have offspring by a third wife. It seems to us that this view fails to give the proper significance to the closing scene. Medea is not merely successful in her plans. She is revealed as under especial divine protection, endowed with prophetic power, and with complete knowledge of Jason's fate. One of her merciless responses to his outcries of agony is : —

Lament not now! Await old age!

and the clear intention of the dramatist is that Jason lives only to prolong the

vengeance inflicted on him by this demoniac and superhuman savage, whom he wedded in madness and blindness, and whose might, though only now entirely revealed, was in fact resistless from the first.

It is true that in the earlier scenes Medea is not fully aware of her own power: but surely here every one will agree with the judgment of the poet, who has tried to paint the central figure of his tragedy as at least half woman, not all daemon.

It is for men and women, after all, that our sympathies can be enlisted.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE GIFTS OF THE FATES.

WHEN I was born, the Fates inscrutable,
Who do the will of Providence in men,
Came where I slept, and brought their awful gifts.

First leaned the Eldest over me, and said,
"This seed, my child, Desire-of-Truth is called.
I plant it in thee; with thy growth 't will grow,
And sweet and bitter shall its harvests be, —
Bitter, and sweet, and fleeting. It will bear
The plenteous apples of fecund Philosophy,
Red-cheeked and fair, but tainted at the core;
And from it thou shalt pluck the grapes of Art,
Which of themselves can never slake thy thirst;
And all the fruits of Science spring from it, —
Eat them thou shalt, with hunger unappeased.
But ever must thou wait the coming crop
To satisfy thy wants. This is my gift."
She paused, and sowed the seeming-tiny seed.

The second Sister, with the mien of one
Who mocks, pretending friendship, smiled, and said,
"Let my boon, little godson, make thee great!
Let it incite thee to excel, to soar
And sing above thy fellows!" And she blew
Ambition's orient bubble in my brain.

Then the third Sister, in whose haggard face
The wreck of beauty swam the waves of age,

Came to the cradle, looked at me, and stopped,
As one who bears irrevocable news
Delays a while to tell them. When she spoke,
A lover's pity trembled in her words :
"Life's youngest hope ! my benison to thee !
Pilgrim and waif, too soon the knowledge comes
That Earth is vast and lonely. For thy mate
A Woman's Image in thine inmost soul
Indelibly I cut ; nor Time, nor thou,
May blot it out or mar. It is thy lot
To wander through the world and seek a face
To match thy soul's presentment. By decree,
These eyes shall haunt thee when thou fathomest
The dark or purple eyes of half a race
Of women ; and distinctly from these lips,
Though Folly lure thee, and though Circe tempt,
A voice shall speak, — *My Lover, come away*, —
Till thou shalt turn and listen. Books and throngs,
The stress of circumstance and pride of power,
And the strong urge of emulous desire
To trample evil for another's good, —
These shall detain thee, but they may not keep.

"Thy baffled yearning haply may create
In casual friend the semblance of thy Love, —
A pitiful illusion ! Sad, like it
The shadowy counterpart thy restless mind
May conjure from his hopes, and designate
To be in fancy worshiped for the true, —
This lifeless changeling shall thy passion scorn.
Oft thou shalt feel, but vaguely guess the cause,
Amid the heat of spectral merriment,
Cold, sudden pangs, as for a world bereaved ;
Tears shalt thou shed, that thine estate, the Earth,
Is but a film ensphering emptiness,
Which lately seemed an empire, boundless, bright,
Where Hope may mate him with heroic deeds,
And splendid Enterprise may kindle Will
To glory, as the sunrise kindles ocean.
Nay, even in thy triumphs thou shalt grieve,
And sigh the cheapness of success that lifts
You nothing nearer her. Yet evermore,
Above the victory, beyond despair,
Her smile shall teach reproof, encouragement.

"At night, beneath the solemn stars and moon,
Thou shalt have inklings that thy Lady lives ;
In forests dim, across the sea's repose,
By vales of noon, near ever-youthful brooks,
Contented lakes, and islands slumberous,

And on the mountains which outspread their slopes
 To hoard the golden bounty of the sun,
 Thy heart shall cry, *She lives!* The birds shall sing
 Their hints of her; the flowers murmur, *Haste,*
But now our Sister passed; thou shalt believe
 The poets are her prophets; thou shalt start
 To hear her voice when violin or flute
 Wafts notes ineffable on Music's tide;
 And when dead Beauty looketh down on thee
 From out the fading Past, as angels shine
 Upon believers, through the Future's veil,
 Thou shalt exclaim, *'Tis she!* *The painter saw*
Or dreamed my Love! I may not rest! On! On!

"This, darling, is the destiny I grave
 Upon thine inmost soul. Thy quest shall be
 The pattern of this Image. Thou shalt search
 Through all the dark and open ways of life,
 Retreat, repose, despair prohibited;
 And often shalt thou think of Death itself
 As of a stream upon whose farther bank
 This Form, elusive, beautiful, and dear,
 Thou shalt pursue no more."

She softly kissed
 My lips, and then departed with her mates.
 The babe slept on, unconscious of his doom.

Paul Hermes.

MADAME NECKER.

Of the ladies who were the leaders in Parisian society when it was on the verge of the Revolution, no one arouses our interest more than Madame Necker. This Swiss girl, who became the wife of one of the foremost political characters in France, and the mother of one of the most famous of French women; who excited love in Gibbon when a girl, and a tender friendship in Buffon when a woman; who in a corrupt society kept her purity above suspicion, and amid Voltaireans and Encyclopædists never wavered in the faith of her forefathers; and who, after a brilliant career of almost thirty years in Paris, went back to

die among the Alps, where her childhood had been passed, was no commonplace character.

Suzanne Curchod was born in 1737, at Crassy, a little village in Switzerland. Her father was a Protestant clergyman, and her mother belonged to a good French family of Dauphiné, who had left their country to avoid religious persecution. Suzanne once sought to trace her pedigree to a noble source, and to find the plebeian-sounding Curchod assuming the more euphonious form of Curchodi. Such efforts were in vain, and she consoled herself at times by taking the name of her mother's family,

and bidding her friends address her as *Mademoiselle d'Albert de Nasse*. But though no mythical nobility could be discovered for her father's race, the Swiss clergyman possessed qualities more valuable to his posterity than a descent from robber chiefs or claims to extinct titles. He had the sturdy rectitude, the firm faith, the love for learning, the trust in God, that form the warp and woof of Swiss character of the best type. He was reared among the everlasting hills, and no less steadfastly than they he bore himself in life, performing with fidelity and contentment his duties as a humble parish priest.

The daughter of such a man was not only trained to faith and piety, but received an education far superior to that of most of the daughters of noble houses. Her parents had only moderate means, but they lived in a society where few were rich, and simple modes of life were adopted by all. The family of the clergyman would naturally have a social position equal to that of any in the community, and the charms and accomplishments of Suzanne Curchod made her an especial object of admiration. She had the fresh beauty of youth. It was observed by others, and she herself was not oblivious to it, — a fact which perhaps does not distinguish her from young girls of other nations. She has drawn her own portrait: "A face which announces youth and gayety; the complexion and hair of a blonde, with eyes blue, laughing, and soft; a nose small, but not ill turned; a mouth whose smile accompanies that of the eyes; a figure tall and well proportioned, but with a village air, and a certain brusqueness of movement rather than an enchanting elegance." Thus the village maiden described herself, recognizing, but not exaggerating, what was fair to see, and lamenting the lack of that elegance which had impressed her in the aristocratic and fashionably bred ladies with whom she had occasionally been thrown.

Her accomplishments and charms gained admirers both young and old. She wrote a letter in Latin to one of her father's friends, and he answered, praising her Ciceronian epistle, and admiring so great learning in one so fair. There are expressions in her letter not wholly Ciceronian in their turn, but one is not strict in criticising the Latinity of a pretty girl, whether she dwells by the shores of Lake Lemman, or walks the halls of Vassar. The young divines of the country discovered the charms of the parish of Crassy. Her father often exchanged his pulpit, and he found a plentiful supply of youths ready to expound the gospel to his parishioners, and enjoy the hospitality of the Curchod rectory. "You have admirers," writes an envious friend, "who, under pretense of preaching for your father, come to talk with you. You should drive them out with a broomstick." Suzanne did not deem it necessary to use the broom, and the divines still came; talked to her, whether love or theology who can say? and sent her poems, which are found among her papers, and which certainly treat of sentiment more than of doctrinal points.

But *Mademoiselle Curchod* carried her charms beyond the parish limits. Lausanne was near by, and at this beautiful place she was a frequent and an admired visitor. There, was an academy with learned professors and enthusiastic students, and a society influenced in its tone by such members. A young lady with laughing eyes, who could write Ciceronian epistles, naturally pleased both professors and students. A literary union or order was formed, of which she was chosen president. Its meetings were often held in a valley near Lausanne, by a spring which bubbled and prattled, while the youths and maidens talked poetry or nonsense. Each cavalier of the order wore the colors of the lady of his choice; and if he changed them, his conduct was tried before tri-

bunals deeply versed in the free-masonry of the heart and the laws of courts of love. But one of the rules of the society advised the members that fickleness was a useful quality, and they were not to seek a too heroic constancy. Essays and poems were read, and many of them dealt with subtle and perilous questions: Does mystery render love more delicious? Can friendship exist between man and woman like that between two men? Such matters were debated by the springs and fountains of Lausanne, and the fair young president listened to the curious speculations of ardent youths and pensive maidens, as she gazed on the waters of Lake Lemman, or at the glaciers of Mont Blanc. But her visits at Lausanne led to a more serious passion than had been excited by the young Levites who preached for her father, or the academicians who chose her as their president. In 1753, Gibbon was sent to Lausanne. He was then sixteen, but he had embraced the errors of papacy at Oxford, and his father hoped that the air of Switzerland would restore him to a pure Protestantism. Four years after his arrival he first met Suzanne Curchod. She has drawn her own portrait, and she has also drawn that of the youthful historian: "He has beautiful hair, a pretty hand, and the air of a person of quality. His expression is 'spirituel' and peculiar, and excites a constant interest. He knows the respect that one should pay to women, and he is polite without being familiar." "He dances poorly," she adds, but the picture shows that its subject had already found favor with the Swiss girl.

Gibbon has described the rise and fall of this passion in sentences as dignified and sonorous as those in which he told of the decline of the Roman Empire. In June, 1757, his journal has this entry: "I saw Mademoiselle Curchod. 'Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'" The love that begins with Latin quotations is often too classical to

become romantic. The scholastic passion of Gibbon lacked the fire and constancy of that of many who knew less of Roman inscriptions or Byzantine chronicles. Thus he proceeds in measured tones, in his account of this episode: "The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Suzanne Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. . . . In her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, the erudition, of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners. . . . She listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity, but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem." The passage quoted is as familiar as any in the *Decline and Fall*, but it is much less accurate. Gibbon excited a deep and passionate attachment in Mademoiselle Curchod, — an attachment such as one of his temperament could neither share nor understand. His conduct towards her was disingenuous at best, and her tranquillity and cheerfulness, to which he in part attributes his own cure, were reached only after years of neglect.

It was not strange that the youthful Gibbon should have proved attractive. He possessed both learning and wit.

His figure was not yet weighed down by the superabundant flesh that came with age. This young Englishman, the son of a wealthy father, with the manners that come from intercourse with the world, might excite both the admiration and the ambition of a girl situated like Mademoiselle Curchod. Gibbon at twenty had not attained to the epicurean repose of his later years. When older, he recognized how unfitting his character was the passion of love; and he confesses, "I am rather proud that I was once capable of such a pure and exalted sentiment." But even at twenty he wooed with a certain philosophic calmness; the sedate and meditative historian can be detected in the youth who would fain turn couplets, and exhale sentiment and sighs. In his letters written at this period, which have lately been exhumed from the archives at Coppet, there is much that savors of the *bel esprit*, and little that suggests the lover. Even in one where he asks how she can doubt his love and fidelity, he indulges in conceits, and signs himself her humble and most obedient servant. He wrote sonnets to his mistress, but they do not remind one of those of Petrarch. Still, the young couple, if not formally engaged, regarded themselves as pledged to one another. Mademoiselle Curchod's parents favored the match, but she refused to consent to a marriage without the approval of Gibbon's father, though in a moment of passion he had urged her to do so. In the next year he returned to England. From his memoirs it seems that his father's disapproval was soon ascertained, and one would think that when he had decided to obey as a son, he would not have left the virtuous heart, on which he justly claimed to have made an impression, in ignorance of such a resolution.

But for years he contented himself with sending no message to his lady-love, except a copy of his *Essay on Literature*. He cannot have supposed that he was forgotten, for after he had been

four years in England he sent a letter announcing, apparently as a recent event, the fact that his father had forbidden the match. The letter contains some attempt at the semblance of woe. "The decision is pronounced," he says. "My heart laments, but before my duty all else must be silent."

Even without such a declaration, Mademoiselle Curchod might have been convinced, by years of almost entire silence, that Gibbon had grown indifferent towards her; but the quiet life of a Swiss village, the lakes and mountains, which Byron justly chose for the birthplace of deep love, had kept her affection strong and fervent through years of absence, and it was not wholly overthrown even when she was thus openly discarded. In the next year Gibbon again visited Lausanne. In his memoirs of this period he makes no mention of Suzanne Curchod. She was, however, brought to his attention in a manner which he could not have forgotten, though he chose not to record it. Doubtless the more dignified, the more fitting, course for her would have been to have given no further heed to a recreant lover. But Suzanne was capable of a passionate strength of devotion, and she believed that she still possessed Gibbon's love; it was only the father's objections that had checked his suit. Among the dusty letters at Coppet are one or two which she wrote him at this visit, that touch the heart even now, though they tell of a love that has been dead for more than a century. "I blush for what I do," she says in one, "but for five years I have sacrificed myself to a chimæra. My mind is convinced of its error. Release a foolish heart, sign the avowal of your indifference, and the certainty will produce the tranquillity for which I sigh. You are the most despicable of men, if you refuse this act of frankness." At the bottom of this letter is a line in English, written afterwards, undoubtedly, which shows the suffering of the unhappy girl: "A thinking soul

is punishment enough, and every thought draws blood."

A clergyman named Moulton, who was all his life one of Mademoiselle Curchod's most constant friends, resolved to ask the great apostle of sentiment for assistance in this affair of the heart. Rousseau was his friend. He was then in Switzerland, and it was expected that Gibbon would visit him. Surely the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, who knew all the secrets of the passionate heart, could move this cold Englishman, and kindle in his faithless bosom the sentiments of Saint Preux. Rousseau answered the request very sensibly: "M. Gibbon is not the man for me, and I do not believe he is the man for Mademoiselle Curchod. He who does not feel her value is unworthy of her, but he who could feel it and abandon it is a man to be despised." Nevertheless, he agreed to lend his aid, but Gibbon did not visit him, and the creator of Julie had no opportunity to teach the historian lessons in love. Gibbon sent to Mademoiselle Curchod's letters a chilly and affected response, in which he said that it was better for both that the correspondence should cease; and when he happened to meet her at Ferney, he treated her with marked indifference. Her cure was at last effected. She sent one final letter, in which she expressed her opinion of his conduct in language as scathing as that of Junius. It was not to the real man, as she justly said, but to a fictitious creation of a romantic imagination, that she had sacrificed five years of her life, and the affection and the ideal were now laid in a common grave.

In the mean time Mademoiselle Curchod had lost her father, and in 1763 her mother died. She was left with very scanty means, and she gained her livelihood by teaching. Except for her friends, she would almost have suffered from need. Her misfortunes did not repel her Swiss admirers, and an advocate of Yverdon was especially zealous

in his devotion. Her circumstances seemed to demand that she should find shelter for herself, and her friends favored his suit. She was at last brought to give a half-consent, on condition that she should not be required to live at Yverdon with her husband more than a third of the time. The faithful and enamored advocate would perhaps have decided that a third of her society was better than none at all, when Suzanne was suddenly called to a very different life from that of a Swiss village, and one where a brilliant fate was in store for her.

Madame de Vermenoux, a widow of twenty-six, of some rank and wealth, met the young teacher, and was attracted by her beauty and accomplishments. The intimacy soon resulted in Mademoiselle Curchod's accepting an invitation to make her home in Paris, and in 1764, for the first time, she found herself in that city. She at once met M. Necker, who was also a Swiss, but was then a Parisian banker. He was only thirty-two, but had already acquired a large fortune, and he sought the hand of Madame de Vermenoux. Whether because his origin was too *bourgeois*, or because in other respects he failed to please, that lady declined his suit, and he met Mademoiselle Curchod just after he had suffered this reverse in love. Her attractions furnished an instant balm to his woe, and the affection which had been blighted by the lady of the house was at once revived by its new inmate.

Mademoiselle Curchod became not only a faithful, but an affectionate wife, and she lavished upon her husband a devotion which was almost excessive, if in such attachments there can be excess. But she seems to have accepted Necker as a lover more because such a marriage was, for her, a great and extraordinary piece of good fortune than from any especial interest which he excited. His somewhat cold character and reserved manners were not calculated

to charm at first sight a romantic young lady; his recent rejection by her friend and his immediate search of consolation might suggest the suspicion that the wealthy young banker had decided on matrimony, and was resolved to stay in the market until he found some one ready to accept his bid. On the other hand, the prospect of a brilliant social life at Paris, with almost unlimited wealth at her command, might well have dazzled a poor Swiss girl, who could look forward to nothing better than the career of a lady's attendant, or an insipid existence as the wife of an advocate of Yverdon. From her confidential letters to Moulton, one could almost charge Mademoiselle Curchod with a good deal of worldly planning for the capture of the young banker. "We must not flatter ourselves," she writes, discussing the possibility of Necker's becoming a suitor: "this matter will not succeed. If anything could decide him it would be your conduct. You seem inspired as to the character of this man, and I will not forget it." "I will follow your plan," she writes again, "but without a miracle I despair of success. If our brilliant chimæra vanishes, I will marry Correvon [the Yverdon advocate] the coming summer." The hope did not prove a chimæra, and immediately after his return from a visit to Geneva Necker proposed to Mademoiselle Curchod, and was accepted at once. The poor advocate of Yverdon wrote, complaining justly that she had kept him as a last resort, and encouraged hopes that had proved vain. However, he forgave her, and closed his letter by praying for blessings on herself, her husband, and her progeny.

With her marriage commenced a new and exciting life for Madame Necker. Her husband had attained a respectable position; he was rich, and his wife resolved that she would gather about her men who should make her salon as brilliant as the Parisian salons which were

already celebrated. By her own charms, by the luxuries and attractions that wealth can provide, by an unlimited hospitality, and by the assistance that struggling genius is often glad to receive from an opulent Mæcenas, she soon succeeded in her endeavor. Within two or three years the salon of Madame Necker did not yield in literary lustre to any other in Paris. The former president of the union of Lausanne now received the admiration and listened to the wit of men who were famous in the world.

Time and new circumstances soon change our feelings, and even soften our animosities. But two years after their final severance, we find Gibbon visiting his former lady-love, and affably received by her. The past, indeed, even though it is forgiven, is not forgotten. "She was very fond of me," Gibbon writes a friend, "and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper! Go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife! It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence."

Necker was too sensible a man to think that his wife needed to be watched, even when she was exposed to far more dangerous admirers than Gibbon, but there was no one as to whom he need have felt less concern than the former lover. Madame Necker could justly feel that the parts were now reversed, and that her position was by far the more conspicuous. In a letter she confesses her satisfaction that the man who had discarded her now appeared abashed, and very much impressed by the opulence he observed. She treated him with the frank cordiality which is far from being the greatest compliment that a woman can pay a man. Gibbon had already become fat, and he had not yet become famous; there was nothing to disturb M. Necker's peaceful and conjugal repose.

In truth, Gibbon was the last man in the world who would have desired to

disturb it. The slight emotion about the heart which he had experienced had long been calmed, and calmed forever. He and Madame Necker became in time good friends, and this friendship continued through life, sincere, tranquil, and unemotional. In her last letter to Gibbon, Mademoiselle Curchod had told him that some day he would regret the irreparable loss he had suffered in alienating a heart that had been too tender and too frank. She was wrong in her prophecy. He never regretted that his romance had soon ended, and it was better for both that it had. Marriage would have added nothing to Gibbon's happiness or his success. Few men have led a life so perfectly adapted to their tastes and their talents; few have had a better right to call themselves happy. To be free from sordid cares; to live by the shores of Lake Lemman; to have always before one beauties of sky and water, fertile valley and snow-clad mountain; to spend one's hours in the study of the great deeds and the great men of the days that are gone; to produce a work that the world will not willingly let die, linking to the history of the mightiest of earthly institutions in imperishable union one's own name and fame, — life can offer no better fate, man's lot can furnish no more perfect felicity.

While Madame Necker's training in many respects fitted her to be the mistress of a salon, she sometimes suffered from the want of the tact and exquisite urbanity that come from early and long intercourse with the world, and which have been marked characteristics of the best bred Frenchwomen. A certain brusqueness, a want of *finesse*, sometimes appeared in her conversation. She brought from Switzerland more steadfast views than were to be found in most of the social leaders of the day, and that perfection of easy conversation which suggests an opinion rather than asserts it, and softens oppo-

sition by a flavor of banter, she did not acquire. She was, however, a charming woman. The strength and earnestness of her convictions and the purity of her character added to the admiration which she excited, and a breath of rural freshness was not unwelcome in a Paris salon.

Though she gathered about her most of the leading writers of the day, at a time when religious unbelief was almost universal among them, Madame Necker was so firm in her own faith that she would allow no conversation on such subjects. "I like the philosophers," she said, "but I do not like their philosophy." Her rule was regarded, and Madame Necker's salon was probably the only one in Paris where the freest discussions upon all forms of religious belief did not constitute an important part of the conversation. Once, when Grimm was led on to advance some skeptical views, she burst into tears; and the courteous philosopher wrote her, apologizing for his indiscretion in talking on subjects which she thought should be kept sacred from discussion.

Madame Necker's relations with all the habitués of her salon were amicable; with some they were specially intimate. It was an era of friendship. We have little, now, of deep, tender, undying friendship between persons of different sexes. Such a thing, we are inclined to think, has gone out of existence. Men and women have not given up falling in love with one another, but the platonic attachments of the last century seem as strange to us as the customs of the Aztecs or the politics of the Blues and Greens. Madame Necker could count among those who were thus united to her in the bonds of amity some of the most famous men of the time. There must have been a great charm, a fund of just and tender sympathy, in the woman who excited a friendship, constant and yet respectful, in such different men as Buffon, Moulton, and Grimm, besides

the many others who, though less intimate, joined in a common admiration.

Buffon was perhaps the most illustrious, as he was the most fervent, of her admirers. He was already an old man when he met Madame Necker, and in the fullness of his fame, but his correspondence with her is a curious illustration of the man and the time. In these days of more exact science, the fame of Buffon's great *Natural History* has somewhat waned. We cannot forget that to describe an animal in eloquent and poetical language is one thing, and to know it, as Darwin knew it, is another. But in his own day Buffon was deemed a very mastodon of intellect. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" asked the Lord of Job. Buffon, according to the wit, would have answered, "I was there." Certainly he described with confidence cosmic schemes and animal kingdoms. He led a stately and solitary life; mingling little with the world, communing with nature, composing with dulcet charm of words his mighty volumes, and by his character and his life, as well as by his writings, impressing the imagination of men. The opinion which the world had of him, he also held of himself. In his letters to Madame Necker, he discusses, with a frankness that rises above ordinary vanity, the mottoes he wished to be placed on the monument erected to him. "Buffoni os insigne videns mirabere," he suggested. Or again, "With sublime intellect, into the mysteries of subdued nature penetrated Buffon," etc. But it was not for himself alone that he indited Latin verses. He sent them also to Madame Necker, and his letters overflow with laudatory adjectives, streams of sentiment, a very torrent of praise. "My noble, my sublime, my adorable friend, my guide and model! My days are consecrated to you. My friendship is a very fire of the soul, a joy free from trouble; not pleasure, but bliss." She visited him and tended him

in his last illness. "I find you charming in a moment when nothing else is charming," said the great naturalist, leaving the world as a courteous Frenchman should leave it, with a well-turned compliment upon his dying lips.

It was not with men alone, but with women, that Madame Necker's social life brought her in contact. Perhaps the friendships of the latter were not so fervent, but her attractions and her character gained her access, in time, not only to literary and political circles, but to places more difficult to penetrate, — the palaces of the old and exclusive aristocracy.

Such a woman as Madame Necker found herself sometimes embarrassed amid a society of which the morality was sadly relaxed. The marriage ties often bound but lightly; religious beliefs were discarded by many; sentiment and philosophy were feeble checks where moral restraints had lost their efficacy; the friendships of men, that could be innocent with a woman like Madame Necker, were full of peril for those whose self-control was less, and who acknowledged no divine law to which they were amenable. No curious inquiry was made into the private life of many, and some, whose rank was high, made little endeavor to conceal their disregard of social laws. "In France," said a cynical observer, "if one is wealthy and bears an illustrious name, all is forgotten; after a profligate youth, one can enjoy a respected age." Madame Necker bore herself with moderation, making no loud outcry against those whom society recognized, content to keep her own character unspotted from the world.

There is a certain tragic element in a society like this, full of charm and of unrest, unsettled and unsettling, nearing a revolution which was to sweep it away, and yet utterly unconscious of the doom that was at hand. There were to be found in it many who uttered rev-

olutionary ideas, but none who dreamed of the revolution that was soon to come. Like the fabled dolphin, its colors were brightest just before death. Not only over Frenchmen, but over foreigners who had once mingled in it, the social life of Paris exercised such a charm that to abandon it seemed an exile into dreary monotony. "I must leave the fairest place in the world," said the Neapolitan minister, when he was appointed viceroy of Sicily, "and that is the Place Vendôme." After Galiani, the witty abbé, was recalled to Naples, he poured out his woe in his letters to Madame Necker. "For two years," he writes, "I have not known what conversation is. . . . St. Thomas says that the angels can love without talking with one another. They are fortunate if they can find pleasure in that."

The salon of Madame Necker acquired new prominence from the extraordinary political career of her husband. He had not taken a conspicuous part in the literary society which gathered about his board. He was not a ready nor a brilliant talker; he was not interested in many of the questions which were debated by the savants and philosophers at his table; his manners were formal and reserved, and he often took little heed of their talk. His preoccupation and absent ways were familiar subjects for amusement to his guests, who were content to weary the husband, if they interested the wife. The treatment of which Gibbon complains was suffered by many others. M. Necker went off to his bed, and left his wife to listen to poets, wits, and philosophers to her heart's content.

But the pecuniary embarrassments of France constantly increased, and economical questions acquired an overshadowing importance. Necker was known from his career as a banker, and still more from some essays he had published on commercial topics, which had attained great success. Though he was a

citizen of Geneva, he was, in 1776, called by Louis XVI. to the office of director of the royal treasury, and was afterward made director-general of the finances. He was for five years the chief financial minister of France, and in that position he gained a European reputation and immense popularity among the French people. His writings increased that popularity, though they diminished the scanty favor in which he was held by the extreme royalist party. In an age of sentimentality, tears flowed easily. When Necker published his famous *Compte Rendu*, philosophers and bishops wrote that they wept as they read it. Apparently, half of France used its handkerchief, as it perused the report of the treasury. Its publication was added to the minister's offenses, and soon after Necker found his position so uncomfortable that he resigned his place. He did it with great regret, for he was an intensely ambitious man, and believed himself called to be the saviour of France in her distress. Expressions of sorrow at his retirement poured in from every quarter, but none, perhaps, were more felicitous than those of Gibbon. "The lot of your husband," he wrote Madame Necker, "is always enviable: his enemies respect him, Europe admires him, and you love him."

The salon of Madame Necker had now become the political centre of France. Necker himself was regarded as the head of the liberal party, which was constantly growing more urgent in its demand for reformation in the government. In the discussion of the questions and theories which now absorbed the attention of France, M. Necker naturally took an active part. But though her salon had increased in importance, Madame Necker may have regretted the days when Grimm and Galiani and Diderot were its chief ornaments, and when all the world was not occupied in talking about deficits and States-General.

Her health was somewhat impaired ; her beauty had in some degree faded ; she had reached the sad period when a woman finds that her ascendancy has begun to wane. Her daughter, the future Madame de Staël, was born in 1766, and when still young her wit and sprightliness attracted the attention of all. Such a girl soon passes from the control of a mother, and her unrestrained vivacity sometimes exceeded the prudent bounds which Madame Necker would gladly have drawn. To her father she was specially dear, and there is a certain subtle, unacknowledged, exquisite pain that at times fills the heart of a fond wife at the thought that even her child should hold a place in her husband's affection as near and dear as her own. Though M. Necker was not a demonstrative man, he had the deep, permanent emotions which are often found in such natures, and his tenderness for his wife never abated, even though it was not always proclaimed in words. But Madame Necker had a faculty for self-torture, and in moments of despondency she would fancy that her husband's heart was now absorbed by his ambitions, and that her own hold upon it had weakened. Such feelings were short-lived, and she herself recognized their injustice, but they threw occasional shadows over a life that was nearing its end.

The only child of a man who united great wealth with a conspicuous political position, might expect to marry brilliantly. An alliance was planned between Mademoiselle Necker and William Pitt ; a German prince did not think it beneath his dignity to ask for her hand ; but the Baron de Staël, the Swedish ambassador, was the fortunate man. The king of Sweden agreed that the baron should remain as ambassador at Paris, and should receive a liberal pension at his retirement. Necker bestowed on his daughter a dowry which was regarded as enormous, and in 1786 she was mar-

ried, and assumed the name which she was to render famous.

During the seven years which followed his first retirement from office, Necker employed much of his time in frequent publications. Not only did he discuss financial questions, but he wrote a treatise that was largely read, on *The Importance of Religious Belief*. He adhered to the faith of his wife, and in his zeal for reforming the state he did not join those who sought to destroy the church as a part of their task. His writings have long formed a portion of that stupendous literature which is of considerable value, and which no one reads. His style was but mediocre : like his person, it lacked ease and grace ; like his conversation, it was enlivened by no wit, and relieved by little variety. Historical students are the only ones on whom the duty now rests of reading his somewhat valuable, highly respectable, and wholly unentertaining works.

Madame Necker herself did some literary work, and after her death her husband published several volumes containing her miscellaneous writings. They reflect the purity and kindliness of her character, and portions of them possess a considerable degree of merit. But she had none of the literary genius of her daughter ; her style is often affected, and Madame Necker's writings do not, on the whole, add anything to the reputation which she gained by her life.

In 1788, Necker was again called to office, and he was made controller-general, amid universal applause. The discussion of his political career would not be in place in this article. If he had not been called to the office which he desired with a craving ambition, posterity might have thought him the man who could have saved France. Unfortunately for his fame, the opportunity was afforded him. In peaceful times, Necker would have been an upright, an economical, and a useful minister. But he was sadly misplaced when he had to

deal with a revolution, which he could neither stem nor direct. The crisis which stimulates a great man paralyzes a weak man. An upheaval which furnished an opportunity for a Mirabeau and a Napoleon rendered a man like Necker worse than useless. His return to office was greeted with the acclamations of all France. When in July, 1789, he received orders to retire forthwith, and privately took his way to Switzerland, the news was received with an outburst of reprobation from the Mediterranean to the Straits of Dover. Hardly two weeks had passed when he was summoned back to his office, recalled by Louis XVI., acting as the mouthpiece of the National Assembly and the whole people of France. His return was a triumphal progress, such as has been vouchsafed to few kings or victorious generals. Bonfires blazed from Basle to Paris; crowds lined all the roads to see the saviour of France return to his task; he was presented with addresses from almost every municipality in the kingdom, and these now make two enormous bundles in the archives of Coppet. But fifteen months later, and he left Paris, unchecked, unheeded, and unobserved; abandoning public office forever, struggling under a heavier burden than public hatred, — the weight of popular indifference and contempt.

Madame Necker played a less conspicuous part in these last years. When revolutions were seething, the time for salons was past. Philosophers had yielded the field to patriots, and instead of savants debating was a people singing the "*Ça ira*." The Neckers were active in charities at a time when private

charities were rare. Madame Necker gave great attention to the foundation of a hospital which still bears her name, and introduced into its management reforms which, though familiar now, were almost unknown then. The amelioration of prisons was another work in which the action of Necker, when in office, was guided by the zeal and good judgment of his wife. Her interest in such labors continued to the last, and in her benevolence towards the poor and suffering she excelled most of her own age, and anticipated the charitable activity which is so widespread in this century, and was so rare in the last.

The years spent at Coppet, after Necker's final retirement, were clouded by personal and public misfortunes. He was disappointed in his ambitions, and distressed by the anarchy that had spread over France. Madame Necker felt the end drawing near, and was unable to shake off the terrible fascination of approaching death. She arranged with gloomy minuteness the details of her funeral and the disposition of her remains. She had been faithful to her husband in life, and she besought him that in death they might not be separated. "I fear death," she said to him, "for I love life with you." She died on May 6, 1794, when she was but fifty-seven. Three months before, Gibbon, with whom her lot had been so long and strangely associated, had also passed away.

Her last wishes were respected, and in a tomb closed to the world, and concealed by the trees that have grown about it, her ashes rest with those of her husband and her daughter.

James Breck Perkins.

NO SONGS IN WINTER.

THE sky is gray as gray may be,
There is no bird on wing or bough,
There is no leaf on vine or tree.

In the Neponset marshes now
Willow-stems, rosy in the wind,
Shiver with hidden sense of snow.

So too 'tis winter in my mind,
No light-winged fancy comes and stays:
A season churlish and unkind.

Slow creep the hours, slow creep the days,
The black ink crusts upon the pen —
Just wait till bluebirds, wrens, and jays
And golden orioles come again!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE MARRIAGE CELEBRATION IN EUROPE.

IN the United States, few social questions have in recent years caused more anxiety and elicited more discussion than that of the family. The prominent and startling fact has been the rapid increase of divorce; and it is to the investigation of its cause, and to the discovery of means of checking it, that this discussion has been chiefly directed. But the integrity of the family is dependent no less upon its legal inception than upon its legal termination, — upon the celebration of marriage than upon divorce; and to the former very little of our attention has been given. "The law makes clear and full provision for contracts affecting the sale of houses and lands, horses and dogs, and goods and chattels of every description; and why marriage, the most important of all human contracts, should not be as anxiously defined and provided for, and thus placed beyond the reach of both fraud and doubt,

appears to me to be one of the greatest anomalies in the law of a Christian country." These are the words of an eminent Scotch lawyer, with reference to the law of Scotland. They equally apply to the common law of the United States.

But our common law is a heritage from the past. It has descended from nation to nation, in the course of modern jurisprudence. To Europe, and thence to America, it came as an inheritance from the Roman law, through the mediæval church or canon law. In the leading nations of Europe, the Roman law has been so modified by statute as to give a system of marriage celebration conducive to the protection of individuals and to the stability of society. In the United States, however, there has been not progress, but retrogression; and to-day our common law is looser than was the law even in later Rome. Statute law

we have, indeed, but only too much; for not only does it contain within itself great conflict and confusion between the various States, but, in addition, the courts have generally held the statute law to be ineffective and inoperative to increase the scanty requirement of the common law. To this subject Congress has recently directed its attention, to the extent of providing for an investigation and report; and the question, What amendment, if any, of our law is practical and expedient? may soon come under discussion. Too often, in the consideration of social and legal questions, is our attention restricted to our own law and experience; but it is believed that on a subject like the present — at the foundation of society, and of deep interest to every human life — it will be both pertinent and timely to set forth the European development above referred to, especially as it involves the early history of our fundamental law.

Among the early Romans, the celebration of marriage was a solemn religious ordinance. It could take place only when the divine approval had been obtained through the auspices. When these were favorable, the priest, in the presence of ten witnesses, sacrificed an ox, and in a set form of words divided between the man and the woman a cake of wheaten bread, as an emblem of the *consortium vitæ*, or life in common. This ceremony, called *confarreatio*, was at first the only nuptial rite, and was open only to the patricians or aristocratic class. The marital union of the plebeians, or dependent class, though tolerated, was not recognized as legal marriage. But the absorption of surrounding nations caused a great relative increase of the plebeians, and, as the *confarreatio* remained restricted to the patricians, the former obtained for themselves a less formal marriage ceremony. As the wife was in law but a chattel of her husband, it was provided that she might be acquired, like any other chattel, by purchase (*coemp-*

tione). *Coemptio* was then a fictitious or symbolical purchase in a set form of words. Though no real price was paid, the *æs*, or piece of money simulating a price, was weighed out at the home of the bride by the balance-holder, in the presence of the parties and of five witnesses. This fiction of a sale was carried out by a public delivery called the *domum ductio*, — a leading of the bride in public procession from the house of her father to that of the bridegroom. The *domum ductio* took place, it seems, in the *confarreatio* also, and was significant chiefly as a public expression by the parties of their consent, — the fundamental requisite to the constitution of the marriage state.

But even before the Twelve Tables there had grown up among the plebeians a custom of tying the marriage knot in a still less formal and less expensive fashion. In this, too, as in *coemptio*, an existing legal form of acquiring chattels was copied, — that of prescription or long possession (*usus*). If a man and a woman lived together as husband and wife uninterruptedly for a year, *ipso facto* the marriage state arose, with all the legal consequences.

By any one of these three forms, *confarreatio*, *coemptio* and *usus*, if with the consent of the respective *patres familiarum*, or heads of families, the so-called strict marriage of the early Roman law was constituted, and “the husband acquired,” says Sir Henry Maine, “a number of rights over the person and property of his wife, which were, on the whole, in excess of such as are conferred on him in any system of modern jurisprudence.” Her person and property came absolutely into his power, and at his death she passed into the tutelage of a guardian appointed in his will.

The Roman matrons soon became restless under this strict discipline and severe oppression, and about the time of the Twelve Tables they obtained concessions which revolutionized their legal condition, and the theory and celebration

of marriage. This came about through a modification of the above form of "strict marriage" called *usus*. It was provided, for the benefit of the wife, that if, during the first year of the *consortium vitæ*, she were absent from her husband's house for three successive days, the constitution of the marriage state should not indeed be prevented, but the vesting in the husband of the power over the wife's person and property should be avoided. Speaking of this later development, Sir Henry Maine says, "The three ancient forms of marriage fell gradually into disuse, so that at the most splendid period of Roman greatness they had almost entirely given place to a fashion of wedlock, old, apparently, but not hitherto considered reputable, . . . amounting in law to little more than a temporary deposit of the woman by the family. The rights of the family remained unimpaired."

In Justinian's time, to constitute the marriage state there was required merely the consent of the parties and of their respective *patres familiarum*. At first a solemn religious ordinance, and then a *quasi*-mercantile transaction, though still attended with public ceremonies, the celebration of marriage became at length only a private bargain, a civil contract, requiring no ceremony, civil or ecclesiastical. "Christianity," says Maine, "tended somewhat, from the very first, to narrow this remarkable liberty. Led at first by justifiable disrelish for the loose practice of the decaying heathen world, but afterward hurried on by a passion of asceticism, the professors of the new faith looked with disfavor upon a marital tie which was, in fact, the laxest the Western world had seen." The law of the Eastern Empire did, it seems, break away from the precedent set by Justinian; and the Emperor Leo, A. D. 886, declared the ecclesiastical benediction essential to the creation of the marriage state. But in the Catholic countries that arose on the ruins of the

Western Empire, the Roman law of Justinian became the mediæval church or canon law. In the transfer, however, one important change was made. The Roman law had always required the consent of the *patres familiarum* as essential to constitute matrimony. In the canon law, however, the consent of parents was not required. The requirements of the Church were soon adopted as those of the State; and hence, by the general law of Western Europe, from the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth, merely the consent of the parties themselves made them husband and wife.

The Church had always recommended that for the sake of decency and order marriage should be celebrated publicly, with the intervention of the priest. But as her canons required merely the consent of the parties, there was frequent resort to the celebration of marriage by the private interchange of consent, without the presence of witnesses and without any religious rites; and this "free marriage," inherited from the Roman law, spread so rapidly that it brought upon the Church abuses, scandals, and laxity of discipline. Immediate and radical reform was demanded in self-protection. The canon law was changed, and what before had been recommended was strictly enforced with spiritual sanctions. For the Council of Trent, summoned by the Pope in the middle of the sixteenth century, after admitting that the clandestine celebration had been valid, affirmed that marriage was one of the sacraments, and decreed that in the future it should be solemnized *in facie ecclesiæ*, — "in the presence of the parish priest and two witnesses." This is to-day the ecclesiastical law of Roman Catholic communities.

This famous decree made an epoch in the celebration of marriage. For in Spain, in Italy, and in other Catholic countries of Europe, it was promulgated by the State, and thus acquired the force

of municipal as well as of ecclesiastical law; and though not received in Protestant states, it helped to bring about in them the later reaction toward religious rites. In Protestant countries of Europe, the law long remained as it was before the Council of Trent; and it was not till the eighteenth century that a religious ceremony was generally regarded as indispensable. Such ceremony was then ordained by law, and the minister celebrating it was made the delegate of the civil power.

In France, the ordinances of Trent were not promulgated by the civil authorities; but a decree of Louis XIII., in 1639, directed that the priest should celebrate marriage "according to the forms practiced in the Church." In this indirect way, the German municipal law also adopted the Catholic reform. In fact, ere the close of the eighteenth century this great reform had, directly or indirectly, found expression in the law and policy of most Continental nations; and the concurrent belief that the marriage celebration was primarily a religious rite, to be solemnized and controlled by the Church, under the recognition and protection of the State, seems to have been shared, in various degrees, by the several bodies of Christians.

At this point came the French Revolution, bringing radical changes in the theory and the celebration of marriage. Indeed, a new epoch was then inaugurated, second in importance only to that of the Council of Trent. To this transition there were two stages. In 1787, a decree of Louis XVI., while recognizing the Church of Rome as the established church, exhibited toward Protestants a new spirit of tolerance. It gave to them the option of celebrating their marriages before the civil authorities, — such *le mariage civil facultatif* to be equally valid with the ordinary *le mariage religieux*, celebrated before the clergyman.

But in 1792 the second and more important step was taken, quite in accord

with the spirit of the time. It made the civil celebration obligatory, thus introducing *le mariage civil obligatoire*. It was declared that marriage was a civil institution, its celebration a civil transaction, requiring in no case the offices of religion. Of course to this position the Romish Church did not assent. Ever since the Council of Trent that church had held marriage to be a sacrament, to be celebrated by its clergy, without interference from the State; and in this view civil forms could not constitute the marriage state. Hence, because Napoleon and Josephine had been united by the civil officer, the Pope refused, in 1804, to crown Josephine, on the ground that by so doing he would give the divine consecration to an estate of concubinage; and that the coronation might not be delayed, the night preceding it, Napoleon, yielding, permitted this sacrament to be solemnized in the chapel of the Tuileries.

But in spite of clerical resistance, the principle that marriage is primarily a civil institution, to be governed and celebrated by the State alone, survived the French Revolution, and was incorporated, in 1804, with the Code Napoléon. According to this code, before the celebration can take place, the registrar — the mayor or municipal officer — must cause the publication of the banns on two distinct occasions, separated by an interval of eight days, in the commune or communes where the contracting parties have their domicile, — that is, have last resided for six successive months; if the domicile is not yet obtained in the place of present abode, then in the commune of the last domicile; and if the consent of any person is indispensable to the marriage, then also in the commune of such person. The banns, containing the Christian names, surnames, trades or callings, and domiciles of the contracting parties and of their parents, are posted on the door of the town-hall. If opposition is made

to the proposed marriage, the registrar is forbidden, under heavy penalty, to proceed to its celebration until the opposition has been withdrawn, or annulled by a decision of a competent court. Before the ceremony, each contracting party must present to the registrar, first, a certificate of birth, or, if this cannot be obtained, a declaration, made before a justice of the peace and sanctioned by the court, by seven witnesses who remember the birth; and secondly, an affidavit, made before a notary, of the consent of the proper person or persons, —parent, grand-parent, or family. When three days have elapsed after the second publication of banns, the ceremony may take place in the commune of the domicile of one of the parties. The registrar in the town-hall, in the presence of four witnesses, reads to the contracting parties the certificate of birth, etc., and the laws detailing the rights and duties of husband and of wife. He then receives from the parties the declaration of consent, and pronounces, in the name of the law, that they are united in marriage. Immediately thereafter, the act or registration of marriage is drawn up by the registrar, is read to the contracting parties, and is signed by him, by them, and by the witnesses. This act contains the legal description of the parties, of their parents, and of the witnesses, and recites a detailed account of all the transactions before the registrar and other civil authorities. A subsequent religious ceremony is optional. But the French penal code punishes with fine (in aggravated cases, with imprisonment or banishment) the clergyman who proceeds with such ceremony before receiving the marriage certificate of the civil officer. Professor Carrard, of Lausanne, said in 1874, "European law tends continually more and more to approach a common type, which can be seen to detach itself from local diversities, then to grow, and to take the place

more and more of national manifestations." Especially in the celebration of marriage does recent history show such a tendency in European law, and the "common type" is the French *le mariage civil obligatoire*.

The French principle was first spread by means of Napoleon's conquests. The French Empire, at its formation in 1804, included Belgium, and in 1811 it absorbed Holland. In both countries *le mariage civil obligatoire* was adopted; and with but slight interruptions it has survived the subsequent political revolutions, and become the basis of their marriage laws. It was recognized in the Belgian constitution of 1831, and incorporated with the civil code of the Low Country in 1833. As in France, it is the celebration before the magistrate, preceding any religious rites, which establishes the legal status of marriage.

But Italy was the first important European nation to copy the French model through the study of comparative legislation; and this was done in the new Italian civil code, which went into effect January 1, 1866, for the whole Italian peninsula. Up to that date, there existed within those limits several distinct systems of constituting marriage. Only Tuscany, the Pontifical States, and the Duchy of Modena had continued to rely directly upon the canon law; but indirectly, through the Code Albertin, the laws of the Church were followed also in the States of Sardinia. In the two Sicilies and in the Duchy of Parma, there was a system partly civil, partly religious; and the Lombardo-Venetian territory was governed by the Austrian law, which subjected the form of the nuptial celebration to the religion professed by the parties. In all these systems, however, it was recognized that marriage was primarily an institution of divine origin, drawing from this source its nature, its formalities, and its effects. But the new Italian civil code took from the Code Napoléon, on which

chiefly it was based, not only the forms, but also the fundamental principle, of civil marriage. For it affirmed that marriage is first of all a civil institution, and, like other civil institutions, it is to be governed by the State, independently of the Church; and that the marriage state can, therefore, be constituted only by a civil celebration, to which religious rites are wholly unnecessary. But while in the Code Napoléon the civil ceremony must precede any religious formalities, in the Italian civil code it may precede or follow them at the option of the parties. As a consequence, in Italy many unions solemnized by the priest never become legal marriages by the confirmation of the magistrate, the civil celebration being neglected; and a man secretly joined to one woman by a clergyman may be legally married to another by the judge, and at the same time not be a bigamist in the eye of the law. Cases of this sort have been so numerous as to attract the attention of the government, and as a remedy the adoption of the French rule has been strongly urged.

In Germany, the transition from the religious to the civil celebration of marriage, though beginning earlier than in Italy, went through more stages, and has but recently been accomplished. The *Allgemeines Landrecht*, or common law of Germany, at the close of the eighteenth century required for the creation of matrimony a religious ceremony, of a form, in each religious sect, to accord with its ritual. This was interrupted, in 1806, by the forcible introduction of the French civil code, including *le mariage civil obligatoire*, into those German states which Napoleon either subjected to, or incorporated with, his French Empire. On the left bank of the Rhine, the civil form thus introduced has been maintained. But elsewhere, on the expulsion of the French in 1813, the German states restored their ancient law. By this law the clergy were the delegates

of the civil power in the celebration and registration of marriage. First of all came the publication of the banns from the pulpit. The neglect to do this did not make the marriage void, but was punishable with fine, and in some cases with imprisonment. The consent of parents or of other legal guardians was required; but when unjustly withheld, it could be dispensed with, at the discretion of the local court. The celebration was completed by the nuptial benediction.

To this ordinary celebration the growth of tolerance soon required exceptions. There were in Germany large numbers of Jews and dissenters. In some states, the former were allowed to publish banns and celebrate their marriage in their synagogues according to their customs. But for those persons not belonging to sects whose clergy had similar authority, and for those for whom their clergy, though legally authorized, refused to perform the office for a reason not deemed by the state an obstacle to marriage, there was introduced *le mariage civil subsidiaire*, a celebration at the last resort before the civil authority. In 1848, this form was adopted in Prussia for dissenters and for Jews. To render marriage possible between a Jew and a Christian, it was admitted in 1848 in Brunswick and in Hesse-Hombourg; in 1849, in Hombourg; and in 1855, in Oldenbourg. It was allowed for Jews and dissenters, in 1851, by Anhalt-Bernbourg; in 1855, by Würtemberg; in 1863, by Nassau; in 1864, by Saxe-Weimar; in 1867, by Hanover; in 1868, by Bavaria; and in 1872, by Reuss. This civil celebration was made obligatory for dissenters, in 1863, by Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha; in 1870, by Saxony; and in 1872, by Schwarzbourg-Sandershausen. The above statutes concerned classes of citizens; but in two states comprehensive laws were enacted. In Hamburg, civil officers made the publications and kept the registers, and

in 1865, the civil celebration was made optional for all. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, in 1869, obligatory civil forms were adopted, and the registries were put in charge of the burgomasters.

Although these numerous statute modifications of the Allgemeines Landrecht were progressive steps toward the civil celebration of marriage, they brought about great complexity and confusion. For this reason, they early engaged the consideration of the imperial government. Moreover, the great conflict with the Church (*Kultur-Kampf*) had begun, and the desire to lessen the clerical power was an important inducement for interfering with the matrimonial laws. It was also thought that upon the matter of marriage, before all others, it was important to arrive at legislative unity. In 1869, the congress of jurisconsults at Heidelberg adopted a report by Professor Gneist upon this subject. "Civil marriage," says this report, "ought to be regarded as the only form of marriage possible in the actual relations of the Church and State in Germany. . . . Marriage demands first complete publicity of formalities which precede it. This publicity is no longer secured by the reading in the pulpit of promises of marriage. The State alone, with the concurrence of the press, can secure it. The proof of the union — that fact so important to the life of the State — can be made only by officers responsible to the State and controlled by it. . . . The only acceptable measure is le mariage civil obligatoire."

After the formation of the German Empire, the agitation for a general law upon this subject was continued in the Reichstag. Finally, the law of February 6, 1875, applying to all parts of the German Empire, was adopted by a large majority. This was intended to be the first chapter in a common civil code then forming for all Germany; this law was based on the Code Napoléon, and adopted le mariage civil obligatoire sub-

stantially as therein set forth. As in the case of France, the penal code of the German Empire, adopted in 1871, punishes with fine or with imprisonment a minister of religion who proceeds to the religious celebration before proof is presented to him of the completion of the civil ceremony.

In the Scandinavian peninsula, the history of our subject has been much as it was in Germany. The Swedish ecclesiastical code of 1686 and the civil code of 1734 established the rule that all marriages should be celebrated with the nuptial benediction, under the auspices of the Lutheran Church. From the acceptance of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, the Swedes had associated the preservation of their civil and religious liberty with the subjection of Catholics and dissenters. Moreover, they are conservative in customs and in legislation. Hence it was not till 1860 that the above strict and intolerant rule was relaxed. In that year the Edict of Tolerance allowed those belonging to a non-Lutheran sect to have their marriages celebrated by their own clergymen. But the banns were still required to be published and the marriages to be recorded by the national Church. The Lutheran clergy always deemed themselves debarred from using the nuptial rites prescribed by their liturgy in a marriage between a Christian and a Jew; and this fact hastened the evolution of le mariage civil. In 1863, for these mixed marriages there was introduced *le mariage civil de nécessité*, — a celebration in the cities before the municipal authorities, and in the rural districts before the officer of the bailiwick, — no religious rites being available.

The liberty thus granted was soon coveted by other classes, and the second stage of development was finally obtained. The Baptists and other non-Lutheran sects were rapidly growing, and were unwilling to submit in any respect to the nuptial rites of the Established

Lutheran Church. But the masses of the people were Lutherans, and were attached to their ancient religious forms. They would not accept the substitution of *le mariage civil obligatoire*. It was proposed, therefore, to extend the right of a civil ceremony by the adoption of *le mariage civil subsidiaire*. A law to that effect was promulgated in 1873. In case both parties to be married belonged either to the Established Church, or to some non-Lutheran sect recognized by law and authorized through their clergy to celebrate marriage, the preëxisting religious rites were retained. But a civil ceremony, in the form already required in a union between a Christian and a Jew, was allowed in the following cases: where the parties were members of different non-Lutheran sects recognized by law, where one party was a Lutheran and the other a non-Lutheran Christian, where but one party was of a recognized sect, and where neither party was of such a sect. In 1880, the provisions of this law were extended to the case of parties professing no Christian faith. Likewise in Norway, a civil celebration before a notary, allowed in 1845 in a union between dissenters, was permitted, in 1863, in that between a Jew and a Christian; and in Denmark, *le mariage civil de nécessité*, introduced in 1851 for those who belonged to no religious body, was joined with *le mariage civil facultatif* for members of any recognized sect. But neither country was yet prepared to adopt from the French the obligatory civil celebration.

In Austria, the development of our subject was considerably influenced by the prevalence of the Catholic faith. The decrees of Trent were promulgated by the civil authority, and until the reign of Joseph II. the ecclesiastical courts governed the celebration of marriage, while only its pecuniary effects were regulated by the civil tribunals. No Catholic sovereign had dared to antagonize Rome by asserting it to be the right of

the secular power to legislate generally upon marriage. But Joseph II., in 1783, wishing to subject the Church to the State, declared that, "marriage in itself being considered as a civil contract," the rights and obligations proceeding therefrom should be governed by the State. In this he anticipated the action of France in 1792, and of Germany in 1875; but, unlike those countries, he ordained that, the celebration of marriage being a sacrament, the offices required therein should be performed by the Church. Three publications of the banns were prescribed, and the nuptial benediction was preserved.

The Austrian code of 1811 copied the ordinances of Joseph II.; and this religious form long continued to be the only one recognized by the State. But the new constitution of 1848, by assuring to all citizens full liberty of faith and of conscience, rendered necessary more liberal marriage laws in the form of a civil celebration. Hence, in 1868, *le mariage civil subsidiaire* was introduced, and Austria entered a stage analogous to that seen in many of the German states prior to 1875. For by this law, when ministers, charged by the civil code with celebrating marriages, refused to perform this office, for a reason not admitted by the State as an impediment, it was declared to be "lawful for the parties to demand the publication of their banns by the civil authorities, and to make before the same the solemn declaration of their common desire to be married." In that case, all the powers and duties usually belonging to the priest devolved upon the civil officer. Harum, an Austrian jurist, commenting upon this law, said, "Our recent legislation upon marriage has created an intermediate situation, which bears in it the source of incessant clashings and conflicts between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers. . . . All the inconveniences are obviated by *le mariage civil obligatoire*."

This subject came up in the Chamber of Deputies as early as 1867, and a committee was instructed to draw a new matrimonial law, "in which the celebration of marriage should be considered as a civil act, independent of religious limitations." The law was drafted and submitted, but was not enacted. The following substitute was, however, adopted in 1870, with reference to those not belonging to any recognized sects: "All the functions which the law gives, in respect of marriage and the keeping of marriage registries, to the ministers of religion shall be discharged, in the case of a man who belongs to no church or religious community recognized by law, by the chief officer of the district," clothed with civil functions.

In the session of 1874-5, a committee of the Austrian Reichsrath was charged with considering the advisability of introducing *le mariage civil obligatoire*. Moreover, the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies has several times, with the approval of the leading men of all parties, pronounced itself in favor of the French system. Professor Hoffmann, of the University of Buda-Pesth, states that in Hungary, in the matter of marriage, there are almost as many rules of law in force as there are different religious sects. To obviate this "chaos," as he terms it, he deems it "necessary to make a uniform rule, rigorously conformed to the dignity and the importance of this institution."

In Spain, Philip II., in 1564, adopted the decrees of Trent as the municipal law. This policy was followed in Portugal. In both countries, ancient legislation embodied the sacramental theory of the marriage celebration, and Catholic influence thus firmly established has seriously retarded the introduction of civil forms. Spanish legislation before the revolution of 1868, says M. Emile Roux, *docteur en droit de Paris*, "was inspired with the theory that marriage was instituted by God and ruled by the

Church. . . . Under the regency of Marshal Prim, a law was enacted which, on the contrary, made the validity of the nuptial tie to depend, as to its legal effects, no longer so much on the conditions prescribed by the Church as on those newly introduced by the State." This law of 1870, modified by that of 1875, established a civil registration for all marriages, but otherwise left intact the ancient religious celebration. Unions solemnized by the Church were required to be recorded on the civil registry within eight days thereafter, upon the presentation of a certificate from the priest; and this certificate of the sacrament, when thus recorded, became proof of the celebration. At the same time there was instituted by the side of this ancient form of marriage, and of equal validity with it, a civil form based upon the French system, and substantially embodying most of its principles. Accordingly in Spain is seen a new phase of the subject, — a double system. For all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, there is the option of solemnizing their unions before the clergyman or before the magistrate, — in either case, however, going for proof to the civil authorities.

A similar plan was discussed in the Portuguese parliament in 1875. It was advocated by the liberal publicists and jurists, who emphasized the civil aspect of marriage; but, as it was vigorously opposed by the clerical party, a compromise measure was adopted, and, together with a law for the civil registration of all marriages, was made a part of the new civil code. This code makes the celebration of marriage for Catholics a sacrament, for non-Catholics a civil contract. The unions of the former can be solemnized only according to the forms of the Church, those of the latter only before the civil authorities. The legal status and legal effects will not ensue from a civil ceremony between Catholics, or from a religious cel-

ebriation between non-Catholics. Hence this, like many compromises, is full of anomaly and contradiction, and may foreshadow the early adoption of a consistent measure.

As a learned writer has said, "However small the Swiss Confederation may be, its geographical and political situation, its historical formation, its remarkable nature, at once one and many, simple and complex, progressive and conservative,—all these circumstances combined give a special importance to the changes which take place in its fundamental institutions." By the compact of 1815, the Helvetic Confederation was composed of twenty-two cantons or separate states, each retaining most of the powers of sovereignty, and possessing its own legal and administrative system. But by the constitution of 1848, the cantons were to be "sovereign in so far as their sovereignty is not *limited* by the federal constitution," and thus Switzerland, before a confederation of states (*Staatenbund*), became a federal state (*Bundesstaat*). But this tendency toward centralization did not yet disturb the regulation of marriage by the cantons. Most of these recognized only le mariage religieux. Others had admitted some civil form. Vaud and Glaris had le mariage civil facultatif. Zürich, Schaffhausen, Aargau, and Thurgau had le mariage civil subsidiaire. But le mariage civil obligatoire existed only in Geneva, Bern, Ticino, and Neuchâtel. The registration of marriage by the civil authorities had been imported from France into Neuchâtel, Geneva, Ticino, Saint-Gall, and Bâle-Ville. Elsewhere, ecclesiastics either had unlimited control over the registries, or in that function were under the commission and direction of the State. Moreover, some cantons permitted a general jurisdiction in the Church parallel with that in the State, over the subject of marriage. Hence many conflicts arose.

In 1867 and 1869, the intervention

of the federal authorities was invoked to secure uniform matrimonial laws. It was denied, however, that the federal jurisdiction embraced this subject, and so the movement was unsuccessful. But the new federal constitution of 1874 further enlarged the powers of the confederation at the expense of the states, and declared expressly that "marriage is placed under the protection of the confederation," and that "the ecclesiastical jurisdiction is abolished." This established beyond question the competence of national legislation upon marriage, and a new law on this subject for all Switzerland went into effect January 1, 1876. It provides that the ceremony must be preceded by the publication of banns, not from the pulpit by the minister of religion, but by the civil officer, upon the official bulletin or in the official newspaper. After the lapse of fourteen days, if the marriage is not opposed, and the proper certificates of birth, consent, etc., are presented, it may be solemnized publicly at the town-hall by the civil officer, in the presence of witnesses; and the whole transaction is then enrolled upon the registry. Only after these formalities, and upon the presentation of the civil certificate thereof, can a religious ceremony take place. As with the German imperial law of 1875, the execution of the law was left to the separate states, and their statutes, through revision and modification, were harmonized with the federal law.

Thus Switzerland, like France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, has carefully separated the civil from the religious celebration, prescribing the former as the only source of the legal status, and the civil registry as the only means of proof. Even where this French principle has not yet been adopted, steps preparatory to this have been taken, and its substantial acceptance by most Continental countries seems near. That marriage is at least an institution of society, and as such its celebration

must be guarded and regulated by the State for the common good, has become a fundamental principle.

Prior to the Council of Trent, the law of England, on the celebration of marriage, radically differed from that on the Continent. The latter, adopting the canon law, made mere consent sufficient to constitute matrimony; but in the former the canon law was amended, and, besides the consent of the parties, the presence of a clergyman was always required. In England, a marriage by mere consent was indeed indissoluble, and its solemnization *in facie ecclesiæ* could be enforced at the suit of either party. "Such marriages," says Eversley, "were regarded by the ecclesiastical court as complete in substance, but not in ceremony, and the ceremony was enjoined to be celebrated as a matter of discipline; whereas they were not so regarded by the temporal courts unless celebrated by some one in Episcopal orders. If so celebrated, the temporal courts would adopt the marriage, and hold it good *ab initio*."

By the English common law, therefore, down to 1753, there were but two forms of constituting a marriage complete in all respects. The first was by solemnization *in facie ecclesiæ*, — requiring banns, or an Episcopal license dispensing with banns; religious rites solemnized by a priest (before the Reformation), or by a person in holy orders (after the Reformation); and, if the parties were minors, the consent of guardians. The other form was by clandestine celebration, — requiring simply the presence of a priest, or of a person in holy orders.

The Episcopal Church, however, never deemed the presence of the clergyman alone sufficient to secure the notoriety, certainty, and sanctity of the marriage ceremony. It always required, on pain of ecclesiastical censure, the above solemnization *in facie ecclesiæ*. The strict discipline of the Church, reinforced by

the convictions of the people, at times influenced the civil courts; for in the reign of Edward IV. it seems to have been held that a scrupulous observance of the prescribed ecclesiastical forms was essential.

On the other hand, the arrogance and ritualism of Episcopacy aroused to revolt a large party among its adherents; and in the issue was deeply involved the theory and the celebration of marriage. Out of these religious dissensions came a new system, which, carried to America, has existed to this day. But to understand this change and its bearing on our problems, we must examine briefly the principles beneath it, and its stages of progress. In separating from Rome, the Church of England, though adopting in the main the Protestant theology, had retained many Catholic forms and usages; and for her purification from these relics of popery there gradually arose within the Church a large party, calling themselves Puritans. United only in antipathy to popish tendencies, the Puritans differed among themselves in opinions and in measures, and soon split into a number of sects. Of these, the most noted was formed about 1581, by one Robert Brown. The Brownists, holding extreme views regarding the nature of the Church and the rules of ecclesiastical government, met with severe persecution, and finally took refuge in the Netherlands. While there, mainly through the influence of John Robinson, one of their pastors, the more severe, more uncharitable features of the founder's plan were modified. They took the name of Independents, and from Holland a body of them came to America as the Pilgrims in 1620.

Meanwhile, Henry Jacob, an associate of Robinson at Leyden, had returned to London. There he founded a church, from which Independency spread throughout England. Its main doctrine was that "each congregation of Christians, with its office-bearers, which meets

in one house for public worship, is a complete church; has sufficient power to act and perform everything relating to religious government within itself; and is thus *independent* of all extraneous control in spiritual matters." Besides this democratic church government and the principle of religious freedom, Independency possessed all the old Puritan hostility to popish tendencies; and in all these respects it came into conflict with Episcopacy. Between the two the seventeenth century witnessed a long and mighty contest. Under the Commonwealth, the Independents became the dominant power in the State, Cromwell himself being of their number. Obtaining control of Parliament, they disestablished the English Church, instituted a policy of broad religious toleration, and sought to effect a national reformation toward freedom and purity in religion, in politics, and in society.

In this comprehensive scheme, as well as in the downfall of Episcopacy, there was necessarily involved a fundamental change in the institution of marriage. On the one hand, the law of the celebration of marriage, both in origin and in administration, had been inseparably connected with the Established Church. Through the influence of that Church, the canon law, which on the Continent required, to constitute matrimony, only the exchange of consent between the parties, when adopted into the English common law was made to require in addition that this consent be exchanged in the presence of a clergyman, and that too a clergyman ordained by the Church of England. These privileges, as they were gained through the alliance of the Church with the State, could not be retained after that alliance was dissolved. On the other hand, Independency could not, consistently with its plan of reform, permit marriage to be celebrated and controlled exclusively by any single denomination, especially by Episcopacy, which it deemed the synonym for eccle-

siastical oppression and popish tendencies. Indeed, the Independents did not deem the presence of any clergyman at all essential to the sanctity or to the security of the ceremony. Denying the Episcopal doctrine that Christ had instituted a permanent order of ministers in his Church, they believed that while the minister or pastor should indeed feel himself called to his work, and should be gifted with a "mightiness in the Scripture," yet he otherwise differed from the members of his congregation only in being chosen by them to lead in devotion, and to communicate public instruction. Hence they saw but little, if any, reason why a minister rather than any other Christian should be required at the celebration of marriage.

Moreover, the Independents believed that marriage was primarily an institution of the State, not of the Church, and on the principle of complete separation of Church and State, should be in the control of the civil authorities. Hitherto no marriage had been valid unless celebrated in the presence of a clergyman ordained by the Church of England. This law was obnoxious to the reformers, not in principle alone, but in practice also; for there already existed those flagrant abuses which, a century later, compelled the enactment of Lord Hardwicke's Act. Hence one of the first proceedings of Cromwell's Barebones Parliament was, in 1653, to abolish the ancient religious rites, and to institute what was unknown in modern Europe, the civil publication, solemnization, and registration of marriage. First, a publication of the banns by the registrar — a civil officer chosen by the parish householders — had to be made, either in the church on "three several Lord's days," or, if the parties preferred, in the marketplace next to the church, on a market-day in each of three successive weeks. The parties were then required to present to "some justice of the peace" of their town or city a certificate of such

publication, and, if they were minors, proof of the guardians' consent. The justice, in the presence of at least two witnesses, receiving the parties' declaration of "consent unto marriage," declared them husband and wife. A certificate, signed by justice and by witnesses, could then issue, and the registrar entered the transaction upon the parish registry. "And no other marriage whatsoever, within the Commonwealth of England, . . . shall be held or accomplished a marriage according to the laws of England."

This, then, was the first statute in modern Europe to embody a system of civil celebration. In England, it seems to have effected no permanent change; for in 1661, the monarchy being restored, Episcopacy and the former religious rites were reestablished. Not until the French Revolution, over a hundred years later, did Europe obtain a model for the development of the civil celebration of marriage.

Although at the Restoration the former law was regained, the religious discipline which had reinforced that law was not so easily restored. Clandestine marriages increased, especially the so-called Fleet marriages, celebrated by clergymen of low character near the Fleet prison, at any time of day or night, without publication, witnesses, or guardians' consent. These clergymen being "in holy orders," the marriages were valid. The consequent demoralization of society brought about, after a century of delay, the enactment, in 1753, of Lord Hardwicke's Act, so called because presented by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. This law was truly called by Blackstone "an innovation upon our ancient laws and constitutions;" for it provided that no longer should marriage by mere consent be indissoluble, nor its solemnization in *facie ecclesiæ* enforceable. It declared that all marriages celebrated in any other place than a church of the parish where the parties dwelt,

VOL. LXI. — NO. 364.

unless by special license, or without publication of banns or the Ordinary's license, should be null and void, and the parties celebrating it liable to fourteen years' transportation.

Thus was abolished not only the quasi-marriage inherited from the Roman law, but also the slightly improved form, — that by clandestine celebration. The solemnization in *facie ecclesiæ* became the only legal form. In these respects Lord Hardwicke's Act marked the acceptance in England of the reform already begun in the Protestant countries of the Continent toward the religious celebration of marriage. But in the strictness of its provisions and the narrowness of its scope, the act worked great hardship and proved inadequate. As it operated only in England, its delays, restraints, and technicalities were avoided by thousands each year by a short trip to Gretna Green, a small village in Scotland just across the border, on the main road from the south. There, according to the law of Scotland, the parties became husband and wife by simply expressing their consent to be such before the well-known blacksmith as witness; and "the Gretna Green marriages were recognized by the English courts," says Mackenzie, "though the parties had eloped to Scotland on purpose to evade the law of their own country." This state of things continued till 1856. In that year, Lord Brougham's Act provided that "no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony shall be valid, unless one of the parties had, at the date thereof, his or her usual place of residence there, or had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage."

The omission of any one of the many formalities prescribed by Lord Hardwicke's Act made a marriage void ab initio, though the suit for nullity was begun years after the defective celebration and after children had been born; and

17

such omission was not excused to ignorance of the law nor to honesty of purpose. Hence decrees of nullity increased to an alarming extent. Nevertheless, English legislation was again so tardy that seventy years elapsed before a remedy was obtained. By an act of George IV., in 1823, "the penalty of nullity was confined to the case of persons *willfully* consenting to the performance of marriage before publication of banns, or before obtaining a license, or by one not in holy orders, or elsewhere than in a church or licensed chapel."

The beneficent principle thus adopted, however, did not relieve all the grievances which resulted from Lord Hardwicke's Act. The clergy of the Established Church were still the only persons authorized to celebrate the marriages of Catholics and of dissenters. These classes were then gradually emerging from a long period of legal and political disability, and to grant to them the privilege of solemnizing their unions according to their faith was essential to their emancipation. Thus in England, early in this century, existed the motives and the occasion for modifying the ancient religious celebration closely analogous to those seen later on the Continent. The change was accomplished in 1836 by Lord John Russell's Act. With slight amendments, this is still the law. It introduced the optional civil celebration; "and for the first time in English law [Cromwell's Act excepted], whether ecclesiastical or civil," says Eversley, "the purely temporal and civil element in marriage is recognized."

Those persons unwilling to be married by Episcopal rites are permitted to resort either to the customs of any other denomination, or to a ceremony wholly civil; but in either case the presence of the civil registrar is required, except in a solemnization according to the usages of Jews or of Quakers. The rules prescribed by the rubric are still to be observed by every person in holy orders of

the Church of England. But any marriage that might before have been solemnized after publication of banns may now be celebrated equally as well upon the production of the registrar's certificate. When it is intended that the celebration shall take place in any way other than by a license from the Archbishop or from the Ordinary, or after the publication of banns, one of the parties to be married must present to the superintendent-registrar of the district where the parties have dwelt for at least seven days next preceding (if they have dwelt in separate districts, then to such officer in each district) a written notice, containing the full name, the profession or condition, and the place and length of residence, of each party, and the registered church or other building in which the solemnization is intended. The notice is then entered on the Marriage Notice Book, and for the ensuing twenty-one days is posted in the office of the superintendent-registrar. A certificate of publication may then issue. If, however, the parties can show a residence of fifteen days next preceding, a license authorizing an immediate celebration may issue on the second day after the notice is entered. But in either case, if objection has been made, it must have been obviated either by its withdrawal, or by its disallowance upon a hearing before the registrar. The certificate or license is delivered to the minister, to the registering officer of the Quakers, to the registering officer of the synagogue, or to the registrar, according as the celebration is to be by Episcopal or dissenting rites, the usages of Quakers, those of Jews, or by the civil forms. In the first three cases, the ceremony accords with the forms peculiar to each. In the last, it must take place at the registered church named in the notice, with such rites as the parties choose, or it may occur at the office of the superintendent-registrar. But whether at the registered church or at the office, there must be

present a registrar of the district. In all cases, the ceremony must take place between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon, and in the presence of two creditable witnesses; and the contracting parties must declare that they know of no impediment to the marriage, and that they take each other for husband and wife. Thereupon the registrar enters the facts upon the Marriage Registry Book, and the entry is signed by the witnesses, the officiating minister if there be such, the registrar, and by the parties married.

The spirit and import of this legislation are thus set forth by Eversley: "Matrimony, with all its requirements, was formerly looked upon as a spiritual act within the province of the courts Christian; but the spirit in which modern legislation affecting it has been conceived clearly evinces that its temporal and civil nature is to be held paramount, and the basis of present and future change."

In Ireland, the Church obtained the control of matrimony on the plea of providing for the spiritual welfare of the people; and even after the Reformation her canons governed the celebration of marriage by the Churches of England and of Ireland. This uniformity was interrupted in 1753 by the passage in England of Lord Hardwicke's Act; and by this and subsequent statutes the ancient religious rites were made in England more nearly to accord with the requirements of modern society. To the presence of the priest there were added, as we have seen, various other safeguards as to time, place, notice, consent, and registration. Within this century, similar Irish statutes have been passed; and hence, as to the celebration by the Protestant Episcopal Church, the former uniformity between England and Ireland again substantially exists.

But besides this, there are in Ireland at least three other forms of the nuptial celebration; and, as regards these, Eng-

lish legislation presents a disgraceful history of neglect, harshness, confusion, and sectarianism. By the common law, — which for Catholics in Ireland has not been changed, — the celebration of marriage, if only it be in the presence of a clergyman in holy orders, may take place in public or in private, at any time or place, and in any form or manner. No publication of banns, no notice, no previous residence, no consent of parents or of guardians, is required. In practice, it should be said, the Roman Catholic Church, in obedience to the decrees of Trent, requires the presence of witnesses and the publication of banns, or the procuring of a license or of a registrar's certificate; and an act of Parliament in 1863 provided for the registration of Catholic marriages. But those decrees never became part of the common law; and the omission to register the marriage does not make it void. Hence the "marriage by clandestine celebration," abolished in England over a century ago, is still, if between Catholics, legal in Ireland.

But besides neglecting to give to Catholics that protection, in this matter, long since granted to other denominations, Parliament has in the past interdicted with harsh penalties the celebration of marriage by priests, except when both parties to be married were Catholics. In the reign of George I., Catholic priests were forbidden, on pain of death, to marry two Protestants, or a Papist and a Protestant. Early in the present reign, the penalty of death was superseded by that of transportation for seven years; but marriages between Protestants and Catholics, by whomsoever celebrated, were absolutely prohibited until 1783. It was not till 1869 that this disability was wholly removed.

While Parliament restricted Catholic priests, the common law disabled non-conformist ministers; and relief was nearly as tardy in the latter case as in the former. Such ministers, not being

"in holy orders," could not legally celebrate marriage. By the act of 1738, however, Presbyterian clergymen obtained this privilege, though the legality of such unions was not directly affirmed. Their validity was not finally settled till 1844, over one hundred years later. In that year, the Irish Marriage Act was passed, closely following the system already provided for Protestant Episcopalians. Thereafter, a marriage between persons, one at least of whom was a Presbyterian, was to be celebrated by a minister of that denomination, in one of its certified meeting-houses, according to its usual forms, and after the publication of banns or the procuring of a license.

For those persons in Ireland not Catholics, Episcopalians, or Presbyterians, but Quakers, Jews, and others, Parliament has, within the present reign, gradually instituted a course of procedure as to notice, certificate, license, time, place, and other particulars, varying but slightly from that existing in England. At the option of the parties, the nuptial celebration may be wholly civil, or partly civil and partly religious. Likewise, as to registration, besides the parochial and other registries of the Episcopal Church, there is a civil registry, under the registrar-general in Dublin, with county districts under district registrars.

While in England and in Ireland early jurisprudence mainly grew out of native habits and customs, and but slightly copied Roman models, in Scotland it was founded on the Roman law, and the canon law of marriage, as copied from Rome, was early introduced, and has never been changed. The provincial synods did, indeed, make some effort to adopt the reform begun at Trent; but the reformation from popery immediately came, and prevented their success. Nor was Scotland materially affected by the later English legislation and judicial decision prescribing the religious celebration of marriage. Hence Scotland alone, of European nations

formerly influenced by mediæval canon law, still retains that law, and does not require the interposition either of Church or of State to constitute the status of marriage. "A marriage may be constituted," says Fraser, "according to the law of Scotland, by declarations made by the man and the woman that they presently do take each other for husband and wife. No sacerdotal benediction is required to make this a valid marriage. This declaration may be emitted on any day, at any time, and without the presence of witnesses. Such a marriage is as effectual, to all intents and purposes, as a public marriage solemnized in *facie ecclesiæ*." According to a recent decision of the highest court of Scotland, "the governing principle is that consent makes the marriage."

Although these "free" or irregular marriages have always been valid, their celebration, especially if it included any religious ceremony, exposed the contracting parties, the witnesses, and the officiating clergyman to penalties including corporal punishment and even banishment. The severity of punishment indicates the determined opposition of the Church of Scotland and of the ruling classes to these mediæval principles. "Public opinion," says Eversley, "does not approve of the laxity of their regulations in matrimonial matters, or of the opportunity they offer for clandestine, improvident, and secret unions." Accordingly, by the side of this "facile code of irregular or inordinerly marriages" there was early introduced and zealously fostered a strict system of "regular or public marriages," with a celebration by a minister of the Established Church, preceded by the proclamation of banns. To the latter form the intervention of a minister has always been necessary; and down to the reign of Queen Anne, this office was forbidden, on pains and penalties, to a clergyman not of the Establishment. The privilege was then extended to ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church,

and in the time of William IV. to all clergymen whatsoever. Before Queen Anne's reign, the churches of the Establishment were the only places where banns could be proclaimed. It was then allowed Episcopalians, besides this, to publish banns in their own churches. Other dissenters, including Quakers and Jews, were still required to have their banns proclaimed only in the Established Church.

Prior to 1878, the publication of banns was indispensable to the celebration of a "regular marriage." But by the Marriage Notice Act of 1878, "a considerable modification in the ideas of marriage prevalent in Scotland has been introduced. For the first time it is acknowledged by legislative enactment that it is no longer necessary to have recourse to the Established Church." A "regular marriage" was formerly authorized only by a session-clerk's certi-

cate of the publication of banns; it may now take place also upon a registrar's certificate of the publication of marriage notices. Eversley states that "the new law has been regarded as breaking down one of the barriers between regular and in orderly marriages; . . . the chief religious denominations . . . hold it to be an intrusion of the civil power on purely spiritual and ecclesiastical matters."

Thus in the British Isles, as well as on the Continent, the development of the law is toward the adoption of the civil celebration of marriage. In both, laxity, multiplicity, and confusion are gradually giving place to strictness, unity, and definiteness. In both, the functions of the State, as compared with those of the Church, have constantly increased in extent and in importance. But while in the former the prevailing type is *le mariage civil facultatif*, in the latter it is *le mariage civil obligatoire*.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

ENDYMION.

A MYSTICAL COMMENT ON TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

I.

My day began not till the twilight fell,
 And, lo, in ether from heaven's sweetest well,
 The New Moon swam divinely isolate
 In maiden silence, she that makes my fate
 Haply not knowing it, or only so
 As I the secrets of my sheep may know;
 Nor ask I more, entirely blest if she,
 In letting me adore, ennoble me
 To height of what the Gods meant making man,
 As only she and her best beauty can.
 Mine be the love that in itself can find
 Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
 Seed of that glad surrender of the will
 That finds in service self's true purpose still;
 Love that in outward fairness sees the tent
 Pitched for an inmate far more excellent;
 Love with a light irradiate to the core,
 Lit at her lamp, but fed from inborn store;

Love thrice-requested with the single joy
 Of an immaculate vision naught could cloy,
 Dearer because, so high beyond my scope,
 My life grew rich with her, unbribed by hope
 Of other guerdon save to think she knew
 One grateful votary paid her all her due ;
 Happy if she, high-radiant there, resigned
 To his sure trust her image in his mind.
 O fairer even than Peace is when she comes
 Hushing War's tumult, and retreating drums
 Fade to a murmur like the sough of bees
 Hidden among the noon-stilled linden-trees,
 Bringer of quiet, thou that canst allay
 The dust and din and travail of the day,
 Strewer of Silence, Giver of the dew
 That doth our pastures and our souls renew,
 Still dwell remote, still on thy shoreless sea
 Float unattained in sacred empery,
 Still light my thoughts, nor listen to a prayer
 Would make thee less imperishably fair !

II.

Can, then, my twofold nature find content
 In vain conceits of airy blandishment ?
 Ask I no more ? Since yesterday I task
 My storm-strewn thoughts to tell me what I ask :
 Faint premonitions of mutation strange
 Steal o'er my perfect orb, and, with the change,
 Myself am changed ; the shadow of my earth
 Darkens the disc of that celestial worth
 Which only yesterday could still suffice
 Upwards to waft my thoughts in sacrifice ;
 My heightened fancy with its touches warm
 Moulds to a woman's that ideal form ;
 Nor yet a woman's wholly, but divine
 With awe her purer essence bred in mine.
 Was it long brooding on their own surmise,
 Which, of the eyes engendered, fools the eyes,
 Or have I seen through that translucent air
 A Presence shaped in its seclusions bare,
 My Goddess looking on me from above
 As look our russet maidens when they love,
 But high-uplifted o'er our human heat
 And passion-paths too rough for her pearl feet ?

Slowly the Shape took outline as I gazed
 At her full-orbed or crescent, till, bedazed
 With wonder-working light that subtly wrought
 My brain to its own substance, steeping thought
 In trances such as poppies give, I saw
 Things shut from vision by sight's sober law,

Amorphous, changeful, but defined at last
 Into the peerless Shape mine eyes hold fast.
 This, too, at first I worshipt: soon, like wine,
 Her eyes, in mine poured, frenzy-philtred mine;
 Passion put Worship's priestly raiment on
 And to the woman knelt, the Goddess gone.
 Was I, then, more than mortal made? or she
 Less than divine that she might mate with me?

III.

Long she abode aloof there in her heaven,
 Far as the grape-bunch of the Pleiad seven
 Beyond my madness' utmost leap; but here
 Mine eyes have feigned of late her rapture near,
 Here in these shadowy woods and brook-lulled dells,
 Moulded of mind-mist that broad day dispels.

Have no heaven-habitants e'er felt a void
 In hearts sublimed with ichor unalloyed?
 E'er longed to mingle with a mortal fate
 Intense with pathos of its briefer date?
 Could she partake, and live, our human stains?
 Even with the thought there tingles through my veins
 Sense of unwarned renewal; I, the dead,
 Receive and house again the ardor fled,
 As once Alcestis; to the ruddy brim
 Feel masculine virtue flooding every limb,
 And life, like Spring returning, brings the key
 That sets my senses from their winter free,
 Dancing like naked fauns too glad for shame.
 Her passion, purified to palest flame,
 Can it thus kindle? Is her purpose this?
 I will not argue, lest I lose a bliss
 That makes me dream Tithonus' fortune mine,
 (Or what of it was palpably divine
 Ere came the fruitlessly immortal gift;)
 I cannot curb my hope's imperious drift
 That wings with fire my dull mortality;
 Though fancy-forged, 't is all I feel or see.

IV.

My Goddess sinks; round Latmos' darkening brow
 Trembles the parting of her presence now,
 Faint as the perfume left upon the grass
 By her limbs' pressure or her feet that pass
 By me conjectured, but conjectured so
 As things I touch far fainter substance show.
 Was it mine eyes' imposture I have seen
 Flit with the moonbeams on from shade to sheen
 Through the wood-openings? Nay, I see her now
 Out of her heaven new-lighted, from her brow

The hair breeze-scattered, like loose mists that blow
 Across her crescent, goldening as they go
 High-kirtled for the chase, and what was shown,
 Of maiden rondure, like the rose half-blown.
 If dream, turn real! If a vision, stay!
 Take mortal shape, my philtre's spell obey!
 If hags compel thee from thy secret sky
 With gruesome incantations, why not I,
 Whose only magic is that I distil
 A potion, blent of passion, thought, and will,
 Deeper in reach, in force of fate more rich,
 Than e'er was juice wrung by Thessalian witch
 From moon-enchanted herbs, a potion brewed
 Of my best life in each diviner mood?
 Myself the elixir am, myself the bowl
 Seething and mantling with my soul of soul.
 Taste and be humanized: what though the cup,
 With thy lips frenzied, shatter? Drink it up!
 If but these arms may clasp, o'erquited so,
 My world, thy heaven, all life means I shall know.

V.

Sure she hath heard my prayer and granted half,
 As Gods do who at mortal madness laugh.
 In sleep she comes; she visits me in dreams,
 And, as her image in a thousand streams,
 So in my veins, that her obey, she sees,
 Floating and flaming there, her images
 Borne to my little world's remotest zone
 With messages of her, and her alone.
 With silence-sandalled Sleep she comes to me,
 (But softer-footed, sweeter-browed than she,)
 In motion gracious as a seagull's wing,
 And all her bright limbs, moving, seem to sing.
 If life's most solid things illusion seem,
 Why should not substance wear the mask of dream?
 Let me believe so, then, if so I may
 With the night's bounty feed my beggared day.
 In dreams I see her lay the goddess down
 With bow and quiver, and her crescent-crown
 Flicker and fade away to dull eclipse
 As down to mine she deigns her longed-for lips;
 And as her neck my happy arms enfold,
 Flooded and lusted with her loosened gold,
 She whispers words each sweeter than a kiss:
 Then, wakened with the shock of sudden bliss,
 My arms are empty. my awakener fled,
 And, silent in the silent sky o'erhead,
 But coldly as on ice-plated snow, she gleams,
 Herself the mother and the child of dreams.

VI.

Gone is the time when phantasms could appease
My quest phantasmal and bring cheated ease ;
When, if she glorified my dreams, I felt
Through all my limbs a change immortal melt
At touch of hers illuminate with soul.
Not long could I be stilled with Fancy's dole ;
Too soon the mortal mixture in me caught
Red fire from her celestial flame, and fought
For tyrannous control in all my veins :
My fool's prayer was accepted ; what remains ?
Or was it some eidolon merely, sent
By her who rules the shades in banishment,
To mock me with her semblance ? Were it thus,
How 'scape I shame, whose will was traitorous ?
What shall compensate an ideal dimmed ?
How blanch again my statue virgin-limbed,
Soiled with the incense-smoke her chosen priest
Poured more profusely as within decreased
The fire unearthly, fed with coals from far
Within the soul's shrine ? Could my fallen star
Be set in heaven again by prayers and tears
And quenchless sacrifice of all my years,
How would the victim to the flamen leap,
And life for life's redemption paid hold cheap !

But what resource when she herself descends
From her blue throne, and o'er her vassal bends
That shape thrice-deified by love, those eyes
Wherein the Lethe of all others lies ?
When my white queen of heaven's remoteness tires,
Herself against her other self conspires,
Takes woman's nature, walks in mortal ways,
And finds in my remorse her beauty's praise ?
Yet all would I renounce to dream again
The dream in dreams fulfilled that made my pain,
My noble pain that heightened all my years
With crowns to win and prowess-breeding tears ;
Nay, would that dream renounce once more to see
Her from her sky there looking down at me !

VII.

Goddess, reclimb thy heaven, and be once more
An inaccessible splendor to adore,
A faith, a hope of such transcendent worth
As bred ennobling discontent with earth ;
Give back the longing, back the elated mood
That, fed with thee, spurned every meaner good ;

Give even the spur of impotent despair
 That, without hope, still bade aspire and dare;
 Give back the need to worship that still pours
 Down to the soul that virtue it adores!

Nay, brightest and most beautiful, deem naught
 These frantic words, the reckless wind of thought;
 Still stoop, still grant, — I live but in thy will;
 Be what thou wilt, but be a woman still!
 Vainly I cried, nor could myself believe
 That what I prayed for I would fain receive.
 My moon is set; my vision set with her;
 No more can worship vain my pulses stir.
 Goddess Triform, I own thy triple spell,
 My heaven's queen, — queen, too, of my earth and hell!

James Russell Lowell.

THE BLUE-JAY.

THE blue-jay came out of the egg with his mind made up. He always knew exactly what he wanted, and never doubted that he knew how to get it. I wrote of this bird some time ago, but he was then a comparatively new acquaintance. He lived with us many months after that, and became much more familiar; for besides being slow to feel thoroughly at home, he was very young, and he grew in wisdom with age. So I have more to say of him.

Human society was necessary to the jay; he cared for the other birds of the room only as objects on which to play tricks for his own amusement. He was peculiar, too, in never having more than one friend at a time, and was very decided in his opinions of people, having a distinctly different reception for each one of the household, as well as for strangers. His mistress was always his prime favorite; and although, during my absence from home, he adopted some one temporarily in my place, he was never so affectionate to that one as to me, and the instant I returned resumed his old relations to each of us.

To his best beloved this bird never squawked or whistled; on the contrary, he talked in low, sweet tones, hardly more than a murmur, slightly lifting and quivering his wings, sidling as near as he could get, and if I put my face down to him touching my cheek or lips gently with his beak, in little taps, like kisses. Any one else in that position would receive a violent peck. Sometimes, when I was busy, and therefore silent a long time, and the jay was in his cage, where I was obliged to put him in order to work at all, he stood perfectly quiet and motionless an hour at a time; moving only when he was hungry, and apparently watching me every instant, — a performance very uncommon in a bird, who usually has some interests of his own, however fond he may be of a person. The moment I spoke to him his whole manner changed. He came at once as near as he could, about four feet from me, and began to talk, holding his tail on one side, and both wings spread to their fullest extent and parallel with his back. In this attitude he hopped up and down his three perches, always

as near my side as possible, and evidently in great excitement. If, during this exhibition, any one came in, his wings instantly dropped, though he did not stop talking to me. This action of the wings showed extreme affection, and must not be profaned by common eyes. When I came close and replied to him, his agitation was almost painful to see, — such loving tones, such gentle kisses, such struggles to express himself. Not only did he insist on sharing his dainties with me, offering me mocking-bird food or bread and milk in the most loving way, but he wished to share mine; ice-cream he delighted in, cake he was as fond of as any child, and candy he always begged for, though, instead of eating it, he hid it somewhere about the room, — under my pillow, or between the leaves of a book, all sticky as it was from his mouth.

Second in the blue-jay's affections was a lady to whom at first he took a great dislike. She tried her best to win him, talking to him, treating him to various tidbits, and offering him the hospitality of her room, — separated from the bird-room by a passage, — and above all dancing with him. These attentions in time secured her a warm place in his regards, though his treatment of her was very different from that reserved for me. He was always gentle with me, while in her society he exhibited all his noisy accomplishments, — squawked, whistled and screamed, stamped his feet, and jounced (the only word to describe a certain raising and violent dropping of the body without lifting the feet). He ran after her when she left the room; he pecked her hand, and flew up at her face. Gradually, as he grew to like her better, the more violent demonstrations ceased; but he was always boisterous with her, generally expected a half-fight, half-frolic, and I must say never failed to enjoy it greatly.

The dance spoken of was droll. His chosen place for this indulgence was the

back of a tall chair. His friend stood before this, whistled, bowed, and moved her head up and down as if dancing; and he on his perch did the same, jumping up and down in a similar way, answering her whistle for whistle, moving his feet, sidling from one side to the other, curtsying, lowering the body and flattening the head feathers, then rising, stamping his feet, and drooping his wings. This he kept up as long as she played second to him.

When this playfellow went away, the jay missed his dances and frolics. He flew into her empty room, perched on the back of the rocking-chair, where he had been wont to stand and pull her hair, and began a peculiar cry. Again and again he repeated it, louder and louder each time, till it ended in a squawk, impatient and angry, as much as to say, "Why don't you answer?" After awhile he began to whistle the notes she used to imitate; finding that this brought no response, he returned to the cry; and when at last he had exhausted all his resources, he came back to my desk, and consoled himself by talking to me.

A young lady in the family he greeted by flying at her, alighting on her chair-back, clawing her neck, and squawking; and before a youth who often teased him he trailed his wings on the floor, tail spread and dragging also, uttering a curious "Obble! obble!" something like the cry of a turkey. The head of the household he met with stamping of the feet, and no sound; while at a maid who came in to sweep he always flew furiously, aiming for her head, and invariably frightening her half out of her wits.

The jay was extremely wary about anything like a trap, and being always on the lookout for one, he sometimes, like bigger persons, fooled himself badly. Finding him fond of standing on a set of turning bookshelves, I thought to please him by arranging over it a

convenient resting-place. He watched me with great interest, but, when I had finished, declined to use the perch, though ordinarily nothing could keep him from trying every new thing. I put a bait upon it, in the shape of bits of gum-drops, a favorite delicacy; but he plainly saw that I wanted him to go on it, and in the face of the fact that I had heretofore tried to keep him off the papers and magazines lying there, he decided that it was suspicious. He flew so as almost to touch the stick, and hovered before it to snatch off the candy placed there; but alight on it he would not, and did not, though I kept it in place a week.

In many ways this bird was wise; he knew exactly where to deliver his blows to effect what he desired. A cage door being fastened with fine wire, he never wasted a stroke upon the door, but gave telling blows directly upon the wire. A rubber band was looped about a rod for him to play with, in the expectation that he would pull on it and make sport; but he disappointed us all by hammering at the loop, until he loosened it and easily pulled it off. Again it was tied on with strong linen thread; he turned his whole attention to the knot of the latter, till it yielded and was disposed of also.

Dear as was this bird, he was a more than usually troublesome pet. My desk became his favorite playground, and havoc indeed he made with the things upon it; snatching and running off with paper, pen, or any small object, destroying boxes, and injuring books. Finally, in self-defense, I adopted the plan of laying over it every morning a woolen cloth, which must be lifted every time anything was taken from the desk. This arrangement did not please my small friend in blue, and he took pains to express his displeasure in the most emphatic way. He came down upon the cover, tramped all over it, and sought small holes in it, through which

to thrust his bill. One day he was busily engaged in hammering a book through an opening, and to cure him of the trick I slipped my hand under, caught his beak between two fingers, and held it a moment. This amazed, but did not alarm the bird; on the contrary, he plainly decided to persevere till he found out the secret. He pecked the mounds made by my fingers; he stooped and looked into the hole, and then probed again. This time I held him longer, so that he had to struggle and beat his wings to get away, and then he walked off indignantly. Still he was not satisfied about that mystery, and in a moment he was back again, trying in new ways to penetrate it. I was tired before he was. He was baffled only temporarily; he soon learned to draw up the fabric, hold the slack under one foot while he pulled it still further, and thus soon reach anything he desired.

The blue-jay always pried into packages by pecking a hole in the wrapper, and examining the contents through that; and boxes he opened by delivering upward blows under the edge of the cover. The waste-basket he nearly emptied from the outside, by dragging papers through the openings in the weaving. Seeing two or three unmounted photographs put into a book, he went speedily for that volume, thrust his beak into the slight opening made by the pictures, and pulled them out, flying at once across the room with one in his mouth. It was secured and put back, and the book held down by a heavy weight; but he found the place at once, and repeated the naughtiness. The book had to be completely covered up before the photographs were safe.

After the blue-jay had put on a new suit of feathers he flew with great ease, and selected for a retreat the top of a door into the passage-way mentioned, which usually stood open. It was not long before his curiosity was roused to know what was outside the door that so often

swallowed up his friends, — that into the hall. He resolved to find out, and to that end, when stationed on the elevated perch of his choice, held himself in readiness, upon the exit of any one, to fly out. He did not wish to get away; he merely took a turn in the hall, and came back; and once, when accidentally left in that unfamiliar place, he stayed in the bathroom, with window wide open, for half an hour before he was found. He became so expert in flying out of the door that it was a difficult matter to pass through without his company; we had to train ourselves in sleight of hand to outwit him. There were two ways of getting the better of him; mere suddenness was of no use, — he was much quicker than we were. One way was to go to the room on the other side of the passage, where he was sure to follow, and before he fairly settled there, to dodge back and shut the door, — a proceeding so unexpected that he never learned to allow for it. The other way was to go to the hall door, as if intending to open it; instantly the bird swooped down, ready to slip out also, but finding the way closed, swept around the room and alighted somewhere. This was the second to open the door and step out, for he always paused a moment before flying again.

The only notice the jay ever took of the birds, as said above, was to tease them, or put them in a flutter; as society he plainly despised them. They soon learned to regard him as a sort of infernal machine, liable at any moment to explode; and they were fully justified, for he was fond of surprising them by unexpectedly flying around the room, tail spread, feathers rustling, squawking madly in a loud voice. He usually managed, in his career, to sweep close over the head of every bird, of course frightening them off their perches, and thus to put the whole room into a panic. They took refuge anywhere, — under the bed, behind the chairs, against the

wires, and on the floor, — while the mischief-maker circled around, filling the air with shrieks, then suddenly dropped to the round of a chair, and calmly dressed his feathers, as if he had merely been exercising his wings.

Poor little fellow! he was hardly more than a baby, and not very brave. A big grasshopper which once got into the room afforded him great excitement and the spectators much amusement. He saw it before his cage was opened, and as soon as he came out he went after it. The insect hopped up three feet, and so startled the bird that he jumped almost as high. When it alighted he picked it up, but, seeming not to know what to do with it, soon dropped it. Again it hopped, and again the jay repeated his bound; and this performance went on for some minutes, one of the drollest of sights, — his cautious approach, the spring of the insect, and his instant copy of the same, as if in emulation. After being picked up several times the grasshopper was disabled; then when the bird came near, it lifted its wings, plainly to scare its persecutor; it did awe him. Meanwhile, an orchard oriole had been eagerly looking on, and on one occasion that the grasshopper was dropped he pounced upon it, and carried it off to a chair, where he proceeded to eat it, though it was so big as to be almost unmanageable. The jay did not like being deprived of his plaything. He ran after the thief, and stood on the floor, uttering a low cry while watching the operation. In the oriole's moving the clumsy insect fell to the floor, when the jay snatched it; and it was evident that he had got a new idea about its use, for he carried it under a chair and demolished it completely, — not even a wing remained.

More disturbing to the jay, strange as it may seem, was a tree. It was really touching to see a bird afraid of this, but the poor youngster had been taken from the nest to a house. A

Christmas tree was brought into the bird-room to please the residents there, when, to our amazement, the jay went into a wild fright, flew madly around near the ceiling, squawking, and making the other birds think something terrible had happened. He flew till he was breathless, and was evidently very much distressed. For three or four days he was equally alarmed, the moment he caught sight of it in the morning and whenever I moved it an inch, though the other birds liked it, and were on it half the time. When he did get used to it, he did not go on it, but to the standard below, where he could pick the needle-like leaves, and carry them off to hide about the room.

The blue-jay took his bath in an original way, as he did everything else. First, he stood beside the wide, shallow dish, looked at it, then at me and all around the room, one wing drooping and the other laid jauntily over the back, while he talked in a low tone, as if he said, "If anybody is going to ob-

ject, now is the time." No one ventured to dispute his right, and suddenly he plumped into the middle, neither alighting on the edge nor testing the water. Then there was a lively frolic, with tail spread, crest raised, wings beating, and the water flying several feet around. He was a very beautiful bird when in perfect plumage. There were six distinct shades of blue, besides rich velvety black, snowy white, delicate dove color, and blue-gray. He is too well known to need description, but a jay is not often so closely seen, when alive and in perfection of plumage. This bird had a charming way of folding his wings that hid all the plain blue-gray. When held thus, and laid together over the back, there were displayed first the beautiful tail, with broad white edges to the feathers; above it the wings looking like a square cut mantle, of the same colors; above this a deep pointed shoulder cape, of rich violet blue, the feathers fluffed up loosely; and at the top of all his exquisite crest.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE COLEORTON PAPERS.

COLEORTON was the country-seat of Sir George Beaumont, the artist, whose principal claim to remembrance is the share he had in establishing the National Gallery, of which he is fairly to be regarded as the liberal and patriotic founder. He is known in literature as the friend of Wordsworth, and it is this intimacy which makes the *Coleorton Papers*,¹ just edited by the most competent of Wordsworthians, Professor Knight, an interesting contribution to literary history. Sir George, who was a painter

of landscape, discovered the Lake Country at an early period, and is reported by Southey to have spent at Keswick part of the summer in which he was married. He was fifty years old when he met Coleridge at Greta Hall, in 1803, and shortly afterwards he opened correspondence with Wordsworth by presenting him with a small estate near Coleridge's abode. The friendship thus begun between Wordsworth and his patron proved permanent. To it we owe the letters which principally compose these

¹ *Memorials of Coleorton*. Being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his Sister, Southey and Sir Walter Scott, to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, of Coleorton, Leicester-

shire, 1803 to 1834. Edited, with introduction and notes, by WILLIAM KNIGHT. University of St. Andrews. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

two volumes, and afford us glimpses of the ordinary course of human events with the poet in his retirement. The correspondence is simple and homely, on the level of the daily life of the participants; it wanders occasionally into subjects of taste, but is on the whole closely bound down to the topic which happened to be uppermost in mind and nearest to life. There are persons who would call this sort of talk about friends and visits, houses and lands, and the trivialities of domestic economy "chatter about Wordsworth;" books, principles, intellectual matters in general, have no more share here than in life itself,—they form a portion only of the being of men with bodies and affairs. But it is not unpleasant for us to look in so faithful a mirror of the days at Grasmere, to see genius off of its pedestal and alive in its own home; to relax the intellectual faculties, if need be, and be content to listen to the converse of two men of cultivation about common things that interested them, without insisting that they should teach us very much.

Coleridge's letters form a kind of prelude to those of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy; but they are very different in style, in the temperament they show, and in their subject. The latter is usually the ego; and in reading the apologies of the writer for treating of this ever-present theme, and his observations on his own lack of vanity and the danger he is in of undervaluing his powers and works, one can scarcely fail to be struck by the identity in many respects of the egotism of the overweening and of the self-depreciating kinds. The aspects are different, but the weakness has the same root. In Coleridge it was, perhaps, no more than a question of the state of his stomach whether his assiduous interest in himself should result in intellectual pride or in self-abasement; but without giving too severe a touch, it is clear enough that his eye, when fixed on himself, was on the wrong object,

and it is little palliation of the moral error to hear him exclaim that the sight he beheld there did not make him vain. Humility and low spirits are quite different things; if Coleridge considered that his egotism was less because he fancied that he sometimes thought very little of himself, the reader must regard it as a delusion. The earlier letters are a chapter of invalidism; they might have been written to his physician; there is no pleasure to be had in them any more than in other diagnoses, though the illustration they afford of Coleridge's temperament is valuable.

One long epistle, however, in which he devotes himself to an analysis of his mental condition at the time when he was what is now known as a Social Democrat, is of passing interest, as it shows by an eminent example in what ways the minds of young men of enthusiasm, who have caught the contagion of new ideas, commonly act, and how their tongues are kept going. Coleridge and Southey were rampant young radicals for about ten months, and might many times have been justly thrown into jail for the use of unlawful language and seditiously fomenting the passions of the people. Coleridge ascribes the beginning of his ramblings from the true path of respectable politics partly to his intellectual isolation among his relatives and virtuous acquaintances generally, who thought that his "opinions were the drivell of a babe, but the guilt attached to them,—this was the gray hair and rigid muscle of inveterate depravity;" and partly, he declares, it was due to the thirst for kindness planted in himself, in that "*me*, who," he says, "from my childhood have had no avarice, no ambition, whose very vanity in my vainest moments was nine tenths of it the desire and delight and necessity of loving and of being beloved,"—needs which he found satisfied in the welcome and company of "the Democrats." So he fell among evil companions. On becom-

ing an agitator upon the platform he succumbed to the temptations of the fluent speaker, gifted "with an ebullient fancy, a flowing utterance, a light and dancing heart, and a disposition to catch time by the very rapidity of my own motion, and to speak vehemently from mere verbal associations; choosing sentences and sentiments for the very reason which would have made me recoil with a dying away of the heart and unutterable horror from the actions expressed in such sentiments and sentences, namely, because they were wild and original, and vehement and fantastic." Here is a choice specimen of his eloquence, on the occasion of a supper by Lord Somebody, to commemorate an Austrian victory: "This is a true Lord's Supper in the communion of darkness! This is a Eucharist of Hell! a sacrament of misery! over each morsel and each drop of which the spirit of some murdered innocent cries aloud to God, This is my body! and this is my blood!" There was one sin against society, however, which he declined to commit, and he takes great credit to himself for his obstinate refusal. He joined no party, club, or any of the radical societies, which he characterizes as "ascarides in the bowels of the state, subsisting on the weakness and diseasedness, and having for their final object the death of that state, whose life had been their birth and growth, and continued to be their sole nourishment." He remained outside of these entangling alliances, a free-lance speechifier, in the condition of mind of the willing martyr: "The very clank of the chains that were to be put about my limbs would not at that time have deterred me from a strong phrase or striking metaphor, although I had had no other inducement to the use of the same except the wantonness of luxuriant imagination, and my aversion to abstain from anything simply because it was dangerous." Such was Coleridge at twenty-four years,—the age at which Emmett was executed;

whose death called out this long letter of reminiscences concerning his own career as an agitator, and of reflections upon the impulses and justification of revolutionary orators, their temptations, errors, and illusions. He understood the fate of Emmett with greater clearness because of this little episode in his own life, and it is noticeable that he has the grace not to think that the young patriot's career bore too much resemblance to his own; but this confession of his foolishness in general, spread out somewhat magniloquently before the eyes of his aristocratic correspondent, is a lesson in human nature well worth a moment's attention from conservative and orderly people. Coleridge does not enter the volumes again, until after his return from Malta, and then only as an occasional correspondent; in his later letters, when he touches on an intellectual subject, the sentences read like notes for some one of his many "projected works," and there is nothing of consequence in them not elsewhere expressed in his writings.

Wordsworth was a sympathizer with revolution, too, but the feeling had died out of him as out of Southey and Coleridge. Here he appears only as a genuine, unaffected friend, living in the retirement of the country, and enjoying his tastes by communication with one who shared them. His life did not mingle with Sir George's to any great degree; they lived apart, and Sir George was a man of the world, with many connections with the world's life, and varied interests. The principal monument of their friendship will always be the characteristic and great poem suggested by the picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, which Sir George painted; the art of the latter is also associated with Wordsworth's works by some illustration of Peter Bell and other poems, known to collectors of editions; the Inscriptions, too, written for the grounds at Coleorton, and ranking high in that kind

of verse, are a notable relic of their common life. Coleorton, in fact, is said to bear, at the present time, more traces of Wordsworth's actual presence than the region about his own home. He occupied the farmhouse there for a year, and found recreation in the intervals of composition by attending to the laying out of the winter garden on the estate. It is not unlikely that Sir George's influence was felt by the poet in the growth of his taste for landscape. The former belonged to that school which selects and rearranges the natural features of a scene. As Wordsworth was not a lover of wild nature in the same degree as Byron or Shelley, and as he adopted the principle that a landscape, to have the highest interest, must be humanized, he developed a strong liking for the practical art of landscape-gardening. Not only in his own work at Coleorton, but also in his remarks upon the estates which he saw from time to time upon his journeys, he shows this trait, and he was evidently much pleased with the opportunity Sir George gave him of experimenting according to his own ideas. The topic is a very prominent one in the letters that passed between them.

Of matters connected with his own poetical work, and especially of criticism upon it, of which we would gladly have more, there is less than one would naturally expect, and what there is has seen the light before in the poet's biography. He was laboring at this time upon his long poems. It appears that he wrote at the rate of about two hundred lines a week, and afterwards corrected more slowly and with great difficulty. He was not altogether oblivious to the faults of these narratives, and especially to their tedious length. He hoped to succeed in so modest an effort as describing the development of his own mind; nevertheless, he acknowledges it "might certainly have been done in narrower compass by a man of more address; but I have done my best.

If, when the work shall be finished, it appears to the judicious to have redundancies, they shall be lopped off, if possible; but this is very difficult to do, when a man has written with thought; and this defect, whenever I have suspected it or found it to exist in any writings of mine, I have always found incurable. The fault lies too deep, and is in the first conception." This is plainly sincere, and is a true statement of the case. On the other hand, he is entirely sure of his genius and of its future, though his poems meet with little sale. He ascribes the neglect to an incapacity on the part of men engaged in the trivialities of business and society to understand poetry. He commiserates them on their misfortune, because, he says, "to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God;" but the dispersion of the minds of the worldlings among things of transitory interest does not disturb his faith in the value of his art, and in the final recognition of the work he has done in it. This is his well-known attitude; but when it is taken so simply and as a matter of course, in correspondence with a confidential friend, it has a peculiarly manly quality.

The glimpses one gets of Wordsworth's poetic life, however, are very few. The subject of the story is rather the ordinary human concerns in which two families, attached to each other, take interest, whether there is a poet in one of them or not; and for this reason the letters of his sister Dorothy are a valuable supplement to those of Wordsworth. She was a woman of character, and full of femininity. When taken by itself in a special biography, her life loses its most pleasing aspects, because she must remain a subordinate figure, for one to understand the womanly help she gave. As the attendant of her brother, his companion in his walks and thoughts, she is seen from the right point of view; by

herself, she has the incompleteness of one figure of a group of which the rest are lost. In this correspondence she occupies just the place which belonged to her in life, and by her letters to Lady Beaumont she throws those minor sidelights on the domestic ways of the family at Grasmere which are needed to bring out with truth the interior of the home. After reading them, one understands better how Wordsworth lived. This is the use, and to us the charm, of the collection; it admits us to the usual tastes and common affairs of a man of genius, and makes us for the time being housemates, where there is only cheerfulness and serenity. The distinctly intellectual element is not large in this home of genius, outside of the study; but the cultivated and kindly element is pervasive, — hard, possibly, to put the finger on, and say it is here and here, but felt in different degrees continuously. We learn better from such books than from more pretentious ones what constitutes amity of feeling; there is no precept, but much delightful practice; and genius does not lose, but gains, by the knowledge that its ways are as our ways.

At the close, one is much struck by the atmosphere of old age that comes upon the pages. The children are grown up and seeking their fortune; Edith Southey is married, and a new Sir George and Lady Beaumont are at the

hall; the tone of all is one of calm, consolation, and hopefulness, — the Wordsworthian spirit. Wordsworth's last words are worth quoting as a farewell; they illustrate how the love of nature and enjoyment of it, unlike most of youthful emotions, gain an increasing glow with years, and they express his faith and life in the most elementary terms: "I never had a higher relish for the beauties of nature than during this spring, nor enjoyed myself more. What manifold reason, my dear George, have you and I had to be thankful to Providence! Theologians may puzzle their heads about dogmas as they will; the religion of gratitude cannot mislead us. Of that we are sure, and gratitude is the handmaid to hope, and hope the harbinger of faith. I look abroad upon nature, I think of the best part of our species, I lean upon my friends, and I meditate upon the Scriptures, especially the Gospel of St. John; and my creed rises up of itself with the ease of an exhalation, yet a fabric of adamant. God bless you, my ever dear friend." The Christian resignation of Southey and the geniality of Sir Walter Scott, whose letters are not remarkable, have also this touch of the years. So close, in pleasant and quiet tones of lives happily and purely lived, these memorials of the friendship of a few eminent men, which make Coleorton a remembered name.

DOYLE'S HISTORY OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.¹

THERE is little to be said of Mr. Doyle's work except in the way of praise. He is at some pains to inform us that he has written entirely from the original sources, and in this he has ad-

hered to the best and soundest principles of modern historical work. But in his zeal for original sources he did not need to pass over in absolute and contemptuous silence all contemporary historians.

¹ *The Puritan Colonies.* By J. A. DOYLE, M. A. [English Colonies in America, Volumes

II. and III.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1887.

Mr. Doyle refers occasionally to Mr. Palfrey with disapprobation, and once or twice approvingly to Mr. Tyler's history of American literature; but with these exceptions one might suppose from Mr. Doyle's foot-notes that he was in an unexplored field, and that no histories worthy of the name had preceded his. It is very proper not to rely on contemporaries, but it is foolish not to mention that they have existed, and that their opinions are such and such, whether correct or not. There is never anything lost by giving credit to others, and it guards a writer from any accusation of plagiarism. This is especially true in Mr. Doyle's case. He has, without doubt, reached his own conclusions quite independently, but it is safe to say that not one of them is novel, and that all have been put forth by historians and essayists on this side of the Atlantic, and are familiar to American students, and in large measure to the American public.

It is not, however, for the American public that the volumes are most valuable, and the lack of novelty which is apparent to us does not detract from the importance of the work. The English public will read Mr. Doyle, while only a small fraction of them would read an American writer upon American topics. The English are not so ignorant of this country as they used to be, and they are slowly waking up to the fact that the United States are at least as important as Turkey or Afghanistan. This may seem a bold statement, but we are inclined to believe that it is not exaggerated, though the awakening process has not gone very far. Nevertheless, they have not reached the point of reading, to any great extent, American histories of America, and it is well that they should have a teacher of their own, so competent as Mr. Doyle, to instruct them and enlarge the scope of their vision.

To us the attraction of Mr. Doyle's work is chiefly comparative. It is both interesting and instructive to see how an

outsider, of our own race and speech, deals with historical questions which have been for years familiar to us. We can learn a good deal from observing what impresses him, and noting the manner in which he emphasizes certain points and passes over others. With an inferior workman this would not be of much consequence, but all Mr. Doyle's work is of the best kind. He is absolutely thorough and painstaking. He is not only master of his subject, but he has gone to the very bottom of it, and grappled with the driest details and the most obscure authorities. He is clear and strong in statement, and is scientific and dispassionate in his conclusions. The accuracy and care of his work is shown by the absence of errors. Some trifling mistakes are of course to be found, but the only surprising ones are two in relation to Mrs. Hutchinson, of whom he naturally has a good deal to say. Mr. Doyle states that Mrs. Hutchinson was the sister of Wheelwright, and that she was killed in the Narragansett country. She was a daughter of the Rev. Francis Marbury, and a relative of Wheelwright, probably his sister-in-law; and after the death of her husband, in 1642, she removed to New Netherlands with her family, and perished there in an Indian raid upon the Dutch settlements near Hell-Gate.

In his first volume, Mr. Doyle says that his work is chiefly directed to the development of institutions, and this portion of it is certainly executed with great thoroughness and keenness. It is gratifying to New Englanders to have an impartial outsider say, "The records of the Southern plantations are not wholly free from disputes and conflicts. But these almost always turn on matters of personal conduct or details of administration, scarcely ever on questions of principle. In New England, we are brought face to face with those great problems of legislation and government which are common to all free and pro-

gressive communities." There can be no doubt of the fact, but it is pleasant to have it stated so forcibly by a writer wholly unbiased by state or local prejudices. Indeed, Mr. Doyle is particularly successful in dealing with the political life of New England, and it is not too much to say that no one has treated it better. He sees that there the great problems of democratic self-government and of federation were first dealt with, and that from the Puritan colonies in their earliest days emanated the ideas and principles which were destined to become dominant, after centuries of growth and struggle, throughout the United States. To have brought forward from a new point of view these great facts is a very important service to American history.

Mr. Doyle is almost equally successful in dealing with the religious side of New England history. His criticisms on the Massachusetts persecutions are temperate and just. He does not give quite sufficient weight to the fact that, harsh as the Massachusetts rulers often were, they maintained order and insured prosperity; keeping clear in a sometimes tyrannical way, no doubt, of the distractions on which so many of the colonies were wrecked. Mr. Doyle sees the rigor of the system rather more clearly than its force and success, and he gives altogether too much credit to Rhode Island, which was turbulent, disorderly, and far behind the other colonies, and by no means so tolerant in deeds as in words.

The only absolutely untenable ground taken by Mr. Doyle on this point is the comparison, on page 141, of Massachusetts with the Church of England. The Puritan clergy of New England may have been bigoted persecutors, but in their worst estate they never fell below the Church of England; and the English Church continued to impose disabilities upon Dissenters and Roman Catholics a hundred years after every man in Massachusetts was free before the law to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The truth is that an Englishman's sense of humor and of facts always seems to desert him when he comes to deal with that venerable and by no means immaculate institution of successful compromises, the Established Church.

Although Mr. Doyle places the development of political institutions in the front, he covers with great thoroughness all parts of the field which he has chosen. He has a full and excellent narrative of events, which is thoroughly well done, and he gives a very good picture of social life and habits. His analysis of New England thought and character is particularly keen and true.

As we stated at the outset, there is little to be said of these volumes except in the way of praise. Mr. Doyle is to be congratulated upon a very marked success, and the succeeding volumes will be looked for and read with the interest to which they are entitled, both in this country and in England.

PATRICK HENRY.

THERE was a time when American schoolboys "spoke pieces." From a cursory examination of such speakers and books of selection as are now published, we should say that a change had

come over the general custom; that there was a good deal of tawdry rhetoric and cheap humor in place of the old-time stirring patriotic passages. Possibly an explanation may be found in the

disappearance of the old oratorical school, and the rise of more matter-of-fact and business-like appeals. Be this as it may, the declamations of American youth thirty or forty years ago were of a passionate order, and those orators were drawn from chiefly who had heated the iron words of opposition to tyranny to a white heat. The war for independence left a legacy of fervid speeches, and of them all none was so popular as that of Patrick Henry's in which occurs the splendid burst beginning, "Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope," and closing with the words, "We must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us."

This speech and others of Henry's came down to young Americans, accompanied by traditions of the orator's power of delivery which represented it as something transcending description. To those who read the book, Mr. Wirt's biography seemed always struggling to set upright the colossal figure of Patrick Henry the orator, and the impression which the Virginian undoubtedly made upon his contemporaries was so magnified in the clouds of Mr. Wirt's rhetoric, by which chiefly it was conveyed to the imaginations of later generations, that Henry was scarcely thought of except as a fiery man who spoke pieces.

Patrick Henry's fame as an orator will not be lessened by the latest biography¹ which has appeared; it will rather be increased, because his power over men is reaffirmed and proved by many cogent instances, and his oratory is shown to be a less erratic and more stable element in his nature, — to be set in the midst of so much variety of mental gifts as to take hue from them, and not to be some exceptional, unaccountable manifestation. Mr. Tyler has set him-

self the task, not of demonstrating that Henry was a great orator, but that he was a statesman, and has succeeded amply in justifying his title to the one name without loss of his claim to the other.

We think it fortunate that Mr. Tyler should have come after Mr. Wirt. The earlier writer not only saved for the later some biographic details which might have been lost, he also preempted the rhetorical domain of the subject; and whereas Mr. Tyler, as evidenced by his *History of American Literature*, might easily have "dropped into poetry" in his work on Patrick Henry, though we do not believe he ever would have been such a spendthrift of emotions as Mr. Wirt, we suspect he has painted Henry's portrait in a lower tone than he would have chosen if he had not had Wirt for a warning example.

Be this as it may, — and we prefer to think that, with added experience, Mr. Tyler looks a little askance at the somewhat undisciplined ardor of his own two volumes; else why is he so late in giving us the rest? — it certainly can be said of Patrick Henry that the book is a studied attempt at accurate statement, and not a *tour de force* of brilliancy. Mr. Tyler has sought, with praiseworthy industry, for every scrap of printed matter or document which would throw light upon Henry's career, and has built up from carefully sifted material a durable and reasonable historical figure. His familiarity with the period embraced by Patrick Henry's life has enabled him to see the Virginian in his relations, but he has not overburdened the reader by too detailed a narrative of the surroundings of his subject. His main object has been to give solid form and sharp outline in place of vague, traditionary impressions; and we think that no character in the series of American Statesmen owes more to its interpreter than Patrick Henry owes to Mr. Tyler, for he now for the first time really stands forth, distinct,

¹ *Patrick Henry*. By MOSES COIT TYLER. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

unmistakable, and of life size, instead of being indefinitely heroic, — a great gain, we conceive.

The first service which Mr. Tyler performs is to define the limits of Henry's alleged illiteracy. We may remark, by the way, that our restorer of Henry's figure is constantly tracing the disfiguring brush to the hands of Thomas Jefferson. It was partly to Jefferson's slur, but quite as much to the natural disposition for sharp antithesis, that the popular notion of Henry's early illiteracy is due. To find a great natural orator is always more gratifying than to be obliged to refer splendid achievements to training and practice. Patrick Henry's native genius for oratory was unquestionable, but he was no merely impassioned backwoodsman. His oratory was like the poetry of a man who has had no thorough academic training; it discloses the power of a man who can appropriate whatever comes within reach, and turn the results of even desultory reading into a force which is mighty by the side of the expression of a man ten times more learned, but whose learning is a dry accumulation of unrelated facts. Many an Oxford or Cambridge scholar could have passed with ease a tough examination paper, when Keats might only have blundered through a question or two; but when it came to writing odes on Grecian urns, — that was another matter.

Mr. Tyler's sympathy with his subject and his intelligent appreciation of the conditions of Virginian life enable him to read with clearness and reasonable understanding the facts of Henry's early life. "What," he asks, "is the intellectual record" of the nine years which elapsed between the time of his leaving school, at the age of fifteen, and the beginning of his study of the law? It is upon his habits during these years that most of the weight of the charge of illiteracy appears to fall. "It is obvious," he replies, "that they were years unfav-

orable to systematic training of any sort, or to any regulated acquisition of knowledge. During all that time in his life, as we now look back upon it, he has for us the aspect of some lawless, unkempt genius, in untoward circumstances, groping in the dark, not without wild joy, towards his inconceivable, true vocation; set to tasks for which he was grotesquely unfit; blundering on from misfortune to misfortune, with an overflow of unemployed energy and vivacity that swept him often into rough fun, into great gusts of innocent riot and horse-play; withal borne along, for many days together, by the mysterious undercurrents of his nature, into that realm of reverie where the soul feeds on immortal fruit and communes with unseen associates, the body, meanwhile, being left to the semblance of idleness: of all which the man himself might have given this valid justification: —

'I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear
of summer grass.'

Nevertheless, these nine years of groping, blundering, and seeming idleness were not without their influence on his intellectual improvement, even through direct contact with books. While still a boy in his teens, and put prematurely to uncongenial attempts at shop-keeping and farm-keeping, he at any rate made the great discovery that in books and in the gathering of knowledge from books could be found solace and entertainment; in short, he then acquired a taste for reading. No one pretends that Patrick Henry ever became a bookish person. From the first and always the habit of his mind was that of direct action upon every subject that he had to deal with, through his own reflection and along the broad primary lines of common sense. There is never in his thought anything subtle or recondite, — no mental movement through the media of books; but there is good evidence for saying that this bewildered and undevel-

oped youth, drifting about in chaos, did in those days actually get a taste for reading, and that he never lost it."

In similar spirit Mr. Tyler disposes of the fiction that Henry was a briefless barrister. He shows conclusively, by means of the young lawyer's fee-books which have come to light since Wirt's biography was written, that so far from having to struggle into business, and to wait for clients, Henry, in the earliest years of his profession, was exceedingly busy; far busier, indeed, than Jefferson, who had been more thoroughly equipped for practice. He received a great impulse from the famous Parsons Cause, as it is called, in which Henry took the popular side, and by his impassioned eloquence carried the jury with him, when, as Mr. Tyler clearly believes, both law and fairness were with the opposite party. Mr. Tyler, in his treatment of this part of his subject, shows a true biographic instinct; for while he recites the facts in the case coolly and without partisanship, he uses the opportunity for bringing out more clearly the relations which Henry held to his neighbors, and his character as seen under the strong light of this incident in his life. The law, we have said, was on the side of the parsons, but we think Mr. Tyler has not emphasized sufficiently the general spirit of antagonism to the church establishment which made the community deaf to the demands of justice.

In following Patrick Henry through the early years of his public life, Mr. Tyler shows great skill in justifying the popular impression of Patrick Henry's stirring eloquence by bringing together all the scraps of contemporaneous narrative which bear upon his hero's part in Congress and convention, and at the same time pricking the bubbles blown by Mr. Wirt regarding the same period. He easily convinces the reader that he is not constructing an imaginary Henry, but patiently arranging the bits of evidence. It is not so much, however, in

the proper habilitation of Henry as an orator that Mr. Tyler shows his honesty and skill as in the disclosure of those more homely traits of executive faculty which explain why Patrick Henry should have been constantly called to posts where oratory would be very much in the way, and plain sense the most desirable attribute. By diligent search and comparison of records he shows conclusively that Patrick Henry was always a working member on committees which called for hard-headed business understanding, and that his associates, who ought to have known what he was good for, did not save him for great oratorical exhibitions. They made him first governor of the State of Virginia, and twice afterward elected him to the same office.

The most interesting passage in this interesting book is that in which Patrick Henry's attitude toward the work of the constitutional convention is discussed at length. From being a champion of the Federal cause, Henry became suddenly its chief antagonist. He opposed the confirmation of the Constitution in the Virginia convention, and when he lost his case applied himself with renewed energy to securing the passage of the amendments. At the time, and in the passion of political strife, Henry was vehemently accused of inconsistency. The full history of his course shows him faithful to his convictions throughout, but in order to make this clear Mr. Tyler finds himself compelled to see the contest from Henry's point of view; and in doing this he has achieved a brilliant success, for he has accomplished the difficult feat of restating political problems as they appeared to those engaged in deciding them, while at the same time keeping the historic proportions as conceived by a later generation.

It sometimes happens that a very pressing political question, one which taxes the minds of men to whom it is immediate and vital, becomes by its

solution so completely lost out of the number of political forces as to fade into comparative obscurity. Such is the case with the question of the rights to the navigation of the Mississippi. John Jay, as secretary for foreign affairs in 1786, proposed a treaty with Spain, one article of which surrendered the navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five or thirty years. There was a distinct possibility that the Northern States, for the sake of securing certain advantages of foreign commerce, might force such action upon Congress. In the prevalent sectional jealousy which prevailed, all sorts of schemes were imagined, and correspondents were busy detailing plots and counterplots. It is very clear from the action of legislatures and the debates which took place in Congress that this project for bartering away the right to the Mississippi was no chimera, and hence it becomes necessary to take it into account when attempting to explain the political action of men at the time when it was a leading question. To us, to-day, the main issue of the constitutional debate was between a loose confederacy and a strong union; that was the main issue then, but it was complicated by such considerations as this of the navigation of the Mississippi, which we are obliged to reach by historical study and imagination, since they have left no trace in our current political thought.

It is for this reason that we think Mr. Tyler shows himself at his best when he comes to set forth Patrick Henry's part in the great struggle over the Constitution. He does not inform the reader whether or not he thinks Henry took a somewhat blind and unphilosophical view of the situation; he does not sum up the succeeding events for the purpose of weighing the arguments for and against Henry's position; but he takes a dramatic delight in following his character as it shows itself in successive emergencies, and in watching the splen-

did fight which his hero makes for the cause into which he had flung himself. He describes with special ardor Patrick Henry's immense labors in the Virginia convention. After reciting the names of Madison, Pendleton, Marshall, Wythe, Lee, and others who defended the Constitution, he proceeds:—

“Against all this array of genius, learning, character, logical acumen, and eloquence, Patrick Henry held the field as protagonist for twenty-three days,—his chief lieutenants in the fight being Mason, Grayson, and John Dawson, with occasional help from Harrison, Monroe, and Tyler. Upon him alone fell the brunt of the battle. Out of the twenty-three days of that splendid tourney, there were but five days in which he did not take the floor. On each of several days he made three speeches; on one day he made five speeches; on another day, eight. In one speech alone he was on his legs for seven hours. The words of all who had any share in that debate were taken down, according to the imperfect art of the time, by the stenographer, David Robertson, whose reports, however, are said to be little more than a pretty full outline of the speeches actually made; but in the volume which contains these abstracts, one of Patrick Henry's speeches fills eight pages, another ten pages, another sixteen, another twenty-one, another forty; while, in the aggregate, his speeches constitute nearly one quarter of the entire book of six hundred and sixty-three pages.

“Any one who has fallen under the impression, so industriously propagated by the ingenious enmity of Jefferson's old age, that Patrick Henry was a man of but meagre information and of extremely slender intellectual resources, ignorant especially of law, of political science, and of history, totally lacking in logical power and in precision of statement, with nothing to offset these deficiencies excepting a strange gift of

overpowering, dithyrambic eloquence, will find it hard, as he turns over the leaves on which are recorded the debates of the Virginia convention, to understand just how such a person could have made the speeches which are there attributed to Patrick Henry, or how a mere rhapsodist could have thus held his ground, in close hand-to-hand combat, for twenty-three days, against such antagonists, on all the difficult subjects of law, political science, and history involved in the Constitution of the United States, while showing, at the same time, every quality of good generalship as a tactician and as a party leader."

The whole story of this struggle, and then of the retirement into private life which followed, with its affecting close, is told with a fine sense of its dramatic properties and the contrasting repose. We think Mr. Tyler might have gone further, and drawn a fair inference that the neglect of Patrick Henry, the dispo-

sition to exaggerate his oratorical powers and to think of them almost exclusively in connection with the early days of the struggle for independence, are due largely to the position which he took in the question of the Constitution. History has made him even more in the minority than he was then, for the victory of the constitutional party has relegated its opponents very considerably into semi-obscurity. Henry, moreover, was not one of the Virginian noblesse, and the depreciation which he met with at the hands of Jefferson was a part of a general disposition to regard him as an unpleasant and very troublesome man of the people. The Virginian aristocracy holds so brilliant a position in the early years of the republic that the virtues of so uncompromising a democrat as Henry have been allowed to suffer some eclipse. Mr. Tyler's book will do a great deal toward giving Patrick Henry his rightful place among American statesmen.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Sauce for the
Latin Goose
and English
Gander.

BORNE down by the humiliating consciousness that I am an old-fashioned man, and being reiteratedly assured by all my condescending acquaintances of a younger and therefore wiser generation that "*e pur si muove*," I have not the temerous intention of disputing for a moment the correctness of the modern pronunciation of Latin, as now taught at most institutions for the indoctrination of adolescents in *literis humanioribus*. When my latest born comes home from school, and quotes an ancient warrior (whom he indicates as Yulius Keyser) to the effect that "Wayny, Weedy, Weekly," I try to persuade myself that my ear rather than his tongue is at fault, as regards an apparent loss of virility in the

once differently familiar utterance. Similarly, when what seems to me like the Germanified ghost of the dead language is raised in the baccalaureate oration of my second son, I bow to his superior scholarship; and if I fail (as I usually do) to comprehend any three consecutive words, I think to myself (I dare not venture to say it with my antiquated accent): "*Si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi*." Who am I, that I should oppose my tympanum to the pipes of tripodists who had the advantage of being born thirty years after me? I never heard an old Roman speak his native tongue in the flesh, — neither have they, for that matter, — but in these later days of mediumistic materializations, mayhap some more

authoritative connection than I wot of between the letter and the spirit has been made out; and when I hear the venerable head of my Alma Mater repeat his classical formula with the old-time sonorousness, in distributing diplomas on Commencement Day (so called, with old-time perversity, because it is the ending of the collegiate career), I feel that we are both sadly behind the age of one and twenty.

But in the mental attitude of an erased tablet, plastic under the style of recent orthoepy, I would humbly ask if consistency do not demand also an application of these classical wise saws to vernacular modern instances. Accepting the dogma that the Latin "g" had always the guttural guise of gamma; that all the "c's" were hard as kappas, "Omnia Græce, cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine;" and that to "spell it with a we, my lord," signified the sound of "w" even more in the Virgilian than in the Wellerian orthography; throwing out of court, as altogether irrelevant, the degraded softness of to-day's Italian inheritance of dialect, I would submit that the large part of our English vocabulary which was derived from the Latin in the bygone days, when our ancestors were ignorant of proper pronunciation, ought to be revised in accordance with correcter present views. If the times be changed, we, too, should be content to change with them.

Such Græco-Roman wrestling, so to speak, with our stepmother-tongue cannot, in this enlightened republic, be shirked under the specious pretense that we received these parts of speech second-hand and somewhat the worse for wear from the Norman French. Our lexicographers have discarded the flimsy sham of "-our," and honestly confessed the immediate Roman ownership of "valor," "favor," and the like; and many, if not most, of the derivatives in commonest use were adopted directly from the original long after the roots

planted in the Norman conquest had ceased to bear verbal branches.

To put the process to the test, oblige me, gracious peruser of this paper, by reading aloud (if to some erudite upholder of the "Roman pronunciation," so much the better) the following paragraph, remembering to throttle every "g" into a tetanic hardness which typography cannot indicate:—

"An ekkentric gentleman innokently exerkising keremonious kiwility and wigilant solikitude in kelebrating his akkession to easy kirkumstances after wariuous wikissitudes, the kensorious akerbity of the wikinity exerkukiated him by the general and inkessant kirkulation of exaggerated, ungenerous, and unwerekious wokiferations that his inwinkible wiwakity prokeeded from kerebral inkapakity. Wikious elderly wirgins of the prekinkt, espekially, prekipitately perwersted his geniality in the rekeption of his fellow-kitizens into a takit ewidence of mental hallukination and degeneration, nekessitating a yudikious wegetable regimen, if not medikinal agents and incarceration."

These may not at first sound quite like familiar household words, but no conscientious inculcator of Kikeronian oratory can impeach the propriety of their intonation, and I confidently anticipate its adoption by the pulpit, the rostrum, the bar, the stage, and polite society at large, unless the Fonetik expositors of the "English langwag" succeed in abolishing etymology altogether, or pedagogues admit that

"Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est."

Art in Na- — Fortunately for our love
ture.

of art, our love of nature is becoming more subject to artistic guidance. The latter sentiment is to a great degree inherent; right in impulse, but too often crude and inartistic in its manifestations; leading, by false logic, to the conclusion that because a thing is "natural" it must therefore be beauti-

ful. The results of good intentions misapplied are proverbially identical with the fruits of the intentionally bad. Fortunately, however, mistakes are the most potent of educators, and in view of the violence of some of the horticultural art that delights the multitude in and about many of our cities, although it may be to the artist like a needle-thrust in the eye, there is the consolation that finally it must become painful to the sight of all.

In a certain great city that rejoices in a reputation for cultivated taste, there is a favorite piece of public ground, which exhibits qualities of color and design so inharmonious as to make it comparable to a patchwork quilt. It is almost an article of faith with the larger number of the inhabitants that this piece of ground is a Garden of Eden in beauty. As the presence of the good is in time certain to awaken a consciousness of the bad, it is safe to predict that, in the city in question, the creation of extensive public grounds, designed by an artist who has made such work the study of a lifetime, will make even the great mass of the population aware of the room for improvement in their pet garden.

The classes known as cultivated need training in this respect almost as much as do the generally untutored. Indeed, the former too often have a certain self-sufficiency of taste which makes them more difficult to reach. Some of us, who can easily tell if a landscape-painting be good, cannot say if a landscape itself be bad, although the same principles hold in the latter as in the former. Few persons who know good paintings would care to venture to paint for themselves, but at times the amateur steps in where the artist fears to tread. There are too many, however, who consider their admiration for nature sufficient to warrant them in the attempt to create their own landscapes, when the pictures they would compose involve a dealing with

elements so complex that, in comparison, the problem of the painter is simplicity itself.

The common error that because a thing grows out of the ground it is peculiarly "a work of nature," and therefore of necessity beautiful, is a most fruitful source of failure in gardening and landscape. In this light, it seems almost a heresy to state the fact that many of our garden flowers are as much the work of man as are aniline dyes, for instance, and that one may be as atrocious in color as the other. Akin to this error is the idea that things which may be excellent and beautiful in themselves must be correspondingly excellent and beautiful in conjunction. The women of a certain insular realm have a reputation, in other lands, for ill-taste in dress. The silks, velvets, laces, etc., of which their garments are made may be of admirable quality, and even beautiful in themselves; but an array like a green velvet bonnet with a purple feather and scarlet ribbons, combined with pink waist and blue skirt, constitutes a spectacle which would probably have startled the eyes of one accustomed even to the sight of King Solomon robed in all his glory! But this combination is artistically no worse than that displayed in the garden heretofore alluded to, with lawns blotched and tattooed with unmeaning floral designs, shrubs and trees planted without reference to unity of composition or any effect of spaciousness, a small pond attempting to imitate the irregularity of a lake, but margined with stiff granite curbing and crossed by a ponderous bridge.

Another false tendency, born of good intent, is the sentimentality manifest in a sort of arboreal fetichism, regarding a tree in itself as something sacred, a sort of sentient being, invested with an inherent right to existence. This feeling often stands formidably in the way of the development of the artistic qualities of a landscape.

For the popularization of this, as of other arts, a familiarity with the works and the teachings of its best masters is essential. Our land has been lavishly endowed by nature, and for art to become something besides an exotic we need to appreciate that fact. A true art must be founded in nature, and not in the art of another people. The practical field for the exercise of the noble calling known as landscape-gardening, or landscape-architecture, is a large one in this country, and young men of artistic tastes, who seriously apply themselves to the study, need not fear to find its ranks overcrowded. The growth of taste will keep their services in demand, however their numbers may increase. A notable advance in the past few years is evident. Greater attention is paid to the artistic character of private grounds; our cities are learning to regard public parks as necessities, and through them the best of missionary work is done in bringing the poorest classes out from their noisome surroundings, opening their eyes to the beauty of sunlight and the common things of nature; a public sentiment has been developed which has secured the preservation of Niagara from the vandalism which for years has prostituted it; important steps have been taken for the protection of the Adirondacks; and perhaps Congress may be persuaded to save our national forest domain before the trees have been entirely cut away, or licked up by the flames.

Truthfulness
as a Possible
Defect.

— What a confusing thing it is that opposite moral qualities shade so almost imperceptibly into each other! Abstractly considered, good and evil stand in strict mutual contradiction; but when we come to particulars, it appears that one vice is often only another virtue carried to excess. It is a wise man who can tell exactly when he ceases to be firm and begins to be obstinate; while in all theological quarrels (what outsider has

not observed the fact?) neither party finds it difficult to perceive that the inflexible conscientiousness of the other side is in the main nothing better than an unregenerate passion for having one's own way; and a like ambiguity (which has at least the advantage of enabling us to think more complacently of ourselves than otherwise might be possible) pervades the whole round of human motives and conduct. Stinginess is inordinate frugality; laziness, a kind of immoderate good-nature; swindling, an over-development or misapplication of shrewdness. Even the cardinal virtue of honesty needs to be kept within bounds. Dishonesty is a bad neighbor; it is outrageous to have to watch one's coal-bin; but, on the other hand, who has not suffered at times under the tongue of some well-meaning Mr. Too-honest?

I have just come from an interview with one of my every-day acquaintances, a man who makes it his business to keep me in mind of my faults. His favorite Scripture (I have no question, although I never heard him quote it) is Proverbs xxvii. 6. We have known each other, this worthy neighbor and I, for many years. He passes for an excellent citizen; and for myself, I join in the general verdict — with a measure of reserve. If I were as hungry after personal perfection as all good people are supposed to be, I should probably value my every meeting with him as a means of grace; but speaking as a natural man, I must confess that I have sometimes found it no hardship to dispense with his society. Perhaps it would hit the mark to say, in ladies' language, that I esteem him, but cannot love him; or, in men's language, that I love him, but cannot like him. When he looked at my last new horse, the other day, and declared off-hand, in a perfectly indifferent tone, — as if it were nothing to him either way, — that it was too bad I had been taken in again, I could not help thinking

for a moment that he had no special call to criticize either my horse or my business sagacity. Again, when he told me, last month, that my story in the — magazine was well enough, but rather commonplace (why need he have read it, if he did n't like it?), while my unfortunate mannerisms of style were plainly growing upon me, I fear that my smiling rejoinder did not sound so altogether spontaneous as I endeavored to make it.

He does not say any of these things in an unfriendly spirit; but neither does he seem (to me, at least, and at the time) to be influenced by the contrary feeling. In fact, he is a Laodicean; he talks *without* feeling, though it would be putting it too severely, perhaps, to call him *unfeeling*. His heart is "in the right place," for aught I know, but it has very little to say for itself. He wants imagination. All his views are purely intellectual. He picks to pieces your half-dry sonnet, — if you are foolish enough to show it to him, — as if he were checking a ledger account, and mentions a piece of misbehavior or a personal defect in a tone such as one might use in commenting upon yesterday's weather. "What a malapropos speech that was of yours to Mrs. —, last evening! The whole town is laughing about it." Thus he remarked amiably half an hour ago, precisely as if he had said, "Whew! It's a hot day, is n't it?"

Such plainness of speech is in one aspect highly complimentary. It takes for granted that I am not vain or supersensitive. "You are a man," it seems to say, "and can safely be dealt with accordingly;" but I sometimes feel that I would rather be taken for a man, and *not* treated accordingly. Perhaps, if I can express myself, the truth is something like this: I do not wish — by my familiar acquaintances, that is — to be looked upon simply as a man in the abstract, a sort of Tom, Dick, or Harry,

one of forty millions, but as a person, personally known and regarded; in short, as a friend. I wonder whether it really is childish to dislike hearing one's weaknesses bluntly remarked upon. If they were of a sort to be corrected, and I were under thirty, no doubt it might be a kindness to call my attention to them, — though, even at that, a little delicacy of treatment would not come amiss; but if I am not a great poet, nor an elegant man of the world, why be forever advertising me of the painful and irreversible fact? Nobody thinks it polite to talk to a hunchback about his deformity.

So, as I say, I like my outspoken neighbor, but am compelled to file some exceptions. I would n't have him soil his conscience with a falsehood; but one may be sufficiently truthful, I do believe, without saying everything that comes into one's head.

"You can't bear to be told of your faults, can you?" he broke out, the other day. A very considerate and soothing remark! I had it at my tongue's end to answer that I ought to be able to bear it by this time, after ten years of practice under such a tutor. But I restrained myself. Uncomfortable as he sometimes makes me, I should be sorry to drive him away altogether, — if such a thing were possible. Medicine has a prescriptive right to be more or less offensive, but it is prudent to keep a little of it in the house. One need never be without compliments, if he is willing to bid for them, and is not too particular about their sincerity. That is a game of give and take at which nearly everybody knows how to play. But fault-finders (fault-finders to one's face, I mean) are not to be picked up at every corner. Deficient in poverty of spirit as I still am, notwithstanding my faithful mentor, there is no predicting what I might become were I left to the doubtful mercies of a dissembling world. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness:

and let him reprove me ; it shall be an excellent oil." I repeat the text bravely ; but it sounds, somehow, like a malediction, and even with the words on my

lips, I catch myself ducking my head. Poor human nature ! The wisest of men do not always like best what is best for them.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Uncle 'Lisha's Shop : life in a corner of Yankee land. By Rowland E. Robinson. (Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York.) Twenty-two sketches of homely life in Vermont, as it was a generation ago. The sketches are continuous in so far as they deal with the same characters who meet for the most part in the shoe shop of 'Lisha Peggs, and the incidents relate chiefly to hunting, whether bears, foxes, coons, or bees. So much for the mere external features of the sketches. It would be a mistake to think that the book belonged in the category of threadbare New England dialect fiction. Mr. Robinson has the art of a story-teller, and the gift of portraiture ; and when now and then he touches upon the tenderer side of this homely life, he does it with a sure hand. The compactness of his style is remarkable, and his eye for picturesqueness in nature is keen and sympathetic. The book is racy, but very close to the soil. It is long since we have seen so masculine a treatment, and in spite of the extreme Yankeeism of speech and phrase, the book impresses one as singularly fresh and genuine. — A Border Shepherdess, a romance of Eskdale, by Amelia H. Barr. (Dodd.) A strong, effective tale upon the somewhat worn theme of a noble house with a black sheep. Mrs. Barr's tales are apt to be a little strained in their moral tone, and she is somewhat lacking in humor ; but this, though not likely to be popular with the ordinary reader, is well worth respectful attention by those who want something more than entertainment. — The Autobiography of a Slander, by Edna Lyall. (Appleton.) An ingenious little story, though the author has hardly art enough to take advantage of the somewhat clever conceit expressed in her title. — Fools of Nature, by Alice Brown. (Ticknor.) A painful story, in which the struggle of a woman who has become involved in the life of a divorced man, whom she loves, is told with force, but with a blurred kind of portrayal. The business of spiritualism, which plays an important part, is a repulsive feature of the book, and in general we may say that

the author is so much in earnest as not to see how unreal is the total impression produced by her work. Her lack of humor leads her into unpleasant ways. — Brother against Brother, by John R. Musick. (Ogilvie.) A tale of the slavery system culminating in the war for the union. There is plenty of excitement in the book, which is rather melodramatic, though without the shriek of the melodrama. — The Gates Between, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) — South County Neighbors, by Esther Bernon Carpenter. (Roberts.) It is not a long distance, as the crow flies, from the Narragansett country to Valley Falls, but what a world of difference there is between the sleepy old country life of the South County and the hard struggle with existence at Poverty Grass ! The contrast is a most striking one. For the rest, this book has a genuine flavor of antiquated New England ; and if the writer is sometimes a little too leisurely in her pictures, she may be pardoned, since she is writing of a leisurely phase of life. — Southern Silhouettes, by Jeannette H. Walworth. (Holt.) A collection of sprightly papers descriptive of life at the South in days past. There is a good deal of literary skill and a delightful freedom in the style, indicative of a genuine interest in her work on the part of the writer. If this is only practice work, we may hope for a more positively constructed piece of fiction. — Free Joe, and other Georgian sketches, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Scribners.) When Mr. Harris is on his own ground he is strong and well worth reading. His mistakes are made when he borrows from literature, or from fictitious views of people and places not native to him. — The Earth Trembled, by Edward P. Roe. (Dodd.) There is something extremely distasteful to certain minds in finding a great calamity like the Charleston earthquake served up in fiction. The Lisbon earthquake is another matter. It has had time to cool. But if people want their horrors hot, and are willing to see a disaster which brought desolation to many homes used as a climax in a novel, here is the novel. — Knitters in the

Sun, by Octave Thanet (Houghton), is a collection of stories which have appeared in this magazine and others, the best of which are very good, and all are marked by a vigorous humanity and a quick perception of character under stress of moral weather. — Country Luck, by John Habberton. (Lippincott.) The somewhat trite story of the country young man who marries the city girl. Mr. Habberton accepts the conventional with good grace, and seems to be repressed by it, so that his story is by no means so boisterous as those he used to write. There is a good deal of cleverness in it, when one winks at the first improbabilities. — In Ticknor's Paper Series, recent numbers are Miss Ludington's Sister, by Edward Bellamy, and A Modern Instance, by W. D. Howells.

Books for Young People. The Life of George Washington Studied Anew, by Edward Everett Hale. (Putnams.) Mr. Hale does not say that he intended this book for young people, but its appearance in some mysterious series not otherwise announced than by casual references in the introduction, and a general mode of treatment in agreement with the needs of the young, justify us in placing the book here. Mr. Hale desires to present the human Washington, to take him down from his pedestal, but not to roll him on the ground. Accordingly, he relies on Washington's diaries and letters, and seeks to give the figure of the man as independently as possible. The material for this work is very large, but, after all, how much of it really discloses a man whom one could know intimately? Very little. Here and there a passing phrase or an anecdote, but nothing so considerable as to have been greatly overlooked by other writers. Why does not Mr. Hale tell the two or three good stories of Washington's loss of temper? They are worth a great deal. Washington was such a part of history that it is almost hopeless to separate him, as Mr. Hale has tried to do. One might as well cut a figure out of an alto-relievo, and try to persuade himself it is a statue. — A Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls on Practical Matters, by Grace H. Dodge. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The value of this book lies in the fact that it is written by a young woman who has no needs which money can satisfy to young women who are working hard for their living, and that she makes common cause with them. She says *we*, and not *you*. Though it is almost impossible not to feel a difference in writer and hearers, we respect the earnestness with which the writer seeks to make the difference disappear. The subjects discussed are those which relate to health of body, mind, and society. — Notes for Boys and their Fathers on Morals, Mind, and Manners, by an Old Boy (McClurg),

is scarcely as effective for boys as the last-named book is for girls. It is an English book, unobjectionable enough, but not very specific and not very winning. It can do no harm, but we fail to see how it is likely to do much good. — The Colonel's Money, by Lucy C. Lillie, is a new variation on her old theme of English and American girl-life, self-help and happy fortune. — The Story of the Nations Series now includes Ireland, by the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Putnams.) The question may be raised by some whether or not Ireland is yet a nation, but their definition of a nation might be too mechanical, after all. It is to be said of this book that it will disappoint some by giving only a few pages to current politics, but that makes it all the better history. It is written with a laudable freedom from passion, but with a strong affection for Ireland. — A Garland for Girls, by Louisa M. Alcott. (Roberts.) A collection of seven stories, which carry, as all Miss Alcott's books do, a fervent purpose to make girls the real brownies of the race. A roseate optimism makes the books popular with girls; and on the whole, is n't optimism a little better than pessimism for girls of fourteen? — The Young Marooners on the Florida Coast, by F. R. Goulding (Dodd), is the reissue of an old juvenile, which was old-fashioned when it was written, and is just as old-fashioned now, but also just as genuinely interesting. It is illustrated by some fearful cuts, wherein everybody appears to have been struck by moonlight. — The Giant Dwarf, by the author of The Fitch Club, and other books. (Crowell.) A plain, matter-of-fact romance, if we may so say, of German and American life, by a writer who surprises one by not being dull. — White Cockades, an incident of the "Forty-five," by Edward Irenæus Stevenson. (Scribners.) We are heartily glad to see this young author turning to history for the theme of his graphic story. Is there any way in which nobility of nature may more honorably be incited in a boy's mind than by the recital of such scenes as are given here? Sensationalism is redeemed by releasing it from close connection with current conditions. — Heroic Ballads, selected by the editor of Quiet Hours (Roberts), may properly be included under this head, since it is children who are most responsive to the stirring ballads by Macaulay, Scott, Aytoun, Motherwell, and the earlier minstrels. In the list are also included ballad poems by Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Stedman, and others. The collection is a capital one, and well annotated. — Historic Girls, by E. S. Brooks (Putnams), is a companion volume to the same author's Historic Boys. It deals with Zenobia, Clotilda, Elizabeth, and other queenly and princely maidens; for when one goes back to antiquity,

the records cover only high birth, except in the case of the saints, and we think Mr. Brooks might have done well to give a few plebeian saints. However, his book has spirited, chivalric pictures of noble life, and girls may better stretch their necks admiring these heroines than merely turn their heads to look at all the realistic girls of their story-books. — What the Wild Wind Told the Tree-Tops, by Mrs. A. W. Brotherton (Putnam's Sons), is a collection of pretty fancies in prose and verse, written for children. — Drum-Beat of the Nation, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Harpers.) This volume is apparently the first of a series of three, treating of the War of the Rebellion, and covers the time from its outbreak to the close of 1862.

History. Under the general title of Universal History (Lippincott) we have four volumes, devoted to Geological History by Edward Hull, Ancient History by George Rawlinson, Mediæval History by George Thomas Stokes, and Modern History by Arthur St. George Patten. They are the skeletons of history, and can be used only as reference books, but they are supplied with tables, charts, chronologies, and other useful apparatus. — Cupples & Hurd have brought out in an exceedingly handsome form a new edition of Rambles in Old Boston, N. E., by the Rev. Edward G. Porter, a work of immediate and prospective value. The volume, with Mr. Tolman's careful illustrations of ancient houses and sites, for the most part now removed or rendered unrecognizable, is absolutely necessary to any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the topography and architectural characteristics of the Boston of past times. The letterpress deals very charmingly with persons as well as places. — Greek Life and Thought, from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest, by J. P. Mahaffy (Macmillan), is a companion work to the author's *Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander*. — *Pioneers of France in the New World*, by Francis Parkman. Twenty-fifth edition revised, with additions. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Text-Books and Education. The English Language, its grammar, history, and literature, with chapters on composition, versification, paraphrasing, and punctuation, by J. M. D. Meiklejohn. (Heath.) It is not often that one finds in a single volume so comprehensive a

treatment of a complex subject. Of course, in three hundred and eighty pages one cannot tell all that is to be told of the English language and literature, but Mr. Meiklejohn is very successful in his choice of points, and very compact in his setting forth. Not students only, but readers generally, will find this handbook serviceable. — Mr. Rolfe has added to his annotated series of English poetry for schools a volume on Milton's Minor Poems. (Harpers.) These convenient little books, though possibly making a premium on laziness by supplying the reader with what he ought to hunt out for himself, are serviceable by directing the student to minute observation. — *Sobriquets and Nicknames*, by Alfred R. Frey (Ticknor & Co.), is a work that occupies quite new ground. The title of the book, which is a storehouse of curious and interesting matter, indicates its purpose. Several of the longer articles are especially admirable; that, for instance, on the Man of the Iron Mask.

Miscellaneous. The Book of English Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall, and illustrated by Gilbert, Creswick, and others (Putnam's Sons), is the latest addition to Knickerbocker Nuggets, a particularly infelicitous name for an especially delightful series of little books. — *Memories and Portraits* (Scribner's Sons) is a charming collection of miscellaneous essays, by Mr. Stevenson. The same publishers issue a new edition of *Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers*. — *Wild Animals in Captivity*, by J. Fortuné Nott (Dodd, Mead & Co.), though set forth in holiday attire, is a work of permanent interest. The excellent letterpress is illustrated with thirty or forty full-page pictures. — *Engravings on Wood, with Text*, by W. M. Laffan (Harper & Bros.), is a notable example of the perfection to which the art of wood-engraving has been brought in this country. We shall have occasion later to speak in detail of the work. — *The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi*, translated from the Italian by Abby L. Alger (Roberts Bros.), will be new to the English reader, though these fanciful legends have long been popular in Italy and France. — *The Saône, a Summer Voyage*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts Bros.), is the record of an enviable experience, delightfully told with pen and pencil. Mr. Joseph Pennell has some of his most effective work in this volume.